

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

M A R I A N N E.

BY GEORGE SAND.

IX.

PIERRE experienced a strange sentiment of vexation, and, resuming his usual sarcastic tone, said, "I see that my mother was much mistaken. You are not at all desirous to lead a single life."

"I must marry now or never," replied Marianne. "Later, I should decide against it."

"Why?"

"Because liberty is a precious and very sweet possession. When it has been long enjoyed it is difficult to give it up."

"I agree with you. Marry, then, since such is your desire. Therefore, I shall wait resolutely for M. Philippe Gaucher's appearance, hoping that he will not meet with a refusal on your part. He will be at our house on Sunday morning: come and dine with us on that day."

"No, my godfather, I do not think it proper to meet this person half-way. You and Madame André must dine with me."

"You know very well that she cannot walk so far, especially to return in the evening."

"I have bought a *patache*, which my farmer's strong mare can draw easily. Your mother promised a long time ago to dine with me when I had a carriage."

"You will then open to us your sanctuary, which you would not allow me to enter to-day?"

"Since Madame André will be with you."

"Thus you look upon me as a stranger whom you must treat with dignity and reserve? This is singular!"

"It is not singular. When my parents were living, you came to us naturally and without restraint; but, during the five years of your absence, I have become an orphan, and I must live as a prudent young woman ought to live who wishes to preserve a stainless reputation. You know what a curious and backbiting little community this is. Although living in the depths of an almost uncultivated country, I could not receive a visit twice from any man whatever without being found fault with."

"But an old man like me—a godfather—a kind of papa?"

"They would talk just the same. I know the country, and you have forgotten it."

"Indeed! I ought, then, to desire your marriage, since I shall have the pleasure of seeing you oftener."

"I did not think that this was so great a pleasure to you, my godfather."

"You would not have deprived me of it so often—"

"You have voluntarily deprived yourself of it more than once."

"It is true that I have often taken advantage of your visits to my mother to work in my own room. It was not very polite, but I did not suppose that you had noticed it."

"I noticed with pleasure that you relied sufficiently on my devotion to feel under no restraint."

"With pleasure! I should like better that you had noticed it with vexation, or at least with regret."

"I beg pardon, my godfather?" said Marianne, stopping and looking once more at André with her great eyes, listlessly questioning.

The dominant expression of her countenance was that of an astonishment that waits for an explanation without taking the trouble to seek for it.

"It appears," thought Pierre, "that I have just said a foolish thing, for I do not know how to explain it."

There was but one thing to do, and this was to leave, in order to cut short the conversation.

"I do not wish you to walk any longer," said he, releasing Marianne's arm; "I forget that, in approaching my own home, I am taking you away from yours. Since everything is agreed upon, I have nothing more to ask. I will bring you your *fiancé* next Sunday."

"I have not yet a *fiancé*," replied Marianne, coldly. "As to the project for Sunday, your mother must consent to be of the party; otherwise it is impossible. I shall come this evening to invite her, if this also suits your convenience."

"Yes, this suits my convenience," said André, a little sharply, whom this ceremonious tone really irritated and wounded. "Au revoir, then." And he went off discontented, almost vexed.

"What a cold little nature!" said he, walking quickly with a measured step. "Contracted in imagination, selfish, freezing cold, prudent through fear of what people will say—in one word, a prude. What was I thinking of just now when I tormented myself by seeking to sound the depth of that peaceful lake? There is no depth to it; it is not a lake, it is a pond full of rushes and frogs. The country! this is what it makes of us. She was a pretty child, interesting in her appearance from her pensive and invalid air. Now she is a proud young woman, proud of her calculating prudence, and of her voluntary mental deterioration."

X.

"AND, after all, what difference does it make?" said he once more, on arriving at the threshold of his house. "My cottage is very pretty! I slandered it this morning. These walls, too white, are rose-colored when the sun sends his slanting rays upon them. My climbing plants have beautiful shoots, and will reach to the balcony by the end of autumn. It is a true happiness to have a home entirely to one's self, and to enjoy a boundless liberty. Why should I blame my tranquil goddaughter for thinking of herself when I aspire to live hereafter for the simple pleasure of living?"

"Come, then, my child," cried Madame André from the dining-room. "It is half-past five, and the soup is getting cold."

"And I make you wait!" replied Pierre, taking off his game-pouch, full of flowers and pebbles. "Indeed, I did not think it was so late."

He quickly sat down at the table, after having washed his hands in the little fountain of blue earthen-ware that adorned the dining-room; and, as it was necessary to apprise his mother of Marianne's intended visit, he related the whole story while they were at the dinner-table.

Madame André listened calmly until he gave the account of the favorable reception Marianne had given to the demand for an interview. At this moment she appeared incredulous.

"You are telling me a story," said she, "or Marianne is making a fool of you. Marianne does not wish to be married: she has told me so a hundred times."

"Well, she does not remember, or she has changed her mind. 'Varium et mutabile semper!' What is the matter with you, dear mother?—why do you weep?"

"Perhaps—I do not know," replied the good woman, drying with her napkin two great tears that were running down her cheeks, without any effort to restrain them. "My heart is full, and for a little thing I could weep much."

"Then let us talk about something else. I do not wish you to lose your dinner. It is plain, mother, that you are very much attached to Marianne. I know that, and I think she deserves your friendship; but she is not so different from other girls as she appears. She has, like all the rest, dreamed of love and a family; you could not hope that she would renounce these dreams to play cards with you or to pick up the stitches of your knitting-work until the end of the world! She has her portion of selfishness, like all the world; it is her right."

"And you think it is from selfishness that I grieve over her resolution? After all, you are right, perhaps. I am wrong. Come, then! I do not wish to be disconsolate before her. When she arrives, she must find me as tranquil and as gay as you are."

"As I am?" said André, surprised at the glance his mother fixed upon him; "why should I be sad or troubled?"

"I thought you were a little so,"

"You have never imagined, I hope, that I could be in love with Marianne?"

"If you were, it would not be a great misfortune!"

"Truly? Confess, my dear mother, that you have dreamed of bringing about a marriage between me and your dear little neighbor. How does it happen that you have never said a word to me of the matter?"

"I have said a word, and even several words, which you would not understand."

"When? I swear that I do not remember!"

"It was six years ago. It was during the last visit you made at home before your poor father's death. You had then a little ready money. He wished you to marry in order to keep you in the country. Marianne was twenty years old. She was not an orphan, independent and rich, as she is now. This marriage was then possible."

"And now it is not," quickly replied Pierre, with much emotion. "I am older and poorer than I was; I should not suit her. I beg you, my good mother, never expose me to the humiliation of being refused by this calculating and scornful person; never speak of me to her! I hope that you never have done so?"

"Yes, indeed; sometimes."

"And she replied—?"

"Nothing! Marianne never replies when her reply can involve her in difficulty."

"It is true; I have noticed that. There is something horrible in her prudence. A woman of the world darting her glances, coquettish, deceitful—this can be imagined—she wishes for adorers; but a countrywoman who, wishing only for a husband, calculates and behaves in this unseemly manner, is a block of ice that no sun will ever melt."

"Be quiet; here she comes," said Madame André, who had full well remarked the painful vexation of her son. "Do not appear to blame her."

XI.

THEY had finished dinner. They went to meet Marianne, who was approaching on Suzon at the usual measured gallop. Marianne dismounted almost without holding her back. The docile beast stopped short, as if she had guessed her thought, and followed her steps to the front of the cottage, when, turning to the left, she went alone to her accustomed lodging in a corner of the barn, which she shared with the ass belonging to the farm.

Marianne had for a riding-costume a white dimity-jacket, a round hat of rice-straw, and a long skirt striped with blue and gray that she raised very quickly and gracefully by means of a leather girdle. She wore her hair short and curling, and this girlish fashion, added to her slender and rather diminutive stature, gave her always the appearance of a child of fourteen or fifteen at the most. Her complexion, of a dead white, lightly brown around the eyes and on the back of the neck, was neither irritated nor freckled by the sun. Her features were delicate, her teeth were beautiful. She would have been

pretty if she had been conscious of her claim to beauty, or if she had believed that others would discern her power of attraction.

"Well!" said Madame André, embracing her, "we know what brings you here, my dear little friend. You have decided on this marriage."

"No, Madame André," replied Marianne, "I have not yet decided."

"Yes, indeed; since you wish to see the suitor, you have decided to accept him if he suits you."

"That is the question. The sight costs nothing, as the merchants say. Do you consent to bring him to my house on Sunday?"

"Certainly, my dear; I cannot refuse you anything."

"I leave you at liberty to discuss this grave subject of preoccupation," said Pierre André, directing his course toward the meadow. "Women have always, on this interesting chapter, little secrets to confide. I should be *de trop*."

"No, my godfather," replied Marianne. "I have not the least secret to confide, and I refrain from all preoccupation until your mother and you tell me your opinion of this person."

"Indeed! You will wait for our opinion before you decide?"

"Certainly."

"I do not accept such a responsibility," replied André, tartly; "I am not a judge of husbands, and I believe that you are making fun of us in feigning not to be a judge yourself."

"And how should I be a judge?" said Marianne, opening her great, wondering eyes.

"You know why you have refused those that have been offered to you. Therefore you know what you desire, and why you will accept the coming proposal."

"Or another!" replied Marianne, with a half-smile. "Do not go away, my godfather; I have something to ask you."

"Ah! that is not unfortunate! Let us see: you wish to know what kind of a husband will be suitable for you?"

They all three sat down on a bench, Madame André in the middle.

"No," replied Marianne; "you do not know, for you have never thought of it, or you would not answer me seriously, for you are not much interested in my future. I wish to ask you one thing which has only an indirect relation to marriage. I would like to know if a young woman in my position can teach herself without leaving her home or changing her habits."

"What a singular question she asks me!" said Pierre, addressing his mother; "do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Madame André, "and it is not the first time that Marianne has tormented herself with this idea. I cannot reply to her. I learned when young what was considered necessary for a poor countrywoman; but that does not go far, and there are many things I never speak of, because I do not understand a word of them."

All the mind a young woman in my position can show is not to ask questions that will show her entire ignorance. Marianne is not contented with the possession of the tact and knowledge necessary for her situation in life; she wishes to know how to converse with educated persons."

"Pardon me, Madame André; I would like to be educated, not so much for other people's pleasure as for my own. I see, for example, that my godfather is happy walking alone whole days at a time thinking of what he knows, and I would like to know if he is happier than I, who walk a great deal also without knowing anything or thinking of anything."

"There!" cried André, surprised; "all at once you are putting your finger directly on a key that I have never known how to turn in order to discover the secret of your reverie."

"Indeed, my godfather, you have been troubled to know if there was anything in my brain?"

"I do not say that exactly, my dear child; but the question you ask me I have asked myself a thousand times. While regarding the deeply-thoughtful air of certain peasants, the exuberant joy of certain children, the appearance of intoxicating happiness of the little birds, or the ecstatic repose of the flowers in the moonlight, I often say to myself, 'Is science a benefit, and does not what is given to reflection take away from reverie its greatest charm, or from sensation its greatest power?'"

"Pardon me, I speak like a pedant, and the manner in which I express myself must seem ridiculous to you. To resume our discussion: I swear that I have found no solution, and that I should rely much on you to enlighten me if you would take the trouble to talk with us occasionally of something else besides washing and the price of poultry in the market."

"I can talk only of what I know something about, my godfather, and I cannot find words to give expression to my thoughts. I must have time to seek for them. Wait, I am going to try."

XII.

THEY all three remained silent for some minutes. Marianne appeared as if she were performing in her head the addition of several large numbers. Madame André did not seem much surprised at these argumentative desires. Pierre alone was inwardly agitated. He had apparently taken very much to heart the solution of the problem he had proposed to himself that morning—to learn if Marianne possessed an intelligence that was only sleeping, or if she had none at all.

Finally she broke the silence with a slightly impatient air.

"No," said she, "I shall not be able to explain my meaning. I must leave this for another time. Besides, I did not come to ask you if knowledge would render people more happy or more unhappy; I wished only to know if I could teach myself without going away from my home."

"One can," replied Pierre, "learn everywhere and alone, provided books can be obtained, and you have the means of procuring them."

"But I must find out what books, and I relied on you to point them out to me."

"This will be very easy when I learn what you already know, and what you do not yet know. Your father was educated; he had some good works. He has often told me that you were idle and without taste for study. Therefore, as you were delicate, he did not insist upon your giving up the occupations of a country-life, which you preferred to anything else."

"And it is always thus," replied Marianne. "If I am out-doors and leading an active life while I am dreaming, I feel very well. If I reflect in earnest, I feel as if I should die."

"Then, my child, you must remain as you are, and continue to live as you live. I do not see why you should wish for new occupations when marriage will soon create very serious ones."

"If I marry!" resumed Marianne. "If I do not marry, I must learn how to employ my time when I shall be unable to run about. But it is sunset.—Will you play your game, Madame André?"

Madame André accepted, and Pierre, whom every kind of game irritated, remained in the garden, walking on the terrace, and looking at Marianne, who was playing with his mother in the sitting-room, faintly lighted up by a small lamp with a green shade; she was as attentive to the game, as reticent, as unemotional, as on other days.

"Who knows," said Pierre to himself, "if this is not an intelligence driven back by a peculiar nervous condition? Many well-endowed young persons accomplish nothing for want of the physical faculty necessary to intellectual labor. Among women, if attention is not paid to these inconsistencies of organization, they take another course, and arrive at other results. It is an exception when they are placed in a condition demanding great mental efforts, or an unremitting devotion to study. Why does Marianne torment herself to become an exception? Would she learn like me the secret sorrow of not having been able to utilize her own worth? This is not a feminine trouble. Woman has another aim in life. To be a wife and mother is enough for her glory and her happiness."

At nine o'clock Marianne embraced Madame André, gave her hand to her godfather, and adroitly mounted Suzon, who was trained to spread out her limbs to make herself smaller. The equestrian and her steed were both so light that the sound of the gallop, scarcely heard on the sand, was soon lost in the silence of the night. The evening was warm, the air full of perfume. Pierre remained a long time at his garden-gate, following Marianne in his thoughts, traversing with her in imagination the little beech-wood, the sweet-smelling moorland, the clear stream strewn with sombre rocks. He thought he saw exterior objects with Marianne's eyes, and pleased himself in attributing to her secret emotions that she had perhaps never felt.

The next day was Saturday, the market-day at La Faille. To go to market, even if one has nothing to buy or sell, is a custom of all the country-

people, peasants and proprietors. It is a place of reunion, where the neighboring farmers who have business with each other are sure to meet. It is there, also, that the news of the day is discussed and the market-price of provisions is established. Pierre went there to read the papers; once a week to gain a knowledge of general affairs was enough for a man who desired to detach himself from an active life.

He was passing in front of the Hôtel Chêne-Vert at the moment when the *patache* that serves the neighboring diligences arrived, and he saw descending from it a fine fellow, who exclaimed, coming toward him, "Here I am!" and who saluted him with a cordial familiarity. This fine fellow, built like a Hercules, fresh as a rose, and dressed in the latest fashion, with the elegant simplicity of a traveler, was Philippe Gaucher, who anticipated his arrival, announced for the next day.

"Yes, my dear sir," repeated he, thinking from the astonished aspect of André that he did not recognize him; "it is I, Philippe—"

Pierre interrupted him: "I recognize you very well," said he, lowering his voice, "but it is useless to proclaim your name on the roofs; you come here upon business that will not succeed without some prudence. Learn, my young Parisian, that in the country the first condition of failure is to reveal your plans. Let us see, you can go home with me without passing through the village. We can take this lane, which is already half-country, and with less than an hour's walk we shall arrive in season for dinner."

"An hour's walk with my valise on my arm?" said Philippe, amazed at the proposition.

"Is it heavy?" replied Pierre, lifting it; "no! this is nothing."

"But I have something more. I have all the luggage of a painter, for I intend to make some studies here."

"Then I will tell them at the hotel to send all that to my house with a man and a wheelbarrow; I have no kind of carriage to offer you; I make use of my legs, and find myself none the worse for it."

"I know how to make good use of mine, for I am a landscape-painter; and I know how to carry my luggage on my back when it is well supplied with implements. You will see this to-morrow, but to-day I prefer the man and the wheelbarrow."

"Wait here for me," said Pierre, as he entered to give the necessary orders. In about five minutes he rejoined his guest, and they commenced their walk. Philippe's first word astonished André considerably:

"Have you many pretty women in this country?"

"Open your eyes and you will see," replied Pierre, smiling.

"I am in the habit of opening them," replied the young painter; "that is my normal condition; and I have just seen a comical little person pass, on horseback, trotting like a mouse—the horse, understand."

"Alone?" said André, suddenly agitated.

"All alone, on a little iron-gray horse, with black mane and tail."

Pierre pretended not to understand the matter in question, although he fully recognized the description.

"And you say that she is pretty?"

"I did not say so for fear of being mistaken, she moved away so quickly; but the fact is, she appeared charming to me."

"She is not considered pretty, and does not claim to be a beauty."

"You know, then, who she is?"

"I think so. You say she is small?"

"As slender as a spindle, but very graceful; black hair all curled, an interesting paleness, and great black eyes."

"Does she please you?"

"So far, yes. Tell me, is she—"

"Yes, it is—it is the young person whom your father wishes you to marry."

"Mademoiselle Chevreuse? Bless me! I meet her immediately in this way! Does she know that I have come to—"

"She knows nothing at all," replied Pierre, in an abrupt tone, "and I did not expect you till to-morrow morning."

"That is right. I set out a day sooner to avoid traveling in the night. A painter must see! And then I was curious to form an idea of my native country, for I was born at La Faille as well as you, my dear sir; but I have no memory of my early years. As to the town, what I have just seen of it appears frightful to me; but the surrounding country is beautiful, and before us the pretty little green road, with the blue horizon beyond, is delightful. One becomes accustomed to your great, round walnut-trees, and by contrast your elms, topped and mutilated, have a very amusing physiognomy. My faith! I shall be very happy here; and, if my wife wishes it, I will pass the summers here."

"What is this, your wife?" said André, casting, in spite of himself, a look of haughty irritation on the young painter.

"Well, Mademoiselle Chevreuse or another," replied Philippe, carelessly. "I have come to the country with the paternal injunction to find a wife, and the promise of a dowry if I do not resist. I am weary of my father's tutelage—a worthy man, you know, but he bores me a little. His ideas are not mine. He will trouble me no more, he will reproach me no longer for being an artist, when I shall double my property by marriage—and marriage and painting are in my father's mind one and the same term."

"And because of the painting that you like you will like the wife, whatever she may be?"

"No, but I shall be indulgent, and not expect her to be a marvel of wit and beauty. As to her character, she must be very wicked not to accommodate herself to me. I am the best dough made of a man that has been kneaded by the great Baker of the universe; always gay, in love with light and liberty, smiling at everything; but hush! behold the equestrienne just now before us. It is, indeed, Mademoiselle Chevreuse! Let us hasten our steps to have a good chance to look at her."

XIII.

MARIANNE had come to a standstill—that is, she had slackened Suzon's pace to a walk to speak to Marichette, her farmer's wife, whom she had just rejoined not far from Dolmor.

Marichette was seated on some sacks of oats in the back-part of a long ox-wagon, which her husband conducted on foot with a goad. The road was too narrow to allow a horse or even a foot-passenger to pass between the wheel and the hedge. The oxen moved slowly; Suzon smelled the oats that had been bought for her, and, recognizing her friend, had stretched out her nose to the knees of the farmer's wife, who caressed her forehead, while at the same time she gave an account to her mistress of the fat sheep she had sold, and the swine she had bargained for without being able to obtain at a good price.

During this dialogue Marianne, leaving Suzon to herself, the bridle slipped around her arm, had taken the indifferent attitude of a pensive or weary person. Suddenly, perceiving a beautiful branch of honeysuckle in the thicket, she pushed Suzon with her heel without making her feel the bridle, and reached out her arms to gather the branch.

But at the same moment the young Philippe, who had overtaken her without being seen, leaving André a little behind, sprang toward the honeysuckle, broke off the branch skillfully, and offered it to Marianne with the daring and courteous ease of a Parisian youth. At the sight of this fine-looking stranger, with a glance full of fire and a smile full of words, Marianne did not fail to recognize her expected suitor. No other inhabitant of the country would have had this boldness and gallantry. She blushed a little, then soon grew calm, and said with a faint smile, without accepting the flowering branch, "Thanks, sir; it was not for myself that I wished for it; it was for my horse, who is fond of it."

"Ah, well!" replied the artist, without being disconcerted; "I offer it to your horse, who will not refuse me." And he extended the honeysuckle to Suzon, who took it between her teeth without ceremony.

Philippe took off his hat to make the grand salutation, which consists in raising the hat very high and in holding it above the head as when a sovereign or popular person is received with cheers. Marianne had retaken the short reins in her hand; she made a slight bow without looking at Philippe, and, urging Suzon into the ditch, into which she plunged to her knees, she passed skillfully and adroitly the great naves of the cart, the great horns of the oxen, and disappeared with a rapid pace at a turn of the road.

Pierre was pleased with Marianne for this well-executed sortie. The least accident would have put Philippe with the greatest ease into the heart of the situation.

"Well," said he to the artist, feigning an ironical smile, "you have seen her at your ease."

"Charming!" replied Philippe; "distinction even of mind, of self-possession, of coquetry also! A true woman, indeed! How old is she? My father

said she was older than I; it was a joke, she appears like a boarding-school girl."

"She is twenty-five years old."

"It is not possible."

"I swear it. She would not wish me to conceal her age."

"That is all the same to me—we are really only as old as we appear to be. Bearded already like a Turk, I look older than she does; we will be painted in the same frame, and that will give something very well matched, strength and grace, a classic subject."

"Then you have already decided?"

"Yes, since I am in love."

"You have no doubt of success?"

"None at all."

"You are happy to rely thus on yourself."

"My dear André, I count upon two things that I possess, youth and love. These are two great powers—love, which is felt and communicated; youth, which gives confidence to risk everything and to find expression. There is no vanity in saying that I am young and amorous."

"You are right," said Pierre, becoming sad and depressed. "They only possess a ridiculous vanity who have lost the freshness of inexperience and the ingenuousness of the first advance."

They had arrived at a place where the road, becoming wider, allowed them to pass the ox-cart, and they were approaching André's cottage. In the distance, on the same road, that gained in height, they saw Marianne, riding now at a slow pace.

"She gallops no longer," said Philippe. "Who knows if she is not thinking of me?"

"She is certainly thinking of him," said Pierre to himself, with a sort of heart-breaking anguish.

XIV.

PHILIPPE GAUCHER had the bad fortune to displease Madame André beyond pardon. He was, however, a good and honest fellow, his heart in his hand and his soul as open as his countenance; but Madame André was unwilling to allow that any other man could be superior to her son, who was not what is called in the country a handsome man. He had neither broad shoulders nor a black beard, nor a ruddy complexion nor an expanded chest. He was interesting, intelligent, and modest; his figure, like his entire person, breathed the distinction of a rare nature. Thus his mother, who had never seen the world, and who could not define in what distinction consists, had a certain criterion in her methods of comparison. She was shocked by a kind of vulgarity that filtered, as it were, through all the words, gestures, and attitudes of Philippe, and she concluded that his ideas and actions were the consequence of this type of character. She was not wanting in that native and satirical wit that belongs to the inhabitants of the interior, to women especially. She rallied him, then, keenly during the whole dinner without his deigning to perceive it. It is true that, the claims of hospitality being paramount with her, she had welcomed him cordially, and overwhelmed him with little attentions.

Philippe, having learned that his hosts were going to dine the next day with Mademoiselle Chevreuse, and that they would seize the occasion to present him to her, found his affairs more advanced than he anticipated, and did not hesitate to say that he had a propitious star in the midst of the heavens.

"Which one is it?" asked Madame André, maliciously.

"I do not know its name," replied he, gayly. "I know nothing about astronomy; but when I look at the largest and the most beautiful I am very sure that is mine.—Do you not believe in the influence of the stars, friend Pierre?"

"Yes, indeed; I believe in it for Napoleon and you. If simple mortals like myself have the guardianship of a star, mine is so small and so far away that I have never been able to perceive it."

Philippe had prolonged the evening in an unheard-of fashion at Dolmor, without thinking that the old lady retired at nine o'clock. Pierre, seeing that the clock marked the hour of eleven, said to his guest:

"You must be weary with your journey; when you wish me to conduct you to your room, tell me so."

"I am never weary," replied Gaucher; "nothing fatigues me, but the motion of the *diligence* remains in my head and makes me a little sleepy; then, if you will allow me—"

Pierre conducted him to a little guest-chamber, entirely new, and very fresh, the blinds of which the painter opened in order, he said, to be awakened by the first dawn. He pretended that he was going to explore the country to choose a subject for painting on the following days.

"Sleep in peace," said Pierre; "I awake with the dawn, and I will come for you, if you wish me to guide you to the most beautiful spots in our valley."

"Thanks," replied Philippe; "but, frankly, I like better to reconnoitre alone. The artist is constrained when he is obliged to receive the rebound of another appreciation than his own."

"That means," thought Pierre, "that you intend to annoy Marianne with your curiosity even at her own home. I will watch there, my boy; she does not belong to you yet—her godfather has still the right to protect her."

He returned to his chamber, and, to get rid of his ill-humor, he felt a desire to write; but he looked in vain for the note-book he had commenced the previous evening. He did not find it, and, as he did not remember very well what he had written, he was troubled lest he had lost it during his walk. He remembered that, on entering, he had placed his staff and bag in the sitting-room, and he descended to see if he could see his note-book there.

He met his mother, who also appeared agitated.

"What are you looking for?" said she to him.

"A bad little pocket-book where I write my notes."

"There it is," said she, opening a drawer. "I found it this morning in setting things to rights, and I put it away."

"If you have read it," replied André, putting the note-book in his pocket, "you must think me a fool."

"Read it? No, indeed; I am not curious about writing, which I have never read very easily; but why do you say that you can appear like a fool?"

"Because— Tell me first why you seem disquieted and vexed."

"Oh! I can tell you. I am furious to think that we must conduct this pretty youth to Marianne, and that, having received and welcomed him, we are obliged to consider him agreeable before her. It shall not be so! As for me, I will not tell this falsehood. I find him ridiculous and insupportable, and I do not promise to refrain from giving my opinion."

"You judge him too quickly," replied Pierre, sitting down near his mother, who had thrown herself in a pet upon the sofa. "He is neither a beast nor a wicked fellow; his manners, which have too much assurance, I grant, will perhaps please Marianne—who knows? Marianne may not have all the judgment that you attribute to her, and that upon your word I have attributed to her also."

"Marianne has much mind," cried Madame André, "and much discernment; you do not know her."

"It is true; she is very mysterious to me."

"It is your fault; you talk to her so little and you profit so poorly by the opportunities you have of becoming acquainted with her!"

"That is a little my fault, but still more yours. I assure you that she likes the rôle of the sphinx, and I have not the boldness of Philippe Gaucher to lift the veil of modesty of a young girl. She has ceased to be a child with me, she is a woman, and I do not know how to treat brutally the reserve of a woman."

XV.

MADAME ANDRÉ reflected a few moments; then she took her son's hand, and said:

"You are timid, too timid! If you had wished it, it is you alone that Marianne would have loved, you alone that she would have married."

"You reproach me for a very old offense! That happened six years ago. Think, then, for six years I have given up all ideas of marriage."

"Why? Is a person old at thirty-five?"

"He is old enough to judge his future by a comparison with his past. If at thirty-five he has been unsuccessful, it is safe to say that he will never make his fortune, and he ought to retire from the embarrassments and emotions of life."

"That is an additional reason for making a prudent marriage."

"To seek for love in connection with a prudent marriage is something that I have never done and never will do."

"Yes, yes; I understand, I know, all about you. I have also my pride, and I appreciate yours; the reason why I find fault with you is because you have not loved Marianne for herself alone; she fully deserved it, and would have been disposed to return it; When love joins the party there is no more any *mine* and *thine* within the limits of worldly wealth."

"That is true; but I did not believe that Marianne could love me. If Philippe has too much self-confidence, I have perhaps not enough. And then, I confess, I had a passion for traveling that I hoped to pursue. Another person, with a little dexterity and tact, would have made the best of an opportunity like that with which chance furnished me. I did not know how to aid chance. I have said a hundred times, 'I am good for nothing on my own account.' And now that all is ended, I am glad to be able to give you a little happiness. Let us not spoil our present life by useless reminiscences of the past. You say Marianne would have loved me. She is conscious that I did not perceive it, and she will never forgive me. I can explain now the coldness with which she treated me, the care she took to keep me at a distance, and the ceremonious *you* that took the place of the good *thou* of former times. A woman as cold and gentle as she is does not pardon a man for having been blind; and now, as she is going to be devoured by the bold and penetrating eyes of a gross fellow, without scruple and without irresolution, she can use the occasion to revenge herself for my folly. May the vengeance be sweet, and may she be happy! We have no other wish for her. I shall pretend to sacrifice myself with a good grace, and to approve her choice without reservation."

"You are wrong, my Pierre. If you really wished it, there would still be time; but you do not wish it, you do not love my poor Marianne! this is her misfortune. You would have made her happy; she will not be so with a man who is greatly her inferior."

"If she has the superiority that you attribute to her, she will see this in time; she has not yet accepted."

"You doubt her intelligence; this is why I find you foolish, allow me to say. I know very well that I cannot judge for you, and that you will say I do not understand the matter. I know also that it is difficult to form an opinion of the mind of a person who is unwilling to show that she has any; but if one desires to love any one, he investigates, and, if he loves, he divines. If you loved—"

Pierre kissed his mother's hand with an emotion that he quickly repressed. He had nearly confessed to her that for some days he was a prey to the temptation of loving, and that perhaps he already loved. He restrained himself. If he avowed his suffering, it would be too strongly shared by his mother, and she would urge him to a struggle in which he did not dare to hope for victory.

"We will talk of all this after to-morrow," he said. "Let us see first how Gaucher will succeed. But it is late, and you need sleep. Do not be troubled, and be sure that I am too happy with you to desire much to be better off."

Returning to his chamber, he resolved to unburden his heart, and opened his note-book. On the last page of his soliloquy of the previous evening, he found a wild thought that he did not remember that he had put there, and this made him dream. "We ought," said he to himself, "to make an herbarium

of *souvenirs*. A flower, a leaf, a bit of moss, would attain the value of a relic, if these collections recalled an event of the inner life, an emotion of the heart, or an effort of the will. We remember the dangers or fatigue of certain botanical conquests. We see again the grand or charming localities that have made a deep impression upon us; but it is always the sight of the exterior world that is evoked by these traces; the history of the soul would play another rôle—"

At this moment, Pierre heard the sound of footsteps in the hall and on the stairs of the cottage; then the door was opened below, and he saw through the window Philippe Gaucher, who seemed to be going in the middle of the night to discover his subjects for painting.

XVI.

It was one o'clock in the morning. The conversation of Pierre and his mother, of which we have given but a short *résumé*, had continued more than two hours. What fancy induced the artist to leave the house and grounds before daylight? A subtle indignation pierced André's heart, at the idea that this young fool, eager to make sure of an independent existence, was willing to compromise Marianne's character in order more quickly and more surely to accomplish his object. He joined him in three strides, as he proceeded resolutely on his way to Validat.

"Where are you going?" said he, in a brusque tone. "Are you a somnambulist?"

"Yes," replied Philippe, more surprised than indignant at the watchful care of his host. "I have the somnambulism of love, which goes straight to its goal without knowing in what direction it must pass; but I shall be able to find without aid the manor or the cottage of my pretty countrywoman. I saw her go away yesterday in this direction; you told me that she lived near the road on the declivity of the hills to the right. The night is clear, and the day will dawn in an hour. Do not trouble yourself about me, my dear sir. I should be very sorry to disturb your habits."

"The first and most important of my habits," replied Pierre, "is to guard the safety of my friends."

"You are too kind to me, in truth! I like better to go alone—I told you so."

"It is not you that claim my attention; it is my goddaughter."

"Who is your goddaughter?"

"Mademoiselle Chevreuse, whom, I believe, you will compromise."

"She is your goddaughter? Bless me! Then everything is explained. I took you for a rejected and jealous suitor; but, the moment that you are a kind of father, I recognize your right, and I wish to tell you, to swear to you, that I should be distressed to injure the reputation of your Marianne. Know, dear friend, that my intentions are pure as heaven. Yesterday, my charming *fiancée* refused a flower that I offered her, saying that she wished to gather it for

her horse, and I offered it to her horse—that is, to her mare, whose name is Suzon, as you told me yesterday evening. But this morning I intend to make a thorough search of all the bushes in the country, and weave a sumptuous garland of honeysuckle, that I shall hang on Mademoiselle Chevreuse's door, with this modest note already written that I have in my pocket: '*To Mademoiselle Suzon, her devoted servant.*' You see there is nothing to be angry about, and that your goddaughter will laugh at the adventure."

"If your ambition is to make her laugh, I think you will succeed."

"You hope that she will laugh at my expense? I have no objection. The great question is that, either in sympathy or ridicule, her mind shall be occupied with me, and you will oblige me by turning me into ridicule. I shall take my revenge when her brain is filled and unduly excited with my extravagant actions. I intend to commit all kinds of foolish things, but of such a nature that her austere godfather need not remind me of the respect due to his adopted daughter."

Pierre wished to convince him immediately that the offering to Suzon was equivalent to a declaration of love to Marianne, a declaration which would be an additional source of gossip, as the farmers, not knowing how to read, and seeing this bouquet on the door, would be sure to say that it was a pledge of betrothal for the young lady; but Philippe appeared so decided that he must allow him to carry out his plan or make him angry, and this seemed to him supremely ridiculous, and entirely contrary to the rights of hospitality. Pierre pretended then to take the affair in jest and let him go away alone, reminding him that his mother breakfasted at nine o'clock, and that they should set out toward noon for the Chevreuse dinner, which would take place, according to the custom of the country, at three o'clock.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," replied Philippe, "and especially do not wait for me. If I am too far away to return at your breakfast-hour, I can find bread-and-milk, no matter where. Understand that a landscape-painter is never at a loss."

Pierre feigned to return, and took his course across the fields to Validat. He wished to watch him whom he called with a disdainful spite "her young man."

An insane smile of content found expression on his countenance when, at the end of a quarter of an hour, he saw at a distance Philippe stop in front of the excavated road descending toward Validat; then, continuing to ascend the open road, to direct his steps to the castle of Mortsang. Philippe, in looking at the roofs of moss-clad tiles belonging to the Validat farm, crouched under the great walnut-trees, and presenting neither pavilion nor turret, was unwilling to suppose that the lady of his thoughts could inhabit this den of peasant-laborers. He had seen farther on the picturesque castle, and there, among lordly inmates, very foreign to his love, he was going to place his offering.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TALK ABOUT APPLES.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly."—BRYANT.

RED-CHEEKED, rosy, or golden yellow; sometimes purple, specked, or green, or streaked with yellow and red, or, perhaps, touched with the exquisite tint known as maiden's blush: under these and multiform gradations of color, Nature puts her faithfulest, firmest-fleshed fruit, and we call it the apple. It stands justly at the head of vegetable productions; it is an orb of tempting virtue; it spheres, in limits that fit the hand, a bundle of earth's best flavors; it symbolizes the brain of vegetation, for it has nobility as well as beauty of appearance: a cranium suggesting wisdom, and an almost kissable face. As iron is rated among the metals, so the apple ranks among fruits. It is not the most luxurious or the most luscious for the moment, but it is the most durably valuable, the most practical. All languages make room for its name, and, being always planted near the house, it equals the dog in its notoriety for human companionship. As the word *book* is appropriated as the fit name for the chief book of all, so *apple* sometimes stands for fruit in general. Scripture and geology, which have been supposed to differ about some things, agree as to its age, both placing its birth just a little before man's, as if it were said, "Now the apple is born, it is time for man to be, who is destined to eat it." It is not Genesis but tradition which makes it the apple that was put into Eve's hand, and afterward into her own and Adam's mouth; but literature seems quite at unison in accepting this version of the matter. The unfortunate fruit, whatever it may have been, was said to be of the tree of knowledge; and, curiously enough, the apple has a very pertinent relation to the brain, stimulating its life and its activity, which it does by its immense endowment of phosphorus, in which element it is said to be richer than anything else in the vegetable kingdom. But phosphorus is not only brain-supporting; it is *light-bringing*, and must thus contribute to knowledge.

The apple follows the belt of civilization—the zone of intellect—or else is followed by it. It is, at any rate, correlative, and we may well say—

"Where thou art is clime for me."

It would be impossible to report, in reasonable briefness, the numberless ways in which it has been sung and celebrated. The prose "Edda" says that "Iduna keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again." To them, then, the apple-tree was not only the tree of knowledge, but the tree of life. If you should attempt to fol-

low it into literature, it would take you all the way through. I just recall at this moment, from a cursory reading when it first appeared, the fine aroma of an essay by Mr. Curtis on the apple, in which all that is graceful was most gracefully said; but I am ashamed to confess that I cannot now quote a sentence of it. And yet it remains, like the flavor of the fruit long ago eaten, or like a melody of Beethoven's which haunts me, but which I cannot retouch with my fingers, or place in the most fragmentary score.

About this fruit, how many fables cluster! The familiar one of Eris, who, simply because she was not invited to a wedding, threw an apple, marked "To the fairest," before Juno, Venus, and Minerva, and so caused the Trojan War and its voluminous woes, is familiar to every schoolboy. Fleet-footed Atalanta, after vanquishing and killing so many of her suitors, was won by an apple. It was the apple, too, which was used, among other things, to tempt Tantalus. In the garden of the Hesperides were planted seeds from the apples which were brought by the earth-goddess as gifts to Juno, at the time of her nuptials with Jupiter; and I think these must have been among the beginning of wedding-presents, which have now grown into that irksome modern institution that includes nearly everything valuable in its list of offerings. But these apples of Juno, which were, of course, the best the earth could afford, it took three pretty women to guard; and, when they forgot their trust so far as to go to eating them, it required a many-headed hydra to do the duty; but Hercules, it seems, outwitted it. When Atlas slipped the world off his shoulders, and gave it to Hercules for a few of these apples, must we infer that he thought there was nothing in the world of equal value? If he did so think, Hercules agreed with him, for he tossed back to Atlas the *worldly* bauble, and went on with his apples rejoicing. Homer names "apple-trees bearing beautiful fruit" as one of the features in the famous garden of Alcinoüs.

The celebrity of this fruit not only goes through the mythologies, but mention of it is made in the Old Testament in about ten places. Solomon says in his Song, "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And, in another place, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." "A word fitly spoken," says the proverb, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Loki, who was the great thief and mischief-maker among the Northern divinities, stole Iduna's apples,

and the Grecian writers report a similar freebooting of Mercury, which gives the schoolboy his eminent examples. Mr. John Burroughs, whose admirable recent essay, in his unique book on "Winter Sunshine," I am going presently to make myself indebted to, says, "The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled." He will even eat with relish that puckery atrocity, the unripe, green apple, the windfall of July, the very embodiment of vegetable total depravity. Is it because the apple is so closely connected with love and the fair sex that we, who are still unmarried, try at the country parties and firesides what fate it may point out for us? Count the seeds in your apple, and they shall be just numerous enough to spell the fated name. Peel one so as to leave one entire ribbon of the skin, and throw this backward over your head on the floor, and it will fall so as to make the initial of the name you seek. Every human being is supposed to retain a piece of the apple which stuck in Adam's throat. The apple of the eye is a Biblical phrase, which is used to express a supreme value; and the apples of Sodom are employed as a type of all that is illusory and deceitful. These, as is well known, though surpassingly beautiful in appearance, burst, like a compressed bladder, into smoke and ashes at the first touch. If it was an apple that took the world out of its moral orbit, causing the fall of man, it was the fall of an apple that discovered the power which keeps it in its physical sphere.

We are told that in Arabia the apple "is believed to charm away disease, and produce health and prosperity. In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead, that they may find it when they enter Paradise."

Mr. Thoreau says that "apples made a part of the food of that unknown primitive people whose traces have . . . been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome; so old that they had no metallic implements." It is interesting to know that the same custom prevailed in Italy hundreds of years ago that obtains now, of naming the different varieties of apples after those who brought them there, or who introduced them to notice. It was a cheap and easy immortality, and quite as palpable as that flavorless one which is all the modern scientific Seducer seems disposed, at the present date, to allot to the human soul. I do not know why Mr. Baldwin and his brother apple-culturists may not be sure of lasting and grateful remembrance. At least, if the ambitious politician would be equally certain of his coveted fame, perhaps he might do better to plant an orchard than to parade himself before a continent. Cowley makes his muse give thanks to him who restores or improves the apple:

"He bids the ill-natured crab produce
The gentle apple's loving juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss."

An agricultural writer, who does not believe in having the pear displace the apple, says:

"The fruit-grower's attention seems of late to be concentrated upon the pear, which takes very great airs upon itself both at the fruiter's and upon the table. It is coddled and wrapped up, and has very high and mighty names given to it, and is very costly; and consequently it seems to be elbowing the apple out of the market. This is to be deplored; for, admitting the deliciousness of the pear, and giving it all the high respect which is its due, we should not forget that for real worth it is not to be named with the apple. The pear is a mere luxury of the palate, having, to be sure, the desirable stomachic qualities that belong to all fresh acid fruits. But the apple has substantial merits. It is food, nourishing and stimulating both to mind and body. It is a domestic fruit—homely, yet rich, and beautiful, and vigorous, like so many homely things, among them the homely graces and virtues. It is the roast-beef of fruits. We could better spare them all, except perhaps the strawberry in its season, than we could spare the apple. And yet the strawberry is merely ephemeral; the apple lasts the year round, to feed us and to cheer us by its peculiar corrective and stimulating qualities.

"It may be safely said that, except the various kinds of grain, there is no product of the earth in this country which is so good for food as the apple. This noble fruit is no mere palate-pleaser; it is very nutritious. . . . Not only is it more nourishing than the potato, but it contains acids mild and gentle, as well as pleasing to the taste, which act in a beneficent manner upon the whole animal economy. An apple-eater is very rarely either dyspeptic or bilious."

An English writer says, "It will beggar a doctor to live where orchards thrive." Mr. Burroughs offers statistics showing that certain operatives in Cornwall, England, in a time of scarcity, found apples in some manner a substitute for meat. They could work on baked apples without meat, when a potato-diet was not sufficient. To its healthfulness he bears witness: "Especially to those whose soil of life is inclined to be a little clayey and heavy is the apple a winter necessity. It is the natural antidote of most of the ills the flesh is heir to. Full of vegetable acids and aromatic qualities which act as refrigerants and antiseptics, what an enemy it is to jaundice, indigestion, torpidity of liver, etc.! It is a gentle spur and tonic to the whole biliary system."

The individual fruit in his hands he describes ecstatically: "How pleasing to the touch! I love to stroke its polished rindure with my hand, to carry it in my pocket on my tramp over the winter hills, or through the early spring woods. You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening! I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks. You are so alive! You glow like a ruddy flower! You look so animated, I almost expect to see you move! I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful! How compact! how exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun, and varnished against the rains! An independent vegetable existence, alive and vascular as my own flesh, capable of being wounded, bleeding, wasting away, or almost repairing damages!"

Mr. Alcott, whom Carlyle could never pardon

for his vegetarianism, is an equal eulogist of this fruit. He says: "Apples are general favorites. Every eye covets, every hand reaches to them. It is a noble fruit; the friend of immortality, its virtues blush to be tasted. Every Muse delights in it, as its mythology shows, from the gardens of the Hesperides to the orchard of Plato. A basket of pears, golden russets, or any of the choice kinds, standing in sight, shall perfume the scholar's composition as it refreshes his genius."

The apple-tree, like any other crop, has a preference of soil. Mr. Mitchell says the Newtown pipin fails to do well in New England. Gervase Markham, who wrote three hundred years ago, tells us that the "apple-tree loveth to have the inward part of his woad moist and sweate, so you must give him his lodging in a fat, black, and moist ground: and, if it be planted in a gravelly and sandie ground, it must be helped with watering, and bating with dung and smal moulde in the time of Autumne. It liveth and continueth in all desirable good estate in the hills and mountains where it may have fresh moisture, being the thing that it searcheth after, but even there it must stand in the open face of the South."

According to Pliny and Theophrastus, there are urban as well as sylvan trees, and the apple is placed with the former. It stands nearer to the human race than any other, and is never dissociated from its peaceful and gentler activities. How individual and venerable are the separate trees of an ancient orchard! Gnarled and rheumatic, they have worn out their limbs in your service. They look upon you like inarticulate old people; but it is not hard to imagine that the dryad within them is just ready to appear and to speak. Their humanness is shown by the fact that, like men, they are persecuted for their good deeds, as around the best you always find the most clubs and stones. To come upon an orchard in the midst of a wilderness or a desert foreshadows the arrival home, and suggests a happy antithesis to that civilization which the shipwrecked sailor discovered on a strange shore when he approached a newly-erected gallows! The birds and the beasts know the worth and friendship of the apple-tree, and cluster about it. Its age is estimated to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years. I remember, when a boy, of hearing about an apple-tree in Litchfield, Connecticut, and later I saw where it had lived and died, that bore a hundred bushels of apples on the year it was a hundred years old. I think there are some Connecticut annals that speak of this tree; but there may be other trees that have done better. How few human lives, though, do as well!

An orchard is not established or preserved, I suppose, unless there are at least three trees, as, in like manner, it takes three geese to make a flock. For there are three grades of number—unity, duality, and severality (?); and gregariousness only begins with the latter. The law recognizes the sacredness of the orchard by allowing no road to be laid out through one; and in doubtful cases, or where the

orchard might be construed to extend to too small a distance to save the division of the farmer's lot, I have known of trees being planted by night to ward off the impending or unpopular highway.

When William Tell was put to the cruel task of shooting at a target, of which his own little son formed the conspicuous pedestal, the thing to be hit might have been a potato or a turnip; but it was an apple. Whether there was any significance in this choice of the tyrant I am not able to say; but the apple, it is well to remember in this Centennial time, has for us also a sacred relation to freedom. It now enters into the memorial of our latest triumph against tyranny. Johnston's surrender, which ended the rebellion, was made under an apple-tree; and, before this event, it was upon "a sour-apple tree" that so many in the North would have hanged Jefferson Davis had he been caught. Thoreau learns that the apple-spray was once used as a badge and reward. From Loudon he quotes the fact that the ancient Welsh bards were rewarded by this for their excellency of singing. It is the peach, or some other twig, that the conjurer uses who goes about to tell you where there are beds of ore or veins of water; the apple is too true and sturdy to lend itself to this trickery! Instead of turning in his hand, it would more likely turn his face to shame.

For a fillip to the best social feeling and the wittiest conversation, we wait till the apples appear. How well they brighten up the dull winter evening when they go round! Whittier, in speaking of old times in the country, says:

"And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood."

How sorrowful to think the old-fashioned "apple-cut" is now fallen into desuetude! At least, it must be a primitive place indeed where it is now kept up, or can be enjoyed as of old. It cannot breathe the atmosphere of the electric telegraph, and its "news" was somewhat differently collected and sent out. It was a picture worthy the genius and fidelity of a Dutch painter; but I doubt if any artist has ever painted it. There sat the hired man, with his coat off, astride the chair and apple-parer, forking on the fruit, which he turned swiftly around with his right hand, while holding the knife on with his left. The scalped and denuded apples usually fell into an ancient wash-tub, and the boys and girls, or old and young together, sat in a circle, quattering and coring them in pie-pans or in wooden bowls. After the work was all ended, and a barrel or more had been prepared to dry, the games, the frolic, and the merriment, began. While the elders were present, the party was a trifle more sober, and gossip took the place of fun. It was on one of these occasions, of which Mr. Burroughs speaks, "where so many things were cut and dried besides apples."

Strangely stimulating is this fruit! The activity it gives to the blood is fairly contagious. I suspect

a good many of the shrewd sayings of our wise forefathers, which survive orally in every neighborhood, owe their spur and sparkle to the juicy apple, or the juice which came from it, which was the omnipresent drink. I have a young lady friend who always beats me at a favorite game after the apples appear, though before they arrive I am occasionally the victor.

In the United States there are nearly one million acres devoted to the apple. In Pliny's time there were said to be twenty-two varieties of apples known to the Romans; but we who live to-day have the benefit of over two hundred kinds. To think that all these diverse varieties, from the king to the golden-sweet, came from the harsh and acrid crab, and are largely the result of patient culture devoted to specific ends, shows what elasticity lies buried in Nature, and only awaits the genius of man or the favor of fate. In England, where they have poorer oysters than we have, they also have poorer apples. The fruit requires the alternation of cold winters and warm sunshine, and draws its elixir and lusciousness from a favoring soil. The result is, American apples form an immense export trade, and are eagerly sought abroad. I am told there is a farmer in Ulster county, New York, who devotes two hundred acres to one kind of apple—the Newtown pippin. This orchard is picked every year by hand, the fruit is carefully barreled, and the whole crop goes to the English market, where it brings the highest price. It is said that there is no such variety as a distinctively "sweet apple" known in England.

Mr. Thoreau is fantastic enough to think that the man who deals with apples should be of solid and robust quality, for he says: "When I see a particularly mean man carrying them to market, I seem to see a contest going on between him and his horse on the one side, and the apples on the other; and, to my mind, the apples always gain it." Mr. Burroughs does not fall behind him in loyalty to their sturdiness and "Saxon quality." Says he, in an apostrophe: "I think if I could absorb or transmute your quality, I should be cheerful, continent, equable, sweet-blooded, long-lived, and should shed warmth and contentment around."

There are some apple-eaters—men more particularly—who can apparently eat just as many apples after a meal as if no meal had been served. I recall a laboring-man who ate six large ones after a hearty dinner, and went his way, as if nothing notable had happened. This was twenty-five years ago, and he still lives, and is destined to live, perhaps, as long as will the tree that bore them. They were eaten raw, as the epicure of this fruit tells you they always should be, and the second orthodox rule is, to "dispense with the knife." Any one, however, who is not anxious to have them as good as they can be, will do the next best thing in following this recipe, which I will venture to vouch for: Buy a small tin apple-corer; core with it as many apples as you want, without peeling them; set them on a

tin dish; place this in a hot oven, having first filled up the vacancies left by your surgery with the best of sugar. Let them bake till they are well done. Take them out, and, if you do not know what to do next, call in your nearest and best friend for further advice.

Those who buy their daily fruit of the apple-woman might not feel so appatized to know the way she puts on their waxy and tempting polish. I shall not divulge her commercial secret, but, when I patronize her wares, I make a somewhat liberal use of the knife. I am told that in the olden time there used to be a familiar dish called "apple-butter," which was merely a peculiar kind of thick applesauce that would easily spread. It was put up every autumn by the barrel for family use. The habit of making it still prevails in some places, as in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, and is a part of the established family routine.

What is it the old couplet says happens (I forget the first half)

"When first you shake hands with a tankard of ale?"

It happens, I suppose, just the same when you cross palms with a cup of cider. Is there any object in the country more picturesque than the old cider-mill? I know not why, but it is always pathetically old. We see it with its open sides, the long sweep where the horses go round (or perhaps the broad water-wheel takes their place), the slouchy dilapidation of its brown clapboards (was it ever otherwise than brown?), and catch the delicious aroma of great heaps of apples mingling their hundred various odors into a perfume that tinges and stirs the memory after long years. It is a picture that suggests boyhood, and hints of Arcadia. The boy that never bounced about the antique press, or played with the pomace, or sucked cider through a straw, has lost something out of his life that no after-happiness shall ever replace.

Twice a year some powerful fairy holds her wand of enchantment over the benignant orchard until the hillside stands fairly transfigured. Who will be rash enough to say when it gives us the most delight—when it upholds its mammoth bouquets in May, or when it bears for us its solid bounty in October? At the two gateways of summer it stands with outstretched arms, proffering in the left hand a flowery benediction, in the right a glowing cornucopia—in both a spectacle of wonder. What a burden of subtle associations clings to each period! The flowery apple-bough may well baffle the skilled florist, with all his art, to match it; and it is a theme which best of all befits the artist's easel. It suggests, in the "opal-colored days," that—

"Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mould
Wealth beyond the price of gold."

What the birds, whose orchestra is then filled, think of it, is matter of familiar history:

"I marked them yesternorn"—
amid the choir,

"Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
Diving, darting northward free,
Suddenly betook them all,
Every one to his hole in the wall,
Or to his niche in the apple-tree."

In the fall we pass the same spot to find the enchantment merely changed. The trees are now opulent with their shiny, waxy freight, or the ground around the venerable boles is up-piled with pyramids of beauty. It is the hazy October day; there is a mild hush in the air; a halo covers the off-lying hills as with a garment; the work of the year is ended; and from the ancient boughs, redolent of the mem-

ories of past generations, and ripe with the sunniness of a hundred summer days, sweeps down upon you a breath that might have come from the Fortunate Islands. Nature furnishes nowhere else in all her gallery two more memorable match-pieces than these of the orchard in May and October. It needs no subtle seer, like Swedenborg, to read the parable, or divine the moral correspondence. Happy is he whose life exhibits the same glory, or who shall be able some time to say, with the delicious quaintness of Marvell—

"What wondrous life is this I lead?
Ripe apples drop about my head!"

FOUR GREAT SONG-COMPOSERS:

SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, FRANZ, AND LISZT.

BY GEORGE T. FERRIS.

HEINRICH HEINE, in his preface to a translation of "Don Quixote," discusses the creative powers of different peoples. To the Spaniard Cervantes is awarded the first place in novel-writing, and to our own Shakespeare, of course, the transcendent rank in drama.

"And the Germans," he goes on to say, "what palm is due to them? Well, we are the best writers of songs in the world. No people possesses such beautiful *Lieder* as the Germans. Just at present the nations have too much political business on hand; but, after that has once been settled, we Germans, English, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Italians, will all go to the green forest and sing, and the nightingale shall be umpire. I feel sure that in this contest the song of Wolfgang Goethe will gain the prize."

There are few, if any, who will be disposed to dispute the verdict of the German poet, himself no mean rival, in depth and variety of lyric inspiration, even of the great Goethe. But a greater poet than either one of this great pair bears the suggestive and impersonal name of "The People." It is to the countless wealth of the German race in folk-songs, an affluence which can be traced back to the very dawn of civilization among them, that the possibility of such lyric poets as Goethe, Heine, Rückert, and Uhland, is due. From the days of the "Nibelungenlied," that great epic which, like the Homeric poems, can hardly be credited to any one author, every hamlet has rung with beautiful national songs, which sprung straight from the fervid heart of the people. These songs are balmy with the breath of the forest, the meadow, and river, and have that simple and bewitching freshness of motive and rhythm which unconsciously sets itself to music.

The German *Volkslied*, as the exponent of the popular heart, has a wide range, from mere comment on historical events, and quaint, droll satire, such as may be found in Hans Sachs, to the grand protest against spiritual bondage which makes the burden of Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg." But nowhere is the beauty of the German song so marked as in

those *Lieder* treating of love, deeds of arms, and the old mystic legends so dear to the German heart. Tieck writes of the "Minnesinger period:"

"Believers sang of faith, lovers of love; knights described knightly actions and battles, and loving, believing knights were their chief audiences. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire; great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircled the flock, so did Religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality, and every heart in equal love humbled itself before her."

A similar spirit has always inspired the popular German song, a simple and beautiful reverence for the unknown, the worship of heroism, a vital sympathy with the various manifestations of Nature. Without the fire of the French *chansons*, the sonorous grace of the Tuscan *stornelli*, these artless ditties, with their exclusive reliance on true feeling, possess an indescribable charm.

The German *Lied* always preserved its characteristic beauty. Goethe, and the great school of lyric poets clustered around him, simply perfected the artistic form, without departing from the simplicity and soulfulness of the stock from which it came. Had it not been for the rich soil of popular song, we should not have had the peerless lyrics of modern Germany. Had it not been for the poetic inspiration of such word-makers as Goethe and Heine, we should not have had such music-makers in the sphere of song as Schubert and Franz.

The songs of these masters appeal to the interest and admiration of the world, then, not merely in virtue of musical beauty, but in that they are the most vital outgrowths of Teutonic nationality and feeling.

The immemorial melodies to which the popular songs of Germany were set display great simplicity of rhythm, even monotony, with frequent recurrence of the minor keys, so well adapted to express the melancholy tone of many of the poems. The strictly strophic treatment is used, or, in other words, the

repetition of the melody of the first stanza in all the succeeding ones. The chasm between this and the varied form of the artistic modern song is deep and wide, yet it was overleaped in a single swift bound by the remarkable genius of Franz Schubert, who, though his compositions were many and matchless of their kind, died all too young; for, as the inscription on his tombstone pathetically has it, he was "rich in what he gave, richer in what he promised."

The great masters of the last century tried their hands in the domain of song with only comparative success, partly because they did not fully realize the nature of this form of art, partly because they could not limit the sweep of the creative power within such narrow limits. Schubert was a revelation to his countrymen in his musical treatment of subjective passion, in his instinctive command over condensed, epigrammatic expression. Let us glance at this rich and gifted life, which, however quiet and commonplace in its exterior facts, was so great in its creative and spiritual manifestation. The son of a humble Vienna schoolmaster, the early life of Franz Schubert was commonplace in the extreme, the most interesting feature being the extraordinary development of his genius. At the age of fourteen he had made himself a master of counterpoint and harmony, and composed a large mass of chamber-music and works for the piano. His poverty was such that he was oftentimes unable to obtain the music-paper with which to fasten the immortal thoughts that thronged through his brain. It was two years later that his special creative function found exercise in the production of the two great songs, the "Erl-King" and the "Serenade," the former of which proved the source of most of the fame and money emolument he enjoyed during life. It is hardly needful to speak of the power and beauty of this composition, the weird sweetness of its melodies, the dramatic contrasts, the wealth of color and shading in its varying phrases, the subtilty of the accompaniment, which elaborates the spirit of the song itself. The piece was composed in less than an hour. One of Schubert's intimates tells us that he left him reading Goethe's great poem for the first time. He instantly conceived and arranged the melody, and when the friend returned after a short absence Schubert was rapidly noting the music from his head on paper. When the song was finished he rushed to the Stadtconvict school, his only alma mater, and sang it to the scholars. The music-master, Rucziszka, was overwhelmed with rapture and astonishment, and embraced the young composer in a transport of joy. When this immortal music was first sung to Goethe, the great poet said, "Had music, instead of words, been my instrument of thought, it is so I would have framed the legend."

The "Serenade" is another example of the swiftness of Schubert's artistic imagination. He and a lot of jolly boon-companions sat one Sunday afternoon in an obscure Viennese tavern, known as the Biersack. The surroundings were anything but conducive to poetic fancies—dirty tables, floor, and

ceiling, the clatter of mugs and dishes, the loud dissonance of the beery German roisterers, the squalling of children, and all the sights and noises characteristic of the beer-cellar. One of our composer's companions had a volume of poems, which Schubert looked at in a lazy way, laughing and drinking the while. Singling out some verses, he said: "I have a pretty melody in my head for these lines, if I could only get a piece of ruled paper." Some staves were drawn on the back of a bill of fare, and here, amid all the confusion and riot, the divine melody of the "Serenade" was born, a tone-poem which embodies the most delicate dream of passion and tenderness that the heart of man ever conceived.

Both these compositions were eccentric and at odds with the old canons of song, fancied with a grace, warmth, and variety of color, hitherto characteristic only of the more pretentious forms of music, which had already been brought to a great degree of perfection. They inaugurate the genesis of the new school of musical lyrics, the golden wedding of the union of poetry with music.

For a long time the young composer was unsuccessful in his attempts to break through the barren and irritating drudgery of a schoolmaster's life. At last a wealthy young dilettant, Franz von Schober, who had become an admirer of Schubert's songs, persuaded his mother to offer him a fixed home in her house. The latter gratefully accepted the overture of friendship, and thence became a daily guest at Schober's house. He made at this time a number of strong friendships with obscure poets, whose names only live through the music of the composer set to verses furnished by them; for Schubert, in his affluence of creative power, merely needed the slightest excuse for his genius to flow forth. But, while he wrote nothing that was not beautiful, his masterpieces are based only on themes furnished by the lyrics of such poets as Goethe, Heine, and Rückert. It is related, in connection with his friendship with Mayrhofer, one of his rhyming associates of these days, that he would set the verses to music much faster than the other could compose them.

The songs of the obscure Schubert were gradually finding their way to favor among the exclusive circles of Viennese aristocracy. A celebrated singer of the opera, Vogl, though then far advanced in years, was much sought after for the drawing-room concerts, so popular in Vienna, on account of the beauty of his art. Vogl was a warm admirer of Schubert's genius, and devoted himself assiduously to the task of interpreting it—a friendly office of no little value. Had it not been for this, our composer would have sunk to his early grave probably without even the small share of reputation and monetary return actually vouchsafed to him. The strange, dreamy unconsciousness of Schubert is very well illustrated in a story told by Vogl after his friend's death. One day Schubert left a new song at the singer's apartments, which, being too high, was transposed. Vogl, a fortnight afterward, sang it in the lower key to his friend, who remarked: "Really, that *Lied* is not so bad; who composed it?"

Our great composer, from the peculiar constitution of his gifts, the passionate subjectiveness of his nature, might be supposed to have been peculiarly sensitive to the fascinations of love, for it is in this feeling that lyric inspiration has found its most fruitful root. But not so. Warmly susceptible to the charms of friendship, Schubert for the most part enacted the rôle of the woman-hater, which was not all affected; for the Hamlet-like mood is only in part a simulated madness with souls of this type. In early youth he would sneer at the amours of his comrades. It is true he fell a victim to the charms of Theresa Gröbe, a beautiful soprano, who afterward became the spouse of a master-baker. But the only genuine lovesickness of Schubert was of a far different type, and left indelible traces on his nature, as its very direction made it of necessity unfortunate. This was his attachment to Countess Caroline Esterhazy.

The Count Esterhazy, one of those great feudal princes still extant among the Austrian nobility, took a traditional pride in encouraging genius, and found in Franz Schubert a noble object for the exercise of his generous patronage. He was almost a boy (only nineteen), except in the prodigious development of his genius, when he entered the Esterhazy family as teacher of music, though always treated as a dear and familiar friend. During the summer months, Schubert went with the Esterhazys to their country-seat at Zélez, in Hungary. Here, amid beautiful scenery, and the sweetness of a social life perfect of its kind, our poet's life flew on rapid wings, the one bright, green spot of unalloyed happiness, for the dream was delicious while it lasted. Here, too, his musical life gathered a fresh inspiration, since he became acquainted with the treasures of the national Hungarian music, with its weird, wild rhythms, and striking melodies. He borrowed the motives of many of his most characteristic songs from these reminiscences of hut and hall, for the Esterhazys were royal in their hospitality, and exercised a wide patriarchal sway.

The beautiful Countess Caroline, an enthusiastic girl of great beauty, became the object of a romantic passion. A young, inexperienced maiden, full of naïve sweetness, the finest flower of the haughty Austrian caste, she stood at an infinite distance from Schubert, while she treated him with childlike confidence and fondness, laughing at his eccentricities, and worshipping his genius. He bowed before this idol, and poured out all the incense of his heart. Schubert's exterior was anything but that of the ideal lover. Rude, unshapely features, thick nose, coarse, protruding mouth, and a shambling, awkward figure, were redeemed only by eyes of uncommon splendor and depth, aflame with the unmistakable light of the soul.

The inexperienced maiden hardly understood the devotion of the artist, which found expression in a thousand ways peculiar to himself. Only once he was on the verge of a full revelation. She asked him why he had dedicated nothing to her. With abrupt, passionate intensity of tone Schubert an-

swered, "What's the use of that? Everything belongs to you!" This brink of confession seems to have frightened him, for it is said that after this he threw much more reserve about his intercourse with the family, till it was broken off. Hints in his letters, and the deep despondency which increased after this, indicate, however, that the humbly-born genius never forgot his beautiful dream.

He continued to pour out in careless profusion songs, symphonies, quartets, and operas, many of which knew no existence but in the score till after his death, hardly knowing of himself whether the productions had value or not. He created because it was the essential law of his being, and never paused to contemplate or admire the beauties of his own work. Schubert's body had been mouldering for several years, when his wonderful symphony in C-major, one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of orchestral composition, was brought to the attention of the world by the critical admiration of Robert Schumann, who won the admiration of lovers of music, not less by his prompt vindication of neglected genius than by his own creative powers.

In the contest between Weber and Rossini which agitated Vienna, Schubert, though deeply imbued with the seriousness of art, and by nature closely allied in sympathies with the composer of "Der Freischütz," took no part. He was too easy-going to become a volunteer partisan, too shy and obscure to make his alliance a thing to be sought after. Besides, Weber had treated him with great brusqueness, and damned an opera for him, a slight which even good-natured Franz Schubert could not easily forgive. It is not the design of this paper to discuss its subject as an operatic composer, or in any way except as a superlatively-gifted song-creator. Yet one word in passing. The five or six operas of Schubert, unknown now except to musicians, contain a wealth of beautiful melody which could easily be spread over a score of ordinary operas. The purely lyric impulse so dominated him that dramatic arrangement was lost sight of, and the noblest melodies likely to be lavished on the most unworthy situations. Even under the operatic form he remained essentially the song-writer. So in the symphony his affluence of melodic inspiration seems actually to embarrass him, to the detriment of that breadth and symmetry of treatment so vital to this form of art. It is in the musical lyric that our composer stands matchless.

During his life as an independent musician at Vienna, Schubert lived fighting a stern battle with want and despondency, while the publishers were commencing to make fortunes by the sale of his exquisite *Lieder*. At that time a large source of income for the Viennese composers was the public performance of their works in concerts under their own direction. From recourse to this, Schubert's bashfulness and lack of skill as a *virtuoso* on any instrument helped to bar him, though he accompanied his own songs with exquisite effect. Once only his friends organized a concert for him, and the success was very brilliant. But he was prevented from

repeating the good fortune by that fatal illness which soon set in. So he lived out the last glimmers of his life, poverty-stricken, despondent, with few even of the amenities of friendship to soothe his declining days. Yet those who know the beautiful results of that life, and have even a faint glow of sympathy with the life of a man of genius, will exclaim with one of the most eloquent critics of Schubert:

"But shall we, therefore, pity a man who all the while reveled in the treasures of his creative ore, and from the very depths of whose despair sprang the sweetest flowers of song? Who would not battle with the iciest blast of the north if out of storm and snow he could bring back to his chamber the germs of the 'Winterreise'? Who would grudge the moisture of his eyes if he could render it immortal in the strains of Schubert's 'Lob der Thräne'?"

The genius of Schubert seems to have been directly formed for the expression of subjective emotion in music. That his life should have been simultaneous with the perfect literary unfolding of the old *Volkslied* in the superb lyrics of Goethe, Heine, and their school, is quite remarkable. Poetry and song clasped hands on the same lofty summits of genius. Liszt has given to our composer the title of *le musicien le plus poétique*, which very well expresses his place in art.

In the song as created by Schubert and transmitted to his successors, there are three forms, the first of which is that of the simple *Lied*, with one unchanged melody. A good example of this is the setting of Goethe's "Haideröslin," which is full of quaint grace and simplicity. A second and more elaborate method is what the Germans call "through-composed," in which all the different feelings are successively embodied in the changes of the melody, the sense of unity being preserved by the treatment of the accompaniment, or the recurrence of the principal motive at the close of the song. Two admirable models of this are found in the "Lindenbaum" and "Serenade."

The third and finest art-method, as applied by Schubert to lyric music, is the "declamatory." In this form we detect the consummate flower of the musical lyric. The vocal part is lifted into a species of passionate chant, full of dramatic fire and color, while the accompaniment, which is extremely elaborate, furnishes a most picturesque setting. The genius of the composer displays itself here fully as much as in the vocal treatment. When the lyric feeling rises to its climax it expresses itself in the crowning melody, this high tide of the music and poetry being always in unison. As masterpieces of this form may be cited "Die Stadt" and "Der Erlkönig," which stand far beyond any other works of the same nature in the literature of music.

Robert Schumann, the loving critic, admirer, and disciple of Schubert in the province of song, was in most respects a man of far different type. The son of a man of wealth and position, his mind and tastes were cultivated from early youth with the utmost care. Schumann is known in Germany no less as a philosophical thinker and critic than as a composer.

As the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, he exercised a powerful influence over contemporary thought in art-matters, and established himself both as a keen and incisive thinker and as a master of literary style. Schumann was at first intended for the law, but his unconquerable taste for music asserted itself in spite of family opposition. His acquaintance with the celebrated teacher Wieck, whose gifted daughter Clara afterward became his wife, finally established his career; for it was through Wieck's advice that the Schumann family yielded their opposition to the young man's bent.

Once settled in his new career, Schumann gave himself up to work with the most indefatigable ardor. The early part of the present century was a halcyon time for the *virtuosi*, and the fame and wealth that poured themselves on such players as Paganini and Liszt made such a pursuit tempting in the extreme. Fortunately, the young musician was saved from such a career. In his zeal of practice and desire to attain a perfectly independent action for each finger on the piano, Schumann devised some machinery, the result of which was to weaken the sinews of his third finger by undue distention. By this he lost the effective use of the whole right hand, and of course his career as a *virtuoso* practically closed.

Music gained in its higher walks what it lost in a lower. Schumann devoted himself to composition and æsthetic criticism, after he had passed through a thorough course of preparatory studies. Both as writer and as composer Schumann fought against Philistinism in music. Ardent, progressive, and imaginative, he soon became the leader of the romantic school, and inaugurated the crusade which had its parallel in France in that carried on by Victor Hugo in the domain of poetry. His early piano-forte compositions bear the strong impress of this fiery, revolutionary spirit. His great symphonic works belong to a later period, when his whole nature had mellowed and ripened without losing its imaginative sweep and brilliancy. Schumann's compositions for the piano and orchestra are those by which his name is most widely honored, but nowhere do we find a more characteristic exercise of his genius than in his songs, to which this article will call more special attention.

Such works as the "Etudes Symphoniques" and the "Kreisleriana" express much of the spirit of unrest and longing aspiration, the struggle to get away from prison-bars and limits, which seem to have sounded the key-note of Schumann's deepest nature. But these feelings could only find their fullest outlet in the musical form expressly suited to subjective emotion. Accordingly, the "Sturm und Drang" epoch of his life, when all his thoughts and conceptions were most unsettled and visionary, was most fruitful in lyric song. In Heinrich Heine he found a fitting poetical co-worker, in whose moods he seemed to see a perfect reflection of his own—Heine, in whom the bitterest irony was wedded to the deepest pathos, "the spoiled favorite of the Graces," "the knight with the laughing tear in his scutcheon"—Heine, whose songs are charged with

the brightest light and deepest gloom of the human heart.

Schumann's songs never impress us as being deliberate attempts at creative effort, consciously-selected forms through which to express thoughts struggling for speech. They are rather involuntary experiments to relieve one's self of some woful burden, medicine for the soul. Schumann is never distinctively the lyric composer; his imagination had too broad and majestic a wing. But in those moods, peculiar to genius, where the soul is flung back on itself with a sense of impotence, our composer instinctively bursts into song. He did not in the least advance or change its artistic form, as fixed by Schubert. This, indeed, would have been irreconcilable with his use of the song, as a simple medium of personal feeling, an outlet and safeguard.

The peculiar place of Schumann as a song-writer is indicated by his being called the musical exponent of Heine, who seems to be the other half of his soul. The composer enters into each shade and detail of the poet's meaning with an intensity and fidelity which one can never cease admiring. It is this phase which gives the Schumann songs their great artistic value. In their clean-cut, abrupt, epigrammatic force there is something different from the work of any other musical lyricist. So much has this impressed the students of the composer that more than one able critic have ventured to prophesy that Schumann's greatest claim to immortality would yet be found in such works as the settings of "Ich grolle nicht" and the "Dichterliebe" series—a perverted estimate, perhaps, but with a large substratum of truth. The duration of Schumann's song-time was short, the greater part of his *Lieder* having been written in 1840. After this he gave himself up to oratorio, symphony, and chamber-music.

Among the contemporary masters of the musical lyric, the two most shining names are those of Robert Franz and Franz Liszt, both of marked individuality, and, though indirectly moulded by the influence of Schubert and Schumann, creative minds of a striking type. The circumstances of the two composers have been in the most picturesque contrast. Franz has led a quiet, serene life, almost dull in its monotony, in a small German town; and Franz Liszt has been the idolized favorite of Europe, on whom sovereigns have showered diamonds and orders, fair women their most brilliant smiles, and the haughtiest circles lavish proffers of friendship.

The same art-impulse, however, has been strikingly characteristic of both men as song-composers, or, perhaps, to express it more accurately, the same art-limitation. Their musical inspiration is directly dependent on the poetic strength of the *Lied*. Either one of these composers would be utterly at a loss to treat a poem which lacked beauty and force. With but little command over absolute music, that flow of melody which pours from some natures like a perennial spring, the poetry of word is necessary to evoke poetry of tone. In other respects the two musicians differ as widely mentally as they do in external surroundings.

Robert Franz, like Schumann, was embarrassed in his youth by the bitter opposition of his family to his adoption of music, and, like the great apostle of romantic music, his steady perseverance wore it out. He made himself a severe student of the great masters, and rapidly acquired a deep knowledge of the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint. There are no songs with such intricate and difficult accompaniments, though always vital to the lyrical motive, as those of Robert Franz. For a long time, even after he felt himself fully equipped, Franz refrained from artistic production, waiting till the processes of fermenting and clarifying should end, in the mean while promising he would yet have a word to say for himself.

With him, as with many other men of genius, the blow which broke the seal of inspiration was an affair of the heart. He loved a beautiful and accomplished woman, but loved unfortunately. The catastrophe ripened him into artistic maturity, and the very first effort of his lyric power was marked by surprising symmetry and fullness of power. He wrote to give overflow to his deep feelings, and the song came from his heart of hearts. Robert Schumann, the generous critic, gave this first work an enthusiastic welcome, and the young composer leaped into reputation at a bound. Of the four hundred or more songs written by Robert Franz, there are perhaps fifty which rank as masterpieces. His life has passed devoid of incident, though rich in spiritual incident and passion, as his *Lieder* unmistakably show. Though the instrumental setting of this composer's songs is so elaborate and beautiful oftentimes, we frequently find him at his best in treating words full of the simplicity and *naïveté* of the old *Volkstied*. Many of his songs are set to the poems of Robert Burns, one of the few British poets who have been able to give their works the subtle singing quality which comes not merely of the rhythm but of the feeling of the verse. Heine also furnished him with the themes of many of his finest songs, for this poet has been an inexhaustible treasure-trove to the modern lyric composer. One of the most striking features of Franz as a composer is found in the delicate light and shade, introduced into the songs by the simplest means, which none but the man of genius would think of; for it is the great artist who attains his ends through the simplest effects.

While the same atmosphere of thought and feeling is felt in the spiritual life of Robert Franz which colored the artistic being of Schubert and Schumann, there is a certain repose and balance all his own. We get the idea of one never carried away by his genius, or delivering passionate utterances from the Delphic tripod, but the master of all his powers, the conscious and skillful ruler of his own inspirations. If the sense of spontaneous freshness is sometimes lost, perhaps there is a gain in breadth and finish. If Schubert has unequaled melody and dramatic force, Schumann drastic and pointed intensity, Robert Franz deserves the palm for the finish and symmetry of his work.

Among the finest of his *Lieder* are those set to

poems by Nikolaus Lenau, who falls little short of Heinrich Heine. One of the best descriptions of our composer's music is suggested in the following lines of Lenau, to which one of Franz's sweetest melodies has been wedded :

" Rest on me, thou eye of darkness ;
Wield thy undivided might ;
Mildly earnest, tender, dreamy,
Fathomlessly darkest night.

" With thy dark, thy magic shadow,
Hide away this world from me ;
Only thou above my being,
Biding everlastingly."

With the name of Liszt, a life full of dazzling brightness and spectacle is inseparably linked. The richest gifts were showered on him, and good-fortune has smiled on every step of his erratic career. From his first appearance in public as a pianist, existence has been sweetened for him by continually-growing admiration. The history of music has not known such applause as greeted Liszt. When a mere youth he conquered the European world by his exploits on the piano, and the blind goddess has never tired in her generosity—a notable exception to the fate of most of his gifted brethren.

Liszt is most famous as a pianist and as an orchestral composer, but his songs are even more characteristic of the complex nature of the man than the symphonic poems with which the public are now so familiar.

In the previous masters of song of whom this article has treated, a deep respect for the sacredness of musical form is never violated even in the most dramatic renderings. The word, indeed, gives the impulse, even direction, to the flow of musical thought, but is never permitted to violate the fundamental laws of musical art. Franz Liszt, on the other hand, breaks entirely loose from such limitations, and subordinates the music to the poetry. An extreme and radical adherent of what is known as the "music of the future," he carries it even into the domain of the lyric, where, if ever, melody should be the guiding law of the composer, however tune may be moulded to fit the varying phases of the poetic motive. Liszt's music has no eloquence or meaning heard apart from the words of the song. In other words, it is simply a sequence of incoherent but melodious fragments, a mosaic of short phrases set in a background of declamation. He violates the laws of tone by the use of the most divergent keys, and oftentimes takes extraordinary liberties with the metre of the poem itself in his vivacious search after effects. All sense of lyric unity is thus sacrificed to secure picturesque and striking contrasts, and the song becomes a chaos of bewildering color, without much form, except as imposed by the poetic purpose of the words.

It is true that in many of the Liszt songs there are short melodies of great beauty, but these are never made sufficiently dominant to give character to the work. It is for this reason that his treatment of the German *Lieder*, with their deep and simple seriousness, their appeal to the heart and imagina-

tion, is too elaborate, eccentric, and florid. Unless interpreted by a singer of the most artistic skill, who himself supplies a lacking element, the effect is sometimes of the most disappointing kind. With such interpretation, they are often dramatic and telling in the extreme.

Though Liszt has set many of the poems of Goethe, Heine, and Rückert, he has never done so well as in treating the songs of Victor Hugo, in which grace and sparkle cover up the depths of lyrical feeling.

As an example of the art of Liszt, let us take his setting of Heine's "Im Rhein," which has also been treated by Robert Franz. With the latter, the song is kept within the spirit of a quaint old legend, pensive and dreamy, without a vestige of passion. Liszt, on the contrary, aims to paint a tone-picture. The opening melody suggests the ringing of a chime of bells, while the accompaniment seeks to portray the splashing of the waves of the river. The emotional key of the lyric is supposed to be the feeling of a lover who walks in a grand old cathedral, and fancies the smile of his beloved on the face of every carved angel. Before this climax is reached, Liszt strives to picture the holy city of Cologne, the effects of sunlight streaming through the painted glass of the illumined windows, the solemn beauty of the cathedral interior, and the first loneliness of the lover lost in the temple. At least we have his own word for his intention. It is only when the adoration of the lover rises to a motive force that anything like beauty of melody is reached. All the rest is a chaos of chords, modulations, and changes of key. After the one brief snatch of sweet tune, our composer again introduces the sounds of the chiming bells and the rushing river, until the diminishing *pianissimo* causes the whole picture to wane in twilight.

That Liszt succeeds frequently in producing the most poetic and suggestive results is true ; but he is apt to overlay his work with the elaborate machinery of his labor to such an extent as to destroy the charm of the lyric. In attempting too much, he frequently loses all, for every form of art has its rigid limitation.

Of the great lyric composers, Franz Schubert is the unquestioned master. To him the modern artistic song owes its birth, and, as in the myth of Pallas, we find birth and maturity simultaneous. It bloomed at once into perfect flower, and the world will probably never see any essential advances in it. It is this form of music which appeals most widely to the human heart, to old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant. It has "the one touch of Nature which makes the whole world akin." Even the mind not attuned to sympathy with the more elaborate forms of music is soothed and delighted by it ; for—

" It is old and plain ;
The spinsters and knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age."

A TROUBLESOME PICTURE.

I.

AT the age of twenty-two Irving, like Thackeray, was more than half an artist, and both had in their younger days fixed ideas of making art their vocation. Such notices, then, of pictures as may be found in Washington Irving's books show a thorough appreciation of that most difficult school of art, the Spanish one; nor are his criticisms of a vague or general character, but evince both a special and a technical acquaintance with the subject.

Now, Washington Irving's numerous friends in New York were in the habit of sending to him, when he was in Spain, commissions to purchase the works of the old masters. As the illustrious man of letters was nothing of a *brocanteur*, such requests were inexpressibly annoying to him, because they took a great deal of his time to execute. Whole wildernesses of old masters are to be found in all the capitals of Europe, some original, others of the choicest manufacture, and Madrid possibly abounded with them in 1828 as it does to-day. It must be confessed that very often the selections made by Mr. Irving for his friends at home were not judicious. Very generally when these old masters' pictures, transplanted from monasteries, cloisters, and refectories, were suspended from the walls of cheerful American houses, they did not suit the taste of the day. The majority of the old masters exposed for sale in Spain are generally of a sombre and ascetic character. Martyrs flayed, flagellated, gridironed, roasted, or tortured, make up the stock in trade. Pleasing subjects are exceptional. Gothic taste, having run so entirely into exaggerated horrors, rarely felt the want of what was expressive of quiet or repose. Ecstatic pictures portraying religious beatitude are not exactly rare in Spain. When you do come across them, however, they rather convey the idea of that forced exhaustion which invariably succeeds physical or mental torture. It was the active impression the old Spanish masters sought, and they cared nothing for passive emotion. If their saints writhe in the throes of animal death, it is only the Saviour of man who, indifferent to torture, bears his sufferings with that sweetness and patience due to his divine nature. If female martyrs agonize the mind to-day, as they bare their white bosoms to the pincers of the knacker, it is the mother of Christ, soaring amid the angels, whom the great Murillo alone clothes with the tenderest attributes.

Among the Irving purchases sent to this country there was a picture bought for a gentleman who resided, about the year 1829, on Staten Island. The picture bore no signature, but was called after the school of Juan de las Roelas. According to the judgment of the critics to be found forty years ago in the United States, the picture was declared to be a work of the close of the sixteenth century, and to have been painted long after the time of De las Roelas. Whoever had been the artist, he had depicted

a fine-looking man, of rather stern mien, of a middle age, who, seated on a rough bench in a cave, was in the act of handling his beads, the left hand holding a rosary. The head, which was quite powerfully painted, did not, however, express placid meditation, but rather gave the idea of some mental struggle. The face was partially in shadow from a cowl, and whether the head had been tonsured or not it was difficult to determine. The cassock was half open, showing a bit of the breast of the figure, but a thong was coiled up there, and, to make it more apparent that flagellation had been inflicted, the chest bore the marks of stripes, and drops of blood tinged the knots of the scourge. The accessories were a black book with iron clasps placed on the bench, and under the bench was a blue water-jar, a crust of bread, and some strands of green rushes. The interior of the grotto (for perhaps the figure represented some hermit) was roughly blocked in. The play of light was strong and masterly, a torrent of sun-glare streaming in an inclined plane from the left of the picture downward.

Now, men in a fervor of religious ecstasy may look heavenward, but, under most circumstances, are unable to withstand the blinding sun-glare. But certainly in this picture the saint or sinner was looking directly up in the broad beam of light. One of your matter-of-fact critics would have asserted at once, when examining the Irving picture: "The effect of light is as good now as ever, even perhaps improved, because time, or the dust, or the sulphurets in the air, have toned it down; but it was absurd to make a man looking right straight at a sun-ray without winking." Such a statement might have been traversed by the early admirers of the picture by the supposition that the man was blind; but their arguments would have been routed by the fact of the presence of the book. One thing noticeable was a single finger of the right hand, which pointed to a spot just on one side of the light-tumult. That might be what the eyes were looking at. There was a patch of something white there, like a scroll of paper affixed to the side of the cave, and a careful inspection showed four black points, indicating nails, perhaps intending to show how the bit of paper had been attached to the wall. This was not an uncommon accessory in a picture of this character. Here might have been painted such rules or divine precepts as the man was to follow remorselessly forever and ever in order to reach the realms of heavenly bliss.

Occasionally "the Irving picture," as it was called in its better days, was exhibited among collections of thirty-five years ago, and exactly such comments were made on it then as would be published to-day, as: "Very fine;" or, "'The Monk telling his Beads.' Old Spanish style in all its painstaking and sombre magnificence;" or, "'The Anchorite,' the property of A—B—, Esq., one of our most ardent art-lovers, and purchased for him at the price of twelve hundred dollars by Washington Irving."

ing, Esq.;" or, "'The Praying Monk,' a superb masterpiece, which recalls Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Titian, with something of the power of Michael Angelo and the grace of Sully."

A good many vicissitudes followed the picture, but scarcely more unusual than those which fall to the lot of a bedstead or any other piece of furniture. In 1848, when the first American owner of the picture died, it became the property of the deceased gentleman's daughter. In time the family moved from Staten Island to New York City, and the picture was given to a friend, who valued it simply as associated with Washington Irving. This person, without the least artistic pretensions, had a wife who prattled pictures, knowing nothing about them, and, what was worse, was utterly unconscious of her own idiocy in regard to form or color. The husband called the picture "Irving's Old Saint," the wife dubbed it "Irving's Old Fright."

Want of care, and principally because the picture was hung in a gloomy hall, right over the belching heat of a furnace, predisposed the old master to star and crackle, so that in time the cavern was riven with great seams, as if occasioned by an earthquake. Little bits of paint would peel off and fly away, until the man's face seemed as if attacked with erythema. As the hall was dark, and the picture only visible when the gas was lit, its entire destruction was simply a question of time. As it interfered with the position of a very grand architectural hat-rack of lofty proportions, one day the lady of the house consigned the picture to the garret, where, face to the wall, it passed a good many years in profound repose, in company with old trunks, dilapidated fenders, ramshackle chairs, and other *disjecta membra* of household articles. The husband had never missed it. About two years ago, a Mansard roof having to be superposed upon the house, the contents of the garret were sent adrift, and at last were swamped in an auction. I have now a catalogue of a sale which reads as follows:

"Property of a private gentleman declining house-keeping.

No. 102. An ice-pitcher.

" 103. Lot of second-hand bathing-tubs.

" 104. Lot of stoves and fenders.

" 105. 'The Old Monk.' A work of the Spanish masters. Very fine."

This closed the first period of the representative of the old Spanish school.

II.

My good friend Rudolph Lederhos, who keeps the musical lager-beer saloon, bought the old Irving picture for precisely eight dollars and a quarter. When I recognized, with something of a start, this picture of my youth, gracing Lederhos's walls, he said to me: "There, now, you are looking at my old man! It was a foolish purchase, and you will laugh at me. But you see," he continued, confidentially, "a stupid waiter let a bottle of weiss-beer burst just over against the wall there, and it made a dirty streak on my new paper. The paper-hanging man, he says

that it would cost me fifteen dollars to have a new panel put in, and he wasn't quite sure he could match the color. I goes through William Street, and I just pass an auction. I see that old picture. I measure it, and find the size suit me to an inch or so. Then I have an idea of my own about the picture, which I tell you. So I buy it, and have him hung up here. There comes to me that man Mollerus, a Hollander, who drinks a good deal of my wine and don't pay quick. He is a painter, and has got some work making scenes for theatres. I speak to him this very day about a job I want done with that picture. I get him to paint me a wine-flask in the old fellow's hand, with a tumbler in the other, with a piece of cheese near a loaf of bread, and an onion—with a bit of ham with a bone in it—and a pack of cards on the bench, and then I has a cheap, first-class picture, as is suited to the business. What you think?"

I was horror-stricken! I hastened to assure Lederhos that the picture was better as it was. I advised delay, hoping to prevent something which seemed to me almost akin to sacrilege.

"Well, I ain't in no such dreadful hurry," replied Lederhos, who had apparently some vague ideas of the unity of art, "but a praying man with blisters all over his face, where the paint has rub off, ain't no use in a place where they drinks beer, plays billiards, and listens to the music."

With Mollerus, under whose hands at some future day the poor picture was to be desecrated, I had little acquaintance. All I knew about the man was that he was an habitual drinker. Rather tall and bulky, he resembled in heaviness of pose and lethargic action the Netherlander, but his face was not of the Frisian type. As some peculiar fish, predisposed to fat, increase only in their bodies, while the bone-case of the head remains rigidly fixed within absolute limits, and refuses to collect an atom of adipose matter, so Mollerus, the Hollander, was huge and flabby everywhere else but as to his head, over which the skin seemed pulled as if in tension. But here all ichthyological resemblances ceased. Mollerus's eyes were not the least fish-like, but were piercing black, the dark pigment running into the pupils and clouding them, while his hair was coal-black and crisp. Possibly when Spanish rule was rife in the Netherlands centuries ago, some swarthy Asturian halberdier had crossed his blood with a Gelderland woman, and the flashing Guadiana and the torpid Maas had united and flowed down to the Zuyder Zee. Two types of quite opposite races, I thought, were discoverable in Mollerus, which had, I fancied, never exactly commingled.

Mollerus's English and Dutch were by no means fluent. When he did talk, however—which was but rarely—he usually spoke in monosyllables. The man was apparently a gloomy, misanthropic fellow, caring for no other companion save his bottle. His dress was dirty and shabby, and he mostly wore a heavy, slouched hat, sombrero-like, over his eyes.

I suppose the picture remained in its position for fully six months. Lederhos, who never forgot any-

thing, time and time again urged on Mollerus the adaptation of the picture to his wants. The flies, during a long summer, had hived on the ray of golden light, and on one unhappy occasion, when an irascible Brandenburger tailor had thrown a pot of mustard at an aggressive Hessian boot-maker, that biting condiment had left ugly splashes on the face of the figure. Standing, as it did, in dangerous proximity to a billiard-rack, it got no few bumps from the butts and tips of the cues. The poor old thing, in its sad plight, would not have stood a week's chance of existence during the winter, near a red-hot stove, had I not urged the removal of the warming-apparatus.

"That Mollerus is a trifling rascal," said Lederhos to me, one day. "He put me off every week. Now he shall do my work with my picture, or I stop his beer, with etceteras." At last, in the early spring of the next year, I missed the picture. Had it been finally handed over to the tender mercies of a Mollerus, for a disgraceful martyrdom?

I am not generally impressionable about such matters, and have no æsthetic tears to shed even over the tomb of the Capulets converted into a horse-trough; yet I dreaded the change.

"That old man gone," said Lederhos to me, one day, as he noticed me looking somewhat aghast at the blank space on the wall. "First I make Mollerus draw me something just like what I want." Here the host showed me the back of a greasy bill of fare. I could only make out some indistinct marks of a rough sketch indicating, I supposed, the intended metamorphosis. "You see," went on Lederhos, "I wanted to have a good Hamburg sausage put in right here, but Mollerus say to me that in Spain the right sausage was not from Hamburg, but from Leon; and I wanted a long flask of Rudesheimer with my name on the label, 'Imported by R. Lederhos;' but the Hollander—such a thick-headed and obstinate fellow I never came across—he object. He was in Spain once, so he say to me, and that it would not be true to paint a Spanish man drinking Rhine-wine. He ask me what Rudolph Lederhos look like with a Spanish cloak slung round him. Well—would you believe it?—that Mollerus get excited, wild-like, until he make me confused and crazy. Anyhow, Mollerus and the waiter take the picture away, and he promise to fix it and bring it back in a week, and when it is done and hung up there, I wipes out my score with Mollerus. By-and-by I makes a picture-gallery—when my walls get shabby."

Months passed away, and the blank space on Lederhos's wall remained. Mollerus came now and then, was even more moody than formerly, and offered no excuse for not concluding his task. Lederhos became impatient in time, and at last peremptorily demanded of Mollerus the return of the picture, threatening legal pursuit. Mollerus pleaded business, illness, that he had changed his lodgings, that the job of restoring the picture or painting in the new subjects took a great deal more time than he expected. At last one winter's evening Mollerus

came in with the picture, which was placed in its old position. I was called to examine it, and was prepared to be horrified.

Almost all artists, good, bad, or indifferent, feel the natural delight of possessing the creative power; and, whether with their brush they have executed the graining on a front-door, or tinged with iridescent colors the tips of an angel's wings, they look for plaudits. Somewhat to my surprise, Mollerus sat gloomily indifferent before a bottle of wine, with his back toward the picture.

I had looked to have my blood run cold with either the garishness of sign-painting or the crude, stagey, and clap-trap effects of scenic decoration. Mollerus looked so coarse that it was not unnatural for me to expect a brutality. I cast my eyes regretfully over the picture, and was aware that it had been altered; but it was rather a modification than an entire subversion of the original traits of expression. It jarred, of course, to see the fingers which once held the beads now bent round a wineglass; but the glass was empty, and the hand hung listlessly downward. My eyes first sought with an effort those radical interpolations which would change the artistic text. We all of us somehow very stupidly assort mental expressions with dumb accessories. There was no vulgar pack of cards nor greasy scrap of meat. The book still was held tight closed by the iron clasps, and kept its secrets, and the water-jar stood under the bench. The picture, then, was neither swinish nor coarse. Had I not been acquainted with its prior history, and had no remembrance of its former guise haunted me, I should not have experienced the slightest feeling of disgust. Still I dreaded that a leer, a smirk, some lewd Rabelaisian grin, might disfigure the face. I ventured to look more carefully at the head. Yes, it had been slightly qualified, but with an apparent conservatism. The eyes, by a thin application of color to the lids, had been veiled, giving them a vague and dreamy expression. The corners of the mouth had been slightly relaxed. What was brand new about the picture, the bottle and the glass, had been put in in undertones, almost evasively. Of course, there they stood, undoubtedly something to hold the wine in and to drink it from, anybody could see them; but it was an antiquated flask, half full of a liquid which had lost its flush of color, and it was an old-fashioned goblet the man's fingers clung to, and being, therefore, objects not exactly familiar to the frequenters of a musical beer-saloon, would perhaps have never been very prominent in public attention. The most rigid of the abstinent could hardly have pointed to the picture as furnishing the text for a temperance-sermon. I had been prepared for something so different that I commenced to feel not only gratitude toward Mollerus, but thought that, with better opportunity, the man might have made a good artist. At least I felt satisfied that Mollerus possessed something beyond a crude knowledge of art, and I was even inclined to think that as a restorer of old pictures he had more than ordinary mechanical ability.

I most heartily expressed my approval of Mollerus's work, but the man seemed to utterly ignore my laudatory speech, and drank his wine in a stolid way. As for Lederhos, I regret to say, he was not satisfied, for he grumbled about the absence of the sausage and cheese.

"That Mollerus, he did not fill his contract," said the host. "When a man comes to me and he say, 'How much for your dinner?' and I say to that man, 'I give you soup, meat, two kinds of vegetable, pie, cheese, with a half-bottle of good wine, for seventy-five cents,' I fill the bill, and stick by my contract."

After quite a long time I succeeded in pacifying Lederhos, assuring him that Mollerus's work was excellent. Overruled by me, Lederhos was apparently satisfied, for he said:

"Somebody come to me now and offer me fifty dollar down for that old drinking man with the bottle, and I would say, 'No; what you take me for?' By-and-by I have a picture-gallery to suit me."

Next day, when the sun shone brightly, I accidentally sat facing the picture, and was curious to see how the crack-filling had been accomplished. In the full light I was surprised to find how much real work had been bestowed on the representative of the Lederhos gallery. It had been, in fact, touched up all over with an accurate assimilation of the old toning. The eyes, as I had before noticed, no longer gazed painfully at the sunlight. But what had become of the focal point—the scroll of paper affixed to the rock? It had disappeared. There was nothing there now but a bit of jutting stone. I fancied I saw something like a seam running down irregularly about one-third of the picture, almost from top to bottom. The shining sun streaming through a window of the room made a crease of light like a line of fire on the picture, evidently due to some slight protruding irregularity on the face of the canvas. I jumped on a table, and was tangibly assured that this was the fact. I made, too, another discovery. Something had been cut out, and a new piece of canvas had been joined to the old. Lederhos's picture, then, was two-thirds three hundred years old, and one-third belonged to to-day. This substitution could hardly have resulted from a simple tear, because the new part was all freshly painted. Lederhos was busy; I could do no harm. I took out my knife, scraped off some of the pigment, found it new and green, and underneath there came out that familiar ground one sees on all new stretchers and the more evenly-twilled canvas as it is manufactured to-day. Here was a find! But what did it mean? I could not charge Mollerus with dishonesty. Had I wanted to explain the circumstances to Lederhos, he would never have understood me. I thought it better to hold my peace, because for all practical purposes Lederhos's picture was quite as good for him as it had been before, and even better. As a piece of merchandise, it was just as sound, and of as approved quality, as his staring lithographs of "The French at Sedan," or its pendant, "The Triumphant Entry of Kaiser Wilhelm into Berlin." As

I sat, somewhat absorbed, before the picture, endeavoring to probe the mystery that there might be in it, Lederhos approached me.

"You shall taste my new Deidesheimer, and tell me what you think of it. What! looking at my old man? Some day I have, though, my own way. That old fellow wants more red on his nose. He is a faint-hearted drinker. If Mollerus won't do it, there is a fellow as takes first-rate pictures opposite, Mr. Peeks, the photograph-man, who will undertake the contract. He says he is a tip-top artist, and colors his own pictures. See here! that Mollerus stay here last night, and behave so bad that I most have to put him out. You know those old fellows in our orchestra—Poocker, our violin, and Aeselstein, our violoncello—they complain that they could not play good, and was so nervous because that old picture have changed its looks. Poocker swear to me he see that old man in the picture raise his eye up to the corner. The violoncello, another crazy fellow, he say he see it, too, when Aeselstein show it to him. Then Mollerus, who had taken too much wine, hear them, and get into a red-hot rage, and quarrel with them, as I never see him do before. I will have that picture fixed as I want it, and Mr. Peeks shall paint me that man's nose purple, if I want it so—with a pack of cards in his sleeve—and a round of Hamburg beef and a pot of pickles on the bench. I know best the kind of picture that runs with the beer-business."

III.

LATE in the evening I was seated in the Lederhos hall, listening to the music of the orchestra, which consisted of the four instruments, a violin, a violoncello, a flute, and a piano. I could not help but notice certain peculiarities on the part of Aeselstein, the violoncellist. Whereas his place for the last two years had been invariably on the left of the little music-stand, in which position he faced the picture, he had to-night changed situations with the piano, so that his back was toward it. Poocker the violinist, as leader, was, of course, still to the front. Every now and then old Aeselstein, no matter how deep down his hand was plunging into the finger-board of his instrument, would cast a furtive glance upward behind his back at the picture, as if fascinated. As to Poocker, he seemed at times to have quite lost his administrative powers. In fact, if it had not been for the piano, which acted as a kind of musical cement, binding together the shifting, melodic material, an entire want of harmonic cohesion would have been manifest. The flute, who was a surly fellow, seemed rather to revel in the want of unison, lifting up his eyebrows in a saturnine way, entirely independent of those facial contortions which usually follow flute performances. If Lederhos was unappreciative of decorative art, his musical acquisitions, if not refined, were at least solid, and I expected that he would find fault with his orchestra; but, as the room was thronged, and orders for refreshment were incessant, the proprietor probably was not listening.

Poocker was a quondam friend of mine, and I

had more than once listened to some rather wild acoustic theories of his having something to do with the regeneration of violin-making. The violin-player, with Aeselstein, the violoncellist, thought they had discovered some marvelous principles of transmitting, by means of positive inoculation, the spirit of a Straduarius, or of an Amati, into the baser fiddles of to-day. Both these old musicians liked me. I had never opposed their curious crotchets, nor had ridiculed them, while many of the *habitués* of the saloon had made them the butts of their coarse jests. Poocker held Aeselstein in the greatest veneration. There was something inexpressibly tender in the manner Poocker watched over Aeselstein and cared for him, for the old violoncellist was in feeble health. I knew Poocker had something to impart to me, for, after he had swabbed off the neck of his violin and his own forehead, he waved his colored handkerchief to me.

"You are going to say to me," he said, "that the music was bad. It is true, we never played worse. Would you believe it, I missed three whole bars of the *allegro*, and brought the bass solo in wrong? Aeselstein has assured me that it was his own fault, and not mine. But that dear old Aeselstein would sacrifice even his professional reputation to his friendship for me. He has such a noble character! But"—here the violin-player lowered his voice to a whisper—"something really is the matter. I know you are sympathetic, and can appreciate our feelings; coarser organisms, like our flute, cannot. The piano is too happy; he is a young fellow, going to be married, and his playing, though not exactly mechanical, is slightly business-like. The fact is—ahem!—neither Aeselstein nor I can stand any sudden changes. We have been playing for most a year under the shadow of a revered saint, as was embodied in that picture. Looking at it was a kind of relief to us. It inspired us with a calm and holy feeling. It was a consolation. It was pleasant in an *andante* to look at the picture, and to draw an inspiration from it. Sometimes we thought that, amid the din of rattling plates and the clatter of beer-jugs, we were not the only martyrs. In fact, we forgot our coarser surroundings."

Here Poocker heaved a sigh, then looked at me in a most scrutinizing way. "You do not laugh at me? May I continue? Now they have rudely, brutally, aggressively travestied our dear picture. Our pure, saving spirit has been converted into a coarse, brawling sot. Our bright gold has been metamorphosed into tarnished pewter. Worse than that"—here Poocker's voice trembled with emotion—"they have done such a dreadful thing that the spiritual essence of the picture, overcoming the material portions of it, have brought it into revolt." The old fellow was getting more and more excited, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "Listen to me. That picture—all pictures having any positive merit, more especially those devoted to religious subjects, get imbued in time with a positive personality. Impressions made by even the humble hand of man are not absolutely fugitive.

Had you scraped every atom of paint from off that picture, and smeared it over with the figure of the lewdest Bacchanal in a lascivious orgy, to me and to Aeselstein the first pure image would alone have been permanent. A sacrilege has been done; worse than that, there has been a subversion of a religious thought." Here the violin-player shuddered. "For such things in olden times a man has been tortured, and a whole city on its knees has done penance for his crime. But, sir, the—the absolute fixity of the idea stamped on that picture three hundred years or more ago has—has remained. Last night Aeselstein and I saw that figure distinctly move his eyes. We both noticed it. It threw a pitying, imploring, supplicating glance toward the left-hand corner of the picture—clear heavenward—as if something was wanting to make it happy. It was such a sad, longing look! Neither Aeselstein nor I has slept a wink all night on account of it, for we live together now. It frightened us. It was enough to scare two old men. I do not tire you? You bid me kindly go on? You do not laugh at me—at us? Have you seen it yourself? We have often noticed that you seemed attached to the picture. It was because of the terrible impression it made on my dear friend Aeselstein that I induced him to change his position in the orchestra, so that he should not face the picture. To-night, as I live, that painted man all of a sudden dropped his glass and bottle! I heard them ring on the stone floor of his cavern. No, it was not a beer-tumbler that fell from a table. One hand swept the holy beads, while the other hand, with the outstretched finger, pointed upward. Whether Aeselstein saw it or not I do not know. My dear old comrade is not so strong as he was once, and I am afraid it would shock him if I told him all that I saw. Did you notice how shaky he was to-night? and, though his back was to the picture, he must needs from time to time turn round and look at it? Was it Mollerus, the Hollander, who did it? We both liked Mollerus once, not so much because he seemed poor and shabby, but because he appeared as if a man with a secret grief, or as one having lofty aspirations which never could be fulfilled. Last night Mollerus must have been drunk. Aeselstein, who is the embodiment of courtesy, was quietly discussing the picture, and mildly stating that the change made him unhappy. I think he said that the sensual joy derived from a glass and a bottle was the mockery of that holy inspiration emanating from the divine writ which was inscribed on the scroll that once hung up in the corner of the picture. When he said that, Mollerus foamed over with rage, and denied that such a thing had ever existed in the picture, and called us a couple of crazy old fools. It is a bad business, and the picture will do us harm. Ah! I must stop now. Not a word to Lederhos about it. He is a good man, and pays us punctually what our services are worth. Should he ever turn us out, we should be likely to perish of starvation. But such an honest lump of clay could never understand us. Perhaps after a while the picture will remain fixed in our eyes, and no longer disturb

us. Pray tell me, did you know the picture in your younger days—when it was not associated with beer and bad music—when well-mannered people looked at it with reverence, and cracked no ribald jokes before it? Ah! I have been talking a long time. Lederhos is looking at me. It is time for more music. Adieu."

Slowly resuming his place on the modest platform, Poocker took his violin, accorded it noiselessly, smiled kindly at Aeselstein, who was apparently absorbed in thought, shook his violin-bow at the ugly flutist—the piano required no reminder—and then off rattled the overture of "Martha" for perhaps the thousandth time.

Lederhos came presently to my table. "What a long talk you've had with Poocker! My music is getting to be too old-fashioned, and it draws and totters along in a most sluggish way. That leader of my orchestra has such strange notions! The old man wanted to play some mass-music, and he almost cried when I say, 'I will have none of it.' I know I have a queer old band, which wants watching. Sometimes I think I will ship the whole concern, and get something more sprightly in the way of musicians for our fast times. I want the 'Thunder' galop and the 'Spring-Shower' waltzes, and I never could get that old dolt of a Poocker to play them.—Ah! here comes Mr. Peeks; I must have a talk with him about fixing over my old parson. That book in the picture might easily be turned into a box of regalia cigars. Mr. Peeks will at least follow my orders."

IV.

MOLLERUS, who had heretofore been a rather constant frequenter of the saloon, now visited it but rarely. I noticed most positively that he had an aversion to being even in the proximity of the picture. He would come in occasionally of an evening, look neither to the right nor to the left of him, stride rapidly through the place, and seek an ill-lighted room at the extreme back of the hall. What was quite appreciable about the man was a wan and scared look, as if of intense anxiety. Mollerus's self-indulgence might perhaps have accounted for it, as he drank copiously, eschewing beer and wine, and taking now to schnapps. Occasional altercations with the waiters showed that his temper had changed for the worst. Lederhos, whom nothing escaped, said to me:

"I forbid soon Mollerus the place. He has no civil word for anybody. Sometimes I see him, for I watch him close, look at his knife and fork when he eat his supper, and his eyes glare just like a murderer. I speak to him just once about my picture, and he jump up and swear such a long Dutch oath! It had rumbling in it like thunder, and spurs of fire like lightning! He say he wish his soul might be accused if he ever touched the picture again, and that it was an evil day for him when he ever worked on it. You will see I must get rid of him. He is eating and drinking now most on credit; and a man tell me that the theatre where he paint scenes discharge him, because he threaten to pitch a stage-

carpenter off of his scaffold. Anyhow, Mr. Peeks shall paint my picture. Mollerus is not the only artist as gives me his custom. Mr. Peeks comes entirely into my notions about my old picture. He know just what I want. He talk to me about having a goat with a long beard and big horns, rearing on his hind-legs, put into the picture, and I think that just suit me. That picture goes away to-morrow, for sure. Mr. Peeks always pay for what he drinks here, and he say he will charge me ten dollars for what he put in the picture, goat, cigars, cards, and all. Half of the money he is to take out at the bar, so at last I think I will have a picture as will answer my purposes."

Of course, I could say nothing. I had skirmished so long before in defense of the picture, with such indifferent success, that I now thought it was useless to fight against the inevitable.

Mr. Peeks I did not know, nor had I been anxious to make his acquaintance. I was only aware that he had on exhibition a show-case, filled with very wretched photographs, which stood before the front-door of a shabby house opposite; and that a dentist, with a similar show-case full of snapping teeth, disputed for public notoriety and approbation at the same dingy passage. Sometimes the two show-cases were flanked by the fac-simile of a vulgar woman's face, done in crayon by a coarse hand, showing a female head with sausage-curls and swollen cheeks. As a portraiture of "a lady with a toothache" it was quite a success; but whether intended to advertise the photographer or the dentist I never had exactly made out.

Next day the picture was gone. For the first time Lederhos did not say a word to me about it. I suppose my host had seen, by my manner, that all art-subjects in connection with his establishment were distasteful to me. But Poocker was very communicative. The old violin took the first opportunity to talk to me.

"I do not know whether the removal of that picture will be a relief or not to us. Aeselstein thinks it will. We do not know what has become of the picture, nor will we ask. To-night when Aeselstein came in with me—we always get here early in winter, because it saves light and fire at home—long before we commenced our night's work, I saw that blessed old companion of mine gaze at the blank space on the wall for fully ten minutes. I knew—I felt his mind was conjuring up every trait that was once in the picture, as it was when we first saw it. There was no void there for him. Then Aeselstein got up and went to the place where it used to hang, and made the sign of the cross on the blank wall; and I—I said, 'Amen!' Next Aeselstein carefully tuned up his 'cello, and I heard him play Bach's most solemn requiem, so quietly and devoutly, with such depth and feeling, with such holy and tender unction, and yet it was all so still and subdued, that tears came into my eyes. Good, good old Aeselstein, the blessed man! He has thoughts and inspirations which I have not. The picture is now, I solemnly believe,

in peace—at rest; at least I hope so.—Ah! here comes Mollerus. Poor man, how wretchedly he looks! We bear him no enmity. Maybe he was starving, and owed Lederhos money, and so had to turn a saint into a buffoon.—Now, gentlemen of the orchestra, we will try something from the ‘Zauberflöte.’” And so, with quite a contented face, Poocker started the music.

Mollerus came in, head down, and strode along the room. Suddenly, though his eyes had apparently been fixed on the floor, he seemed aware that the picture was no longer in the room. The man stood motionless for an instant, then went toward the wall, gazed at the blank space, next felt with his hands, as if to assure himself that even the frame was no longer tangible. Mollerus's face now lost its usual wan and listless expression. Endowed apparently with the consciousness that I was looking at him, he turned suddenly on me, and said: “Is it gone—gone? What has become of it? I did the least harm I could with it. You have been watching me and the picture? What business is it of yours? How dare you interfere with me? Are you, too, in league with those driveling, fiddling scarecrows who make a fuss over an old daub and a dried-up crust of paint?”

Decidedly, Mollerus was treating the subject in a tragical manner. As I had no desire to make a scene, believing that Mollerus was tipsy, I thought it better to advance nothing about my suspicions in regard to the purloined portion of the picture. “Nonsense, Mr. Mollerus!” I said; “go and drink your schnapps. Mr. Peeks, the photographer, has the picture, and will put into it every brutality which you excluded.” And I turned away from him.

“Stop!” he cried, barring my way. “Did you know the picture? Excuse my hastiness. A good deal of misery, self-inflicted, I am afraid, has upset me. But the picture—it is a Spanish one. Where did it come from?”

I briefly told him its origin, but evidently Washington Irving, whom I mentioned as its early purchaser, was an unknown person to him. When I had concluded, he said:

“Peeks? That villainous Yankee! He an artist! He dare to touch it! I pray God it may do him harm, and that it may curse him!” Then looking fixedly at me for a few moments, as if he wanted to tell me something, he suddenly left, and hurried out.

That very night there was an alarm of fire on the other side of the street opposite to the Lederhos establishment, and two houses were burnt. Next day I read in the morning-paper about a fire in the Bowery, No. —; lower story, a small dry-goods and trimming store; second floor, a dentist; third story, a milliner; fourth story, a photographer. At the conclusion of the paragraph, the statement was made that certain suspicious actions on the part of the photographer, Orlando Peeks, had inclined the fire-marshal to have him arrested on the charge of incendiarism.

“That was a very bad business, that fire,” said

Lederhos to me that day. “Them houses burnt all through. It is burnt, too, my good old man—my prize picture! I think ever so much of that picture, what cost me eight dollars and a quarter, with the fifteen dollars Mollerus put on it. But, see here. I just kind of think that picture bring me bad luck. Just after Mollerus fix it, I get news that a cousin of mine in Milwaukee get ruined, dead broke, and he swindle me, and runned away with seven hundred and fifty dollars he owed me; and my spitz-dog, Fritz, got fits and die; and I crack two decanters myself, a thing I never do; and eight dozen of my best Rüdshheimer, what I bottle and cork myself, get so sour and bitter, that it's no good even for vinegar. I tell you what, a man in my business ain't got no right to go out of it and hang up praying people! That's so! Well, that Mr. Peeks is a downright rascal. He set the house on fire himself. They can prove it on him. Never used kerosene, and was found out to have bought six gallons of it yesterday. It turns out that two, three houses he has been in before burn just the same way, after he make a good insurance on his photograph-stock. Oh! he is ketched now! So my picture is gone! Well! well! I goes to-day straight and buys two, three hunting-pictures—men shooting roe-bucks and wild-boars, and chamois in the Tyrol, and ducks, and that kind of thing—in place of that old man what kept praying all the time, though we did put a bottle in his hand, as wasn't his business. Let everybody stick to his business, I say!”

The subject of the picture was dropped, and was in time, perhaps, almost forgotten by all of us. Orlando Peeks's guilt was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt; he was sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

Months passed and I lost sight of Mollerus, when one stormy night, as I was seated at my table in the Lederhos saloon, the host beckoned to me. “Here is a note a little girl brought me. Mollerus, it seems, is ill, and wants to see you or me. Will you go? It is something about a picture.”

Was I about to solve the mystery of the picture? I hurried to a squalid tenement-house in Hester Street, and found my way into a dreary room, where, apparently in the last stage of consumption, I found Mollerus stretched on a wretched bed. He made a motion with his thin hand to me to approach his side.

The very plausible narratives told of physically impossible scenes at the death-beds of pulmonics, reaching over several chapters, did not occur, as far as Mollerus was concerned.

“I hoped you would come—rather you than Lederhos,” he said. “You told me you knew all about the picture. You said some great man, whose name I never heard of before, first brought the picture from Spain to this country. I stole a part of that picture! Take that old coat from off the wall there. I have no easel now. I burnt my easel up for firewood a week ago. Do you see what is there?”

I plucked away a tattered coat, and saw, tacked

against the rough laths of the wall, a narrow slip of canvas, some five feet long by about two in breadth. In the dim light of the room, it seemed to bear the outline of a woman's form, with shoulders and bosom exposed. I could make out something like a jeweled gorget encircling the neck. Whatever it might have been, it had so entirely lost its coloring as to be but faintly distinguishable.

"I do not know how much you know about pictures," added Mollerus, "but, as I am a dying man, that is the best third of Lederhos's picture. That figure, when it first came into life again, after its new birth, was full of that gorgeous beauty which Carlo Dolce alone could paint. I shall always think it was his work. That picture—I mean the whole picture, as Lederhos bought it—was like some other old works which have occasionally passed through my hands. I worked for years in the Hague Gallery, simply restoring pictures. There was a good picture in print, which had been painted over a superb work behind it. No man can tell how such things happen. I have seen a boors' drinking-bout, painted by a famous countryman of mine of the seventeenth century, put directly over a meritorious religious subject, due to an Italian master of a former period. Believe me, I am learned in such things. At Leyden there is a picture, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the restorer's art, where, on the same surface of the canvas, two pictures may be seen side by side. One was painted by a great master, who was a pious man, and the other by the master's own son, who was equally excellent as an artist, but who was not given to painting saints. Perhaps he was sacrilegious, and, in defiance of his father, or prompted by the evil-one, clapped right on top of his father's divine subject all that was gross, sensual, and carnal. It took the man who restored it, who lived one hundred years ago, ten years to work it out, and he went mad over his labor. I suppose the Lederhos picture once represented quite a different subject. Some one, not the same hand which painted it first, perhaps a few years after it was completed, painted out the woman, and left only the man. It had been skillfully done, but the picture was again changed, by a coarser hand, probably within this century. Originally, it was the portrait of some grand Spanish gentleman, associated with that of the woman he loved. It bears every trace of having been the work of a master of the Italian school, only afterward some grim Spaniard made it hard and sombre. She (the woman) may have been false to him, and in his (the man's) despair he may have hidden his wretchedness in some religious order; or perhaps the woman died, and changing his life, he may have sought consolation in prayers and penance. She might have been a wanton, and her picture and his united in the same canvas might have been a reproach to him. You must not think my fever has made me fanciful. He must have had her painted out; but he never could have erased her from his memory—or he would not have had his eyes directed toward a face which the thin scroll of paper scarcely covered. That was my discovery. The first time I put my eyes on the picture I thought I saw it.

No. She was no saint, but the personification of human loveliness, as physical a woman as is the Venus of Milo, and was supremely indifferent as to the exposure of her charms. Oh, the long days of laborious toil I bestowed on the picture, simply taking away the hard scale of rock which incrustated my growing beauty! It was an agony to me sometimes to think that the biting solvents I had to imbue the picture with might make a blemish on her soft white skin. Working with that most delicate of all tools, the hand alone, I was sometimes weeks laying bare but an inch or so of her rounded form. I was giving back to the world some grand work of art which had been lost! I was exhuming some forgotten temple! When first she stood before me I wept for joy. Then came a strange, jealous fear, because she was not mine. Then I thought it would make no difference to Lederhos, whose very orders were to change the picture. The idea of possession overcame me. To make the bargain a fair one, I devoted no end of time to replacing this bit of canvas by another, and in restoring entirely what was left. Perhaps I did it skillfully; at least in Holland, the late king, who was an artist of accorded merit, intrusted his pictures to me. But I was unlucky in that dull country where I was born. Just such a woman as was that one you are now looking at loved me, was false to me, and ruined me. At first my picture glowed with warm colors, but, exposed to the air, do what I could—and I exhausted my skill—she would fade away. It was an agony to me. Now she must be almost unrecognizable, still you may perhaps appreciate the magnificent curves of those sweeping lines, though the color has flown. The man and the woman evidently could not be parted! I could see that when, with a trembling hand, I cut her from the semblance of the man she once loved. What tragedy the picture perpetuated I do not presume to tell. No one will ever know it. That the man had something to accuse himself of was, I think, evident, from the scourge thrust in his bosom, and the self-inflicted stripes which came out horribly when I cleaned the picture, which I painted over. There, that is all about the picture. Notwithstanding all my sins, and they are many, as I hope for life hereafter, you will promise to restore this bit of canvas to Lederhos when I am dead. That is all. The dispensary-doctor gives me a day or so to live. I am tired now. Roll the picture up—gently—and carry it away."

I did as I was directed, shook hands with Mollerus, and hurried straight to Lederhos. I told him how ill Mollerus was, and the good German's heart was instantly touched. The woman-servant of the house was instantly dispatched to Hester Street with a basket filled with wine and such delicacies as the Hollander, when in sound health, was accustomed to indulge in.

Next day Mollerus was dead. All of us, even Poocker and Aeselstein, contributed our mite to give the man Christian burial.

That evening, after the funeral, I asked Lederhos to go with me into the back-room. I had the remnant of his picture under my arm.

"Here, Mr. Lederhos," I said, "is what that poor Mollerus took from your picture, and which he returns to you." I unrolled the old canvas with the utmost precaution, and exhibited something which bore no possible trace of human hand-work. There was nothing there save the dark-brown threads of the canvas-woof, and as I held it one side in order to catch the light, quite a handful of minute paint-scales flickered in space for a moment, and then fell in a shower on the floor. The last trace of the Irving picture was gone now.

"Ah!" said Lederhos, "what good is that piece of canvas to me? My picture! And is that some of the stuff of my old man what cost me eight dollars and a quarter? I do not understand. If there was any paint left on it, I might tack it under the beer-barrels, so that they should not slop the floor,

or I might have cut it into round pieces to put under the beer-glasses, but it ain't worth nothing. I want no more fuss about that picture. Mollerus is dead and buried, ain't he? You and I went to his funeral, didn't we? That ends Mollerus, unless he was the 'flying Dutchman.' Aeselstein and Poocker, they has been playing dirges for Mollerus, as if they was chapel-masters, and Lederhos's beer-room a cathedral. Listen, now: was there ever such dismal music heard? Now, see here: you and I have been good friends for years, but I do not wish you ever to talk to me about that picture again. Even my wife and my daughter, who are solid, get all kinds of ideas in their heads about that picture. Now, I tell you, you buy a good chromo for a dollar, and you frame it for a dollar more, and there ain't no ghosts or foolishness about that."

PARISIAN NEWSPAPER-MEN.

BY WIRT SIKES.

THE life of a newspaper-writer in the French capital is full of charm. The most conspicuous feature therein is the extreme consideration he experiences by virtue of his profession. Whatever his grade, he has consideration. It is not necessary that he should be an editor-in-chief in order to have importance in the eyes of the Paris world, and (what is better, and rarer, to a pen-worker) to have it tangibly—where he can see it and feel it. He may be merely a reporter or a dramatic critic; his work is honored and commented on, as it would be if he were political leader-writer, and he is considered accordingly. In this country such consideration for the humbler writers on the press is exceptional; those who enjoy it have usually done other work, which has given them reputation; they are poets, or essayists, whose work has found place in the leading literary magazines, or in books. But in Paris the work done upon the newspaper brings the worker at once into esteem, and often limits his literary ambition.

Nowhere in the world has a young man with "the pen of the ready writer" so easy and pleasant a road before him. Whether coming to Paris from a provincial community, or springing up in the capital, one of its own people, he has but to begin writing, and at once the path of his career opens before him, in which he may tread steadily toward success, if he be industrious, observing, and fairly gifted. With us he would have to serve a long apprenticeship before he could fairly feel his feet under him; and, even when he has won recognition, it is usually only from editors and publishers, not from the reading public. Indeed, it is more than probable that his whole life will pass in the harness, and his name still be quite unknown to the world, even his local world. There are hundreds of able writers on the New York and Boston press, and even on the press of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and the other large towns which we assume to

call "provincial," whose heads have grown bald, or gray, or both, bending over the editorial desk, under the flaring gaslight, whose names are quite unknown to any but people who are brought into personal contact with them. Our world knows of Watterson in connection with the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and of Story with the *Chicago Times* (to mention two journals quite at random); but what does it know of Hatcher, or of Matteson? Nothing, or next to nothing.

But, in Paris, from the word "go" the newspaper-man begins to accumulate capital—that is to say, reputation. His name, or his *nom de plume*, if he prefer to adopt a pen-name, is printed with his work from the first, and it speedily becomes the habit of newspaper-readers to look to see, not what the *Figaro* or the *Paris Journal* says, but what M. Crapaud or "L'Homme-à la Fourchette" says. Such talent as he may possess instantly makes its mark—broad or narrow, according to his deserts—and with each successive paragraph or column he prints, the mark widens and blackens. He is speedily adjudged his place in the general world of journalism, and is welcomed to the acquaintance of his fellows. Thus his self-esteem is flattered, and his ambition to excel aroused. He finds himself one of a brilliant circle of wits, men of the world, and politicians, among whom he may dare lift his voice, sure of his *mot* being heeded by virtue of the name he owns.

And in estimating the value to him of the appreciation in which he is held it must be borne in mind that to the young Frenchman Paris is the world. The literary arena of France is not multiplied by a hundred, as with us, and belittled accordingly. There is no Boston to elevate its critical nose above New York; no Philadelphia to sniff at Pittsburg; no Chicago to sneer at St. Louis; no San Francisco away at one corner of the earth to raise doubts in the young journalist's mind whether that

might not be his better field ; no New Orleans away at the other corner to bid him query if he might not find there a more cordial appreciation. Paris is the world ; to please Paris is to please all his ambition has cognizance of. There is even no London to lure him, as it has lured many a bright young intellect of our own, to try English favor, in the hope of larger success there. The proverb that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country cannot be made to apply to the French journalist and Paris. He lives only to succeed in Paris ; succeeding there, all's won ; failing there, all's lost. There would undoubtedly be some suicides fewer in the French capital if the wretch for whom life has lost its savor could be made to believe there was any civilized community in the world outside Paris.

The career which opens before the young Parisian journalist is full of the most brilliant possibilities. The highest social consideration is vouchsafed him, the loftiest political honors are open to him. From the ranks of Parisian journalism France has drawn in the past, and still more is drawing in the present, and yet again more will draw in the near future, her statesmen, her most important officers, the recipients of her most distinguished emoluments. The young man does not merely see before him the prospect of a good position on a leading journal, even a proprietorship and the incumbency of a chief's chair, though he sees these too ; but he sees a minister's portfolio, an election to that holy of holies, the Academy, a prominence in the affairs of the nation, of which a like young man in this country hardly dreams, in the beginning. French journalism leads directly to these, by the straightest known road. It is true that in the United States also many of the brilliant prizes of political life have fallen into the hands of men who were once editors ; but it is hardly because of their eminence in that profession. It is not our Bennetts and Raymonds who get into the cabinet and the Congress ; still less is it our Hatchers and Mattesons—men, I mean, who are able journalists but unknown to fame. Colfax edited a little country paper in Indiana ; Senator Christianity one in Michigan ; and there are abundant such illustrations of the kind of journalists who issue as statesmen with us. It is not because of the talent they showed as journalists, but because they have passed out of journalism into politics, that they are at Washington. The American editor who has thus passed into politics is seldom a metropolitan editor, and very rarely a man of marked talent in his profession ; he has generally been the proprietor of a local journal in a district where all men knew him personally, and ten to one was not even the writer of his own editorials. In Paris the man who achieves political honor is inevitably and always a writer of high abilities. Paris has known all about him for years ; has traced his progress by his writings, year after year, accurately, intelligently, understandingly ; and, when he achieves a post of trust and responsibility, it is known what his capacity therefor may be. All this the new-fledged journalist sees when he enters on his profession, and it

stimulates his ardor, fires his pen, and makes his career a delight. He expects to be decorated, all in due time, with the cross of the Legion of Honor ; to be sent, perhaps, to Versailles ; and possibly, for all things are possible in this noblest of professions, even the grand *summum bonum* of glory's possibility, to be elected a member of that great Academy at whose doors the last emperor knocked in vain with his "Life of Cæsar" under his arm.

The Students' Quarter in Paris is well known to Americans ; the Cluny is its accepted centre, though not its literal one. In like manner the Journalists' Quarter—which Americans know very little about—has for its centre the Théâtre des Variétés, the elegant little theatre whose status may be inferred by the American reader from the fact that on its boards were first produced Offenbach's most celebrated *opéras bouffes*, "La Belle Hélène," "Barbe Bleue," "La Grand Duchesse," "La Perichole," and "Les Brigands." It stands on the Boulevard Montmartre, that section of the line of fashionable boulevards which the American promenade on the Boulevard des Italiens sees just above him, and recognizes by its rising ground and by the sharp bend the long highway there makes. This boulevard is the favorite promenade of the journalists, and here may be seen, toward the close of the afternoon, almost the whole race of newspaper men in the French capital. Nearly all the principal editorial rooms and printing-offices are in the neighborhood, in the Rues Montmartre, Drout, Richelieu, etc. The Bourse is a block or two off ; and the old home of the grand French opera is close by. On either side of the Théâtre des Variétés are two *cafés*—one called the Café de Suede, the other the Café des Variétés. The latter is the favorite haunt of the actors ; the former that of the newspaper-men. The Café de Suede does not differ materially from other boulevard *cafés* in aspect ; it is, perhaps, a little less garish than many, and the tone is mellower ; the mirrors are somewhat less gaudily framed, the chandeliers less blinding, the waiters less eager for the stranger's order, and having altogether an air of not being quite as ordinary waiters are. Yet you will be entirely welcome if you choose to enter there, or to sit outside on one of the iron chairs to consume some mild and innoxious beverage or smoke a cigar. You may safely assume, while seated there, that you are surrounded by the celebrities of Paris journalism, and, if you are in the company of one who is acquainted with their faces, you will be deeply interested in observing them as they are pointed out. If your ideas of the personal aspect of newspaper men are formed on the traditional model, you will probably find yourself staring with interest at certain haggard specimens of manhood, with unkempt hair and beard, who dreamily smoke or read or gaze, with goblets of a greenish liquor before them on the marble tables. But do not deceive yourself : these are simply the creatures known in Paris slang as *absintheurs*, or drinkers of absinthe, the seductive beverage which so quickly and fatally undermines the health by its assaults on the nervous system. They come to the

Café de Suede as to various other well-reputed *cafés*, because the absinthe is sure to be of the best possible quality; but they are seldom of the newspaper guild. The journalist who dallies with the green serpent of absinthe is almost certain to be a man of no mark, for the drug is death to the activity and readiness which are the prime requisites of successful journalism.

If you would see a striking type of the prosperous Paris journalist, observe this exquisite dandy with the handsome, brave-looking head, pale visage, and listless manner, who saunters idly in, with the air of a man who has nothing on earth to do with his time, and humming, perhaps, an air from "Madame l'Archiduc" in an almost imperceptible tone. This is M. Henri de Pène, one of the most "terrific workers" on the Paris press. The labor he accomplishes is something prodigious—a fact which it is almost impossible to realize, as you look at him with his glass screwed in his eye, his gold-headed stick in his lavender-gloved hands, and his bored manner. He seats himself at a table, and is waited upon by the most irreproachable of the *garçons*, who does not need to receive his order, for M. de Pène is an *habitué* whose ways are well known, and the *garçon* brings him a choice cigar, holds the match till the weed is lit, and retires decorously, while M. de Pène leans back on the red-velvet sofa, and breathes the smoke of his Havana with sensuous enjoyment. This man is the chief editor of the Paris *Journal*, for which he writes profusely, not only over his own signature, but over his well-known pseudonyms of "Lonstalot" and "Ch. Demailly." He also writes incessantly for the *Indépendance Belge* and the Russian journal *La Voix*; and scarcely a day passes in which he does not contribute to one or more of the other journals of the capital, where his admirers claim he is readily recognized by his style, his mode of treatment, and even by his pen-names, in the choice or invention of which he is held to have a peculiar happiness. One of his guerrilla pseudonyms was "Gracchus Turlututu," which the enthusiastic Parisians warmly declared was in itself a little *chef-d'œuvre*. The humor of this pseudonym is seen in the contrast it involves—"Gracchus" suggesting at once all that is heroic, high-toned, and severe, while "Turlututu" is the nursery hero, whose "*chapeau pointu*" is a classic subject of amusing discourse to the littlest of French folk. When the comic singer of the American music-hall discourses of his cat—his "Thomas Jefferson cat"—the tickling the hearers' risibles get is similar to that which the Parisians felt at the cognomen "Gracchus Turlututu."

It is claimed for De Pène as a peculiar virtue—and a striking one it assuredly is in a Paris journalist—that he has never changed his politics. This virtue is so faithfully and industriously observed in the breach by the vast majority of French newspaper men that it sets M. de Pène on quite a pinnacle. He began as a cordial hater of republicanism, and such he still is. It is conceded that, during the reign of Napoleon III., while he remained a Legitimist, he was wise enough, like many others of the

same faith, to live in harmony with the existing administration; but he never will be entirely happy until Henry V. comes to the French throne.

Like most of the successful journalists of his day, De Pène has had his duel or two. The necessity for this experience grows less positive each year, and it is quite possible that a journalist may achieve a high position hereafter without having pinked or pistoled his man. The excitement, too, attending duels nowadays, is chiefly confined to the public of the Café de Suede, instead of convulsing the entire community as in other days. De Pène's duel—the one which gave him sudden celebrity—came to him while he was a writer on the *Figaro*, over the pseudonym of "Nemo." He stirred the fury of a certain regiment's officers, by characterizing in most uncomplimentary terms their hungry charge on the supper-room at one of the Tuileries balls. They vowed to exterminate the insolent journalist, by fighting with him, one after another, till he should be as completely incapacitated for further newspaper work as most dead men are presumed to be. The second officer to meet him in the field wounded him so gravely that he was put to bed for many weeks, and it really seemed most improbable that number three would ever get a chance at him; and in the mean time the officers' anger was appeased. But the quarrel had an immense notoriety, and almost took the proportions of a political event. Enthusiastic young Paris called *en masse* to leave its cards on the wounded man, and to protest against what was called the "gayeties of the sword." M. de Pène jokingly says that he became so widely known for his wound, that years after people would enter his presence on tiptoe and speak in whispers as in a sick man's room. The most gratifying result of the sensation he thus created in Paris life, to M. de Pène, was that from that moment every emanation of his prolific pen had a special value from the point of view of publishers. He was solicited on every hand for work, and when the Paris *Journal* started he was given the directorship, with a rousing salary.

Newspaper-life in Paris has this among its other advantages; the pay for pen-work is liberal. None of the newspapers spend so much money on expensive edifices, as in this country; from which it might be inferred that they do not make so much money for their publishers as our journals do. The inference may not be altogether correct; the profits are distributed more generally, perhaps. The *Figaro* is the only journal in Paris, so far as I know, which has erected a fine building. It is not so large as many in this country—such as the *Herald and Tribune* offices in New York, the *Ledger* office in Philadelphia, the *American* office in Baltimore, or the *Tribune* and *Times* offices in Chicago—but it is one of the showiest structures in Paris. Smaller than the *Sun* building in New York, it is constructed of a brilliant variety of colored stones from different parts of Europe, and bristles inside and out with statues and works of art. But the practical recognition of the fact that it is journalistic talent, rather

than business management, which makes a successful Parisian newspaper, renders the newspaper writer's money-rewards liberal in every grade. An editor-in-chief will often receive a salary of ten thousand or twelve thousand dollars in gold—figures very rarely reached on American journals; and, not to name the fact that greenbacks are not gold, it is to be borne in mind that the cost of living in Paris is much smaller than in any of the large cities of this country. Nor is this liberality of payment confined to the chief editors, but reaches every grade of newspaper-work with its fair proportions. Moreover, an editor there—even a managing editor—is not confined to his own special journal, but writes for as many others as he chooses, receiving payment by the column, at from ten to one hundred dollars in gold, and even more, according to his celebrity and his ability.

The editor of the *Figaro* is M. Hippolyte de Villemessant, and his name is perhaps better known in Paris than that of any other editor there. It is not his real name, by-the-way; he came into the world with the humble patronymic of Cartier, and, besides being born poor and obscure, he is said to have been an illegitimate son. He came to Paris from one of the provinces, with empty pockets, but a brilliant store of wit and readiness. After various ups and downs in the journalistic way, he at last struck the rich-paying mine of the *Figaro*, and is now extremely wealthy. He owns a winter palace on the aristocratic Promenade des Anglais, in Nice—a delightful abode, almost as fairy-like as the mythical palace pictured by *Claude Melnotte* to *Pauline* in Bulwer's play. Regal marble staircases lead from his broad grounds down to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; architectural art has lavished its splendors on the wide-reaching halls and climbing roofs of the enchanted palace; and the air is heavy with the odors of an orange-grove in bloom. He has also a villa at Etretat, one of the most famous seaside resorts of the French coast, and a town-house in Paris. But the most convincing illustration of M. Villemessant's prodigious wealth (according to those best acquainted with his earlier life in the capital) is found in the fact that he has recently advertised far and wide for all persons to whom he may have become indebted in his days of poverty, to present their claims and get them liquidated.

See him as he enters the *café* where we are sitting, to drink his before-dinner appetizer, and talk with his fellows about the news in the evening editions, which are on the streets about five o'clock in the afternoon. He becomes at once the centre of an obsequious circle of admirers of his class, for he is a most important man among them. His aspect is less aristocratic than that of M. de Pène, though he is also at heart a Legitimist, in spite of his own humble origin—or perhaps because of it. He is a thick-set, bullet-headed man, with a ferocious black mustache and strong but well-kept hands, and he dresses with care and neatness. His paper is the New York *Sun* of Paris—if one may compare a French journal at all with an American; and few

things could be more dissimilar. But the *Figaro* is like the *Sun* in many respects which make it as peculiar among its contemporaries as the New York journal is among its. It does not trouble itself much with its dignity; it is bitter in its personalities; saucy in its comments; spicy and readable from the first line to the last; and has the largest local circulation of any newspaper in the city—namely, about sixty thousand daily. Everybody reads it, admires it, laughs at it, flings it aside—after reading it through—and takes pains to avoid treading on its mercurial editor's toes. It ranks among its contributors the sharpest, wittiest, and ablest men in the capital: for it bids high for contributions, and does not restrict its contributors too curiously. The prime virtue it demands in its writers is readableness. It is not afraid—as almost all American newspapers are, with the conspicuous exception of the *Sun*—that an advertisement will be smuggled into its reading-matter under the disguise of a "good thing." It wants the "good thing," no matter who profits by the advertisement. Many of the leading minds of France contribute surreptitiously to the *Figaro*—among them Alexandre Dumas, *fils*—a circumstance not generally known, even among Frenchmen, but which chance brought to my knowledge while residing in Paris. An experience which could not possibly have been known to any persons but Dumas and myself, occurring late one evening at my house, was detailed at length in next morning's *Figaro*; Dumas must have driven from my presence straight to the *Figaro* office with the news.

Here comes a man whose name is familiar to American readers—not because he is a journalist, however, but because he is a novelist. A well-kept Parisian man of the world, close upon fifty years of age, but looking like a person of forty, with a piquant smile, expressive gray eyes, and a full, blond beard, Edmond About would attract attention anywhere as a man of mark. He has been editor of numerous newspapers in Paris—among them that journal which all who have been to the Paris theatres have heard noisily hawked by mature newsboys between the acts, *Le Soir*. As its name implies, *Le Soir* is an evening newspaper, and it is a prosperous one; a fact perhaps partly due to the tripping way in which its name drops from a Frenchman's tongue. It is no light point in the make-up of an evening newspaper that its name should be a good one for the newsboys to hawk. The journal of which M. About is now the editor—the *XIXième Siècle*—has not this merit, certainly. It is not a difficult name to pronounce, if one has leisure and calmness for it; but for an excited newsboy it is an awkward mouthful. As editor of *Le Soir*, About received a salary of twelve thousand dollars gold, and, as his removal to the editorial chair of the *XIXième Siècle* must be looked upon in the light of a promotion, it is probable his present salary is still larger. In addition, he draws a large salary from the London *Athenæum* as its Paris correspondent, and writes for other journals in France, besides turning off a novel from time

to time, and a play now and then. So that it will be seen that M. About is another of the very industrious penmen—a fact all the more creditable to him when it is known that for years past he has scarcely needed to work at all, being independently wealthy. Part of his wealth he earned; part he married; and part was a legacy left him by an enthusiastic admirer of his genius, one M. Didier. A man and a fellow-journalist thus signally favored by fortune naturally exposes himself to the hatred of the less lucky among his associates, and M. About is not popular with the newspaper-men. His unpopularity is generally laid to the circumstance that he is somewhat cynical in his social life, and given to caustic comment on his fellow-creatures at the dinner-table and in the *salon*; added to the fact that his abilities as a journalist are not considered of the first order, and his prominence really due to the fame he enjoys as a novelist. These are reasons, to be sure; but a better reason is, that he is too lucky! Human nature is so severe on good luck—when it is number two, and not number one, who is lucky.

Like Villemessant, About came up to Paris from "the provinces." But he came already covered with young man's honors, having had great scholastic triumphs at the College of Charlemagne, whose first prize for philosophy he bore off at the age of twenty. He had published two or three books before he came to Paris to live, so that the doors of the journals stood open to him from the first. To publish a book in France is not like publishing a book here. It is issued by a boulevard publisher; the placards adorn the windows of the one street where "all the world" walks; it is impossible to remain in utter ignorance of its author's existence. So About was already known when he arrived in Paris, and he enjoyed at once the intoxication of Parisian flattery and consideration. But he made many enemies; his talent for this was almost as remarkable as his literary abilities. Stung by adverse criticism, he began to wield, through the columns of the *Figaro*, the caustic weapons of his adversaries. The air reeked with the smoke of battle and the cries of the wounded, wherever he turned; and presently he passed to the nobler game of shooting at men of power and standing in the government. This course brought him at last, naturally enough, to the emperor himself; and one day, after an attack had been made on the life of Napoleon III., About wrote that "there was but one weapon which was unfailing—the knife." This phrase made quite a little revolution of its own; the *Figaro* was threatened with suppression; About was discharged from its columns, made a private apology to the emperor for the disagreeable phrase, and, escorted by his lucky genius, marched straight into the emperor's good graces, and had the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor stuck in the button-hole of his left lappel. The emperor sent him to Rome, ostensibly for art-studies, but really that he might write a book of grotesque sketches of men and things about the pope. He rather overdid this work, however—or the emperor's papal policy

changed; at any rate, the result of his fiery and ferocious arraignment of everything Roman was, that, on his return to Paris, About was looked upon as a person to be kept still at any cost. He was snubbed at the palace, and his hopes of political preferment were quietly sat upon and flattened. He was famous, however, as an anti-Catholic—not as a Protestant, unfortunately, but as a sort of polite pagan—and, when he presently produced a play at the Odeon theatre, the occasion was seized upon for a pro-Catholic demonstration against him. On the first night of the piece, which was entitled "Gaëtana," an army of students combined to hiss the play off the boards; and, after having thus arranged its funeral, they marched out of the theatre, singing, to the tune of "Marlborough," this burlesque refrain:

" 'Gaëtana' is dead!
Miron-ton, ton-ton, miron-taine!
'Gaëtana' is dead—
Dead and buried!"

The students crossed the Pont Neuf, turned the Louvre corner at the church of St-Germain L'Auxerrois, and in the Rue de Valois paused before the office of the *Constitutionnel*, where M. About had published his last article. A triple salvo of hisses, uttered with the ferocious *abandon* possible only to a lot of French students, startled the ears of the editors at their work; and then the boys tramped on, shouting "Pas d'About! Pas d'About!" to the residence of the obnoxious author. Here they indulged in hisses, groans, the air of "Marlborough," and a most infernal *charivari*, after which they went home.

Of course, About has had his duels; his last was with a fellow-journalist named Edouard Hervé, and resulted in a fine of forty dollars for the author of the "Nose of a Notary." Hervé is the editor of the *Journal de Paris*, formerly conducted by J. J. Weiss. Both the last-named gentlemen may be seen in the throng which gathers in and about the Café de Suede in the afternoon. Hervé is a tidy, scholarly-looking man—not the Herve who composed "Le Petit Faust," by-the-way. Weiss is somewhat rough looking for a Frenchman of indubitable polish—does not wear gloves, and is not attired with strict reference to the latest fashion. However, M. Weiss has no ambition to be considered a *boulevardier*, has a great deal of self-esteem, writes little, but carefully and with dignity, holds himself at a high price, and altogether lacks those arts which assist most Frenchmen so admirably in tripping their sails to catch the wind of favor. He has been connected at different times with the *Paris Journal*, the *Journal de Paris*, and the *Journal des Débats*, but he sunders his connections easily, and it is difficult to keep track of him.

This round-faced, spectacled, good-natured gentleman who sits near us, in conversation with About, is an example of the kind of man who has consideration in Paris purely on the score of his dramatic criticisms. He furnishes for *Le Temps* a weekly *critique*—it appears on Sunday, I think, though Monday is the regulation day for the dramatic writers—which is eagerly read by all Paris, and is

marked by a culture, an erudition, and a high moral tone, the most admirable in a writer of this class. He contributes also to the *XIXième Siècle*, but, so far as I know, has no topic but the drama, and has done no other work in literature or journalism. His name is Francisque Sarcey, and he is an intimate friend of such men as Taine, Renan, etc., and one of the very few masculine associates of About. When Dumas was elected to the Academy, Sarcey was loud in his indignation that such a man as Taine should be passed by for a writer of Dumas's rank.

If the French system of personal journalism were to be introduced in this country, I think it would not only work some useful reforms in our press, but would be of incalculable value to the men who really make our newspapers. They would acquire reputation by virtue of their work. They would be less completely the vassals of the men whom Fortune has placed at the helm of many leading newspapers. Reputation is a pen-worker's capital. Its possession means independence, honors, and the just reward of conscientious endeavor.

ISOTTA CONTARINI.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

CLIFFORD ASHLEY is the only son of a rich lawyer who formerly lived and practised his profession in Charleston, South Carolina. Clifford was born in Columbia, the capital of the State, and from his earliest years was accustomed to the best that large fortune and cultured taste could furnish. Although his father was dotingly fond of him, and indulgent in everything, the boy was not spoiled. He had no bad habits; being kept, it was thought, out of a great deal of mischief by his love of books, and by a strong aversion to whatever savored of coarseness. He had few associations, and seemed to care little for any society except that of his father and mother, his private tutor, and an only and younger sister. Consequently, he gained but very slender knowledge of the world, though in place of this he had a great fund of romance, which he fostered by reading all the extravagant works of fiction he could lay hand upon.

Having reached his sixteenth birthday, he was ready to enter college. His father was then (1860) very anxious to send him North, because he clearly foresaw the civil strife in which the nation was destined to be plunged. He was so sure of it, indeed, that he had already disposed of a large part of his property, with a view to going abroad; being unwilling, in the expected crisis, either to side with or against his native State. Therefore, in the spring of the year preceding the war, Clifford came North to enter Brown University, and the elder Ashley, a few months later, went with his wife and daughter to England, and took up his residence in London.

Clifford, having graduated soon after the close of the war, joined his parents in England, where he staid for several months, and then laid out a Continental tour. His father wished him to have a traveling-companion, older and more experienced than himself; but to this the young man earnestly objected, declaring that if he could not look after his own affairs when so near his majority he should never be able to.

The latter part of autumn of the same year saw Clifford in Paris, which he soon quitted for Italy, the country he most desired to see. Naturally, he pushed on to Venice, the most romantic of cities, where his mind and heart had long preceded him.

Shakespeare, Otway, Radcliffe, Lewis, Byron, Rogers, and poets and romancers of lesser note, he had read and reread until his imagination teemed with visions of the sea Cybele. He had thought he should be happy if he could once stand on the Rialto or the Bridge of Sighs, or glide in a gondola dreamily down the Grand Canal, listening to the rowers singing the songs of Tasso. As he was whirling along from Padua he found himself quoting stanza after stanza in honor of the ancient home of the doges, and in such a state of exaltation that he did not believe he could ever sleep in the marvelous capital. He was exceedingly disappointed when he discovered that, after leaving the mainland, he was still carried forward on the train. With his head out of the car-window, he could distinguish the Campanile and the dome of San Marco, and he inwardly chafed that he could not be introduced to the glorious city in a gondola. "The idea of going into Venice by railway!" he exclaimed, with indignation. "That's entirely prosaic. I had no notion of such an absurdity. It's an outrage on poetic travelers!"

To add to his dissatisfaction, the clouds which had hung low all the afternoon condensed into rain. And as he stepped into a gondola at the station, and finally got off with his luggage to the Hôtel Barbesi, the ducal capital looked dull and gloomy enough. He felt that he had been shamefully deceived when, after securing apartments at the inn, and ordering the gondolier to row him through the Grand Canal, he was unable to detect, with all his eager gazing, any of the splendid palaces he had read so much of. He experienced the supreme balking of his expectations which is so common to most tourists who see Venice for the first time under a cloudy sky. At its very best, the city is never beautiful—perpetually as this adjective is applied to it—and at its worst, which is in a rain-storm, it is extremely ugly, and in no manner attractive. Venice is unique, pictorial, deeply interesting, altogether romantic, full of history and associations to any one who looks at it with an artistic eye or a cultured mind. But, regarded materially and externally alone, it is little else than a decayed, wretched, forlorn old town, and it repels many more persons than it allures, though the repelled are morally afraid, on account of its

reputation and idealization, to say candidly what they think of it.

Clifford Ashley went to bed that night well-nigh disgusted, so very different had Venice proved from his fond anticipations. He breakfasted moodily, and then set out to explore the city on foot, having formed so poor an opinion of it from the water. The rain had ceased; the clouds had gone. The sky was without a fleck, and the land, the lagoons, the domes, the towers, the Riva, and the Piazza, were drenched with sunshine. Venice had been metamorphosed from the previous day. There was no more dreariness, no more wretchedness, at least to his eye. The decay had grown picturesque; the deserted palaces were peopled with his fancies, and Venice was really Venice, after all. He strolled through the Piazzetta and Piazza, stopping to feed the pigeons which gathered and fluttered about him as he distributed the corn he had purchased of one of the ragged urchins always keeping watch for strangers in the square. He wandered down the Merceria, lounging in the Campi as far as the Rialto (he had to confess his disappointment at the historic bridge), and returned, after threading innumerable *calli*, to the front of San Marco. All day he walked hither and yon without any special purpose, incited by the strangeness of everything, and reveling in the warmth and softness of the November sun. He questioned the good-natured natives on many subjects—for he could speak very tolerable Italian for one who had learned it from books—and felt when he sat down to dine at the Quadri as if he had been a whole month in the place.

The evening he spent in the Piazza, of course—the Piazza is the social soul of the city—drinking wine, and smoking at one of the small tables before Florian's with the unmistakable air, as he thought, of a Venetian at the manor born. He was wrapped in an atmosphere of dreams; he was dazed with quiet delight. He was all-sufficient to himself, sitting there and watching the faces and manners of those who came and went, and speculating on their character, their antecedents, and their destiny.

About ten o'clock he particularly observed a young woman with a well-dressed man at a table nearly opposite his, and they, at least she, appeared to be noticing him. He was struck by her face. It was rather heavy in feature, but very expressive, and distinctively Italian. Her eyes were dark, large, luminous, and when he met them for a moment, as he did several times during the evening, he was conscious of a tremor and a blush. He had never felt so before; he could not understand the effect produced on him by this stranger. He let his cigar go out; he left his wine untasted; he sat there in a charming state of confusion, looking toward though not at her, and every once in a while encountering the glance of those wonderful eyes.

Not many minutes after the bronze Vulcans had struck eleven strokes on the bell of the Torre dell' Orologio, the young woman and her escort rose to go. She had taken his arm, and they had walked a few steps when she returned alone, as if to look for

something she had left. She bent her head for a moment, and, lifting it up, she met his full gaze with a world of meaning. Her glance went through and through him. He felt as if he had taken an electric shock; he trembled; his heart swelled to his throat. A mist was before his eyes; but he saw her as in a dream rejoin her companion, and the two make their way through the crowd of loungers toward the Piazzetta. He followed her instinctively, but at a distance. It seemed as if she drew him. He observed them stepping into a gondola, and, as it disappeared in the star-lighted darkness (the young moon had already set) down the Grand Canal, he stood staring in that direction until the hour of midnight sounding from the Clock-Tower roused him from his reverie.

The latest of the festal idlers were quitting the Piazza as he wandered back there mechanically, and all the *cafés* had either closed or were closing for the night. How desolate everything appeared! His bosom throbbed with new sensations. Without those eyes Venice was a desert. When should he see them again? There was, he verily believed, a light in them that never before had been on sea or land. Where were they now? Were they open, and their owner thinking of him; or were they shut, and their possessor dreaming of the foreigner they had shone on in the square? He had ordered a gondola to take him to the hotel very near by, but, conscious that he could not sleep in his then excited state, he told the gondolier to go down the canal, and then anywhere he chose for two or three hours.

As the boat glided on in the silence, broken solely by the dip of the oar, the sense of dream was complete. Ashley watched the tall palaces bordering each side of the canal, foolishly hoping that he might catch a glimpse of the charming unknown. He thought he should certainly feel, if he did not see, the radiance of her eyes. But the palaces were only black shadows above the water, and relieved against the sky. They seemed as dead as the proud families who had built them; they were inhuman, ghostly in their voiceless mystery. The gondolier slowly rowed his solitary patron as far as the railway-station; then back to the Piazzetta, through the Giudecca Canal, around the island, by San Giorgio, by the Public Gardens, San Pietro, the Arsenal, and returning by the small canals to the Piazzetta, where, as it was now eight o'clock, Clifford decided to go to the hotel. He threw himself on his bed; but, weary and worn though he was, he could not sleep. He would doze for a few minutes, when the haunting eyes would come and awaken him with a start. Rising, he bathed; ordered coffee, and once more got into a gondola, taking it for the day. He hungered for the night, and the reappearance of the one being into whom the entire population of the city was now compressed.

Ashley dined again at the Quadri, looking from the front-window over at Florian's, lest she might come and go while he was absent. Soon after seven he was in nearly the same place he had occupied the previous evening, with his bottle of Cyprus wine and his consolatory cigar. Every minute seemed an

hour. The Vulcans had done their ninth stroke, and still she was not there. He feared he had lost her forever. In his anxiety and nervousness he had finished two bottles of wine and seven or eight cigars. He had become too restless to sit still much longer; he was about to walk through the arcades, thinking she might be in some of the shops, when he espied her coming toward him on the arm of the same man who had been with her before. She and her companion sat down at a small table but a few yards away. She recognized Ashley with a glance, and, as he imagined, with a slight flush. After drinking a glass of liqueur and a cup of coffee, they went away. They had not been gone more than three minutes before he noticed something lying on the pavement under the chair she had occupied. He stepped over, and picked up a small volume, elegantly bound, of Petrarch's sonnets. He knew it must be hers, for its touch thrilled him; and, as he secretly pressed it to his lips, it emitted a certain indescribable aroma of sweetness and elegance which is often a property of the thoroughly fine woman. Of that particular woman, he believed; for in his mood there was but one queen-rose in the fragrant garden of femininity. Carrying it to the shop-window, and opening it at the fly-leaf, he read, in a delicate autograph, "*Isotta Contarini*."

"Yes, it is hers," he mentally exclaimed. "That must be her name. She looks and bears herself like a Contarini." And he remembered the noble family that had been so conspicuous in the history of Venice; that had been senators and doges for more than six centuries, and given to the republic so much of its honor and renown. Then he thought of returning the volume, and he hurried to the boat-landings in hope of finding the owner. He searched there and everywhere in the Piazza, but the beautiful Contarini, as he named her in his heart, had melted away. It was something to have a book she had read, and, going to his apartments, he went over the sonnets by the dim light of his two *bougies* supported by tall candlesticks, and discovered in them fresh and rich significance. Naturally, he was Petrarch, and Isotta was Laura, and the poems, therefore, were like the language of his soul. When he went to bed at a late hour it was to dream of her. At one moment she had confessed her love, and was in his arms; at another they had been in a gondola; she had fallen into the water, was sinking, and he could not stir to save her. Then they stood at the altar in San Marco, and the priest had blessed them; when the scene changed, and they were in the chamber of the Council of Ten, and she was sentenced to death for treason to the state.

These feverish dreams, together with the vigils of the preceding night, exhausted nature after a while, and Ashley fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep, from which he did not awake until nearly eight o'clock. When he looked in the mirror he was struck by the haggard expression of his face. He seemed ten years older than he had been forty-eight hours before. His being had been revolutionized. What ailed him? What was the cause of all this

tumult and unrest and alteration? And then, for the first time, it was clearly revealed to him that he was incurably in love. So inexperienced, so unsophisticated was he, that he had never known what passion is. Although twenty-one, he had led the life of a recluse. He had had no boyish attachments; he had never kissed a woman except his mother and some of his relatives; and now the erotic demon, who usually comes to us early and deserts us late, had possessed him utterly.

As soon as he had eaten a slight breakfast he was drawn to the Piazza, the Isotta-haunted place, bent, as ever, upon meeting her. Now he could speak to her, for he could return her lost book, and enjoy the happiness of listening to her voice, which he had heard hitherto only as a faint but delicious murmur. He had reached the Zecca when he saw crossing the Molo a figure which he knew must be the Contarini's. He quickened his pace with wildly-beating heart, and then it occurred to him that she might be married. The thought gave him a sharp pang; for he was too ignorant of Italy to know that there marriage does not of necessity preclude the lover. But youth is confident as well as hopeful, and in his heart he had no doubt that his passion would be reciprocated. He augured favorably of the future by the fact that he had always found her when he sought her, unmindful that always was but twice, and that all Venice, at least once a day, goes to the same place. By this time he was only a few feet behind her. At her side was another woman, who by her inelastic movement suggested age. They were both walking fast—unusually fast for Italians—as if on some special mission of business or pleasure; so there was no time to be lost. A little in advance of her he turned and recognized the dark, luminous eyes, and, lifting his hat, said, "Signorina, I have had the happiness to find a volume of poems which I think belongs to you;" and he offered the book.

"Oh, thank you; thank you a thousand times!" she replied. "I have missed it so much! I could not tell what had become of it, and I prize it highly."

"It is my rare good fortune, then, to be of some slight service to you, signorina. It cannot be one-tenth the pleasure to you to recover the book which it is to me to return it, signorina. I say signorina, for I presume you are too young to be married?"

"Not too young, perhaps, signore; but still I am unmarried."

"If not too young, you are certainly too lovely to be unmarried," was the response of Ashley, who in the ardor of his feeling let his thought escape into speech.

"Signore is inclined to flatter. You are so good as to—"

Here the elderly woman, who had been standing apart, interposed. Ashley could not catch all she said, but enough to gather that they must not delay any longer.

The young woman, then turning to him, remarked:

"We are going to Chioggia. Libittina has just

reminded me that the steamboat is ready to start, and that we have not a moment to spare."

As she spoke, Libittina pointed to the boat just about to leave the landing at the Molo, crying in the Venetian dialect:

"Oh, we are undone, we are undone! They go without us. What shall we do? What shall we do?" in the exaggerated and melodramatic manner characteristic of her race.

Clifford saw that they were pulling in the plank, and, unwilling that the women should be left, told them to hurry.

"May I aid you?" he asked the Contarini, and extended his arm, which she took, and they hastened forward. They had not, indeed, a moment to spare; for Libittina, who had been unable to keep up with them, was dragged aboard by two of the crew.

"I am very sorry," observed Isotta, as soon as they could draw breath, "to have carried you off, signore. Your kindness deserved a better return."

"Surely it could not have been better, signorina. I shall now have the happiness of being with you for two or three hours. Besides, I had thought of going to Chioggia."

He really believed this, though he would have equally believed that he had contemplated visiting Nova Zembla or the north-pole, had she suggested the possibility of her making such a journey.

"Heaven itself is on the side of love," he said to himself, as he looked at the bright sky, the smooth water, and the woman he adored. He had never felt so happy as at that moment. His soul was so light and joyous that it seemed as if he might fly. His head and feet appeared unsteady. Was he not dreaming again? Was he really on the same boat, at the side of the glorious Contarini, privileged to talk to her, to gaze into her face, to hear her speak? He burned to declare his passion. He might do so, for they were not near the other passengers, and Libittina, like the true *capperone* that she was, kept carefully beyond ear-shot.

Clifford had fully intended to pour out his heart, knowing he could not have a fairer opportunity. But, when he opened his lips, the words that issued were:

"Have you friends in Chioggi, signorina?"

"Oh, no; I go there only for an excursion, since the day is so beautiful. I shall return with the boat. We Venetians love to go to Chioggia when the weather is pleasant. You know we live for enjoyment."

"I see by the writing in your little book, signorina," said the lover, forgetting about Chioggia, "that you are Isotta Contarini—a beautiful name. You are related, doubtless, to the illustrious family?"

"Yes, signore; but, alas! neither Venice nor the Contarinis are what they were. We are no longer rich or powerful; but now we have a right to be proud, I suppose, as all have who have suffered misfortune." And she cast down her eyes, looking melancholy and more bewitching than ever.

"Beauty is never so fascinating as when overtaken by adversity," exclaimed Ashley, with fervor. "Certainly a woman like you never can be unhappy; for you have everything to make life sweet."

"Ah, signore, you are an American, I presume, though you speak Italian like a Tuscan. Being an American, and a republican, you cannot understand what it is to lose your place in history, your proud position, your great influence, to be humiliated by circumstance, and by the memory of what you have been."

"What could humiliate such a glorious creature as yourself?" cried the youth, vehemently, touching her hand, which she immediately withdrew with a mildly-rebuking glance and a deep-drawn sigh.

"Pardon me, signorina, if I have offended. I meant it not. I—I—so—so—"

"See how blue the water is!" interrupted Isotta. "And have you noticed how soft the air is? This is more like May than November. Is it long since you left home?"

"But a few months; and yet it seems a great while. I am delighted with Italy. While I have been here less than three days, my heart is years older than when I came."

"Are not your countrymen apt to be a little sentimental? I like it. I like America, too; at least I think I should; for I have heard much of it."

"Have you met many Americans?"

"I have never met but one, signore."

"And what is your opinion of him?"

"Perhaps I can tell better after a while."

"Should you like to visit America, signorina?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Tell me about it. The subject is very interesting to me—it is to all Italians; for, you know, it was an Italian, Christopher Columbus, who discovered your country."

Ashley was too polite to correct her, though, had he been better acquainted with the people he was among, he would have found her error a very common one. The most intelligent Italians imagine that San Salvador and the coast of Massachusetts are substantially the same thing. He did not need a second invitation to describe America, the larger and best portion of which, to his mind, was included in his native State. Consequently, he gave a glowing account of South Carolina, of his family, his father's wealth, and his own life, and, when he had finished, he was confident he had exhausted the republic.

The excursion to Chioggia and back, which occupied all day, was delightful to him, and Isotta declared it was to her. If she failed to learn that he was desperately in love with her, she was the dullest woman alive, and a wholly exceptional Italian; for Italian women can feel a disposition toward gallantry before gallantry is well aware of itself.

On arriving at the Riva, he asked when he might see her again, and she answered very femininely that she could not tell. He begged her to accompany him on a gondola-excursion by moonlight the next evening, saying that she could take Libittina along, for she had already instructed him in the conventional requirements of the *capperone*. She finally consented, but admonished him against coming to the residence of her parents—the Palazzo Contarini delle Figure, on the Grand Canal—for they were

very watchful of her, and would not, if they knew it, permit her to speak to a foreigner. She agreed to pass the Molo at eight o'clock the next evening. He should be there, and the gondolier would land and take him on board.

The hour came at last. Ashley had been on the spot since half-past six. A few minutes after the time appointed, he saw the boat with its precious freight coming toward him, the gondolier in the stern, and Libittina near Isotta. A fourth figure was added. The *capperone* took her place near the bow, and he occupied the one she had quitted.

The night was all that could be desired; cool enough for wraps, but a perfect poem of Nature. It was one of the most delicious of all the delicious nights of Venice. The moon was up; its silvery spell was upon the City of the Sea, which lay hushed, enchanting not less than enchanted, under the magic of its rays. The moon is nowhere such a sorceress as in Venice. She turns the watery capital into a dreamy picture, setting its domes and bell-towers in luminous beauty, and softly mirroring the glorious heavens in its green lagoons. No one can say he has seen Venice who has not seen it under the moonlight, which idealizes its crumbling architecture, and renders poetic its every shred of prose.

As the gondola slipped off toward the Lido, swaying gently to the movement of the rower; as the silence, pensiveness, and beauty of the scene stirred the blood of the young couple with deliciously-mysterious influence, they looked into one another's eyes, and gravitated together. His hand went to hers; her head drooped on his shoulder and crept to his bosom. Nature had asserted herself, and conventionality had retired. Not a word had been said. They were happy, and happiness has no need of speech. Libittina dozed; the gondolier mechanically and drowsily impelled the boat, and Isotta and Clifford, drinking each the wine of the other's spirit, were blessed with love's intoxication.

At last he whispered: "Darling Isotta, I love you very much. Will you be my wife?" The ripe, warm mouth gave answer in a kiss, and the sky and the sea were the witnesses of the handclasp of their hearts. That broke the sentimental stillness, and their unloosed tongues ran the round of delightful platitudes which every passion inspires afresh.

They were then far beyond the Lido, fairly out upon the Adriatic. Ashley signed to the gondolier to return, and fell back into the new world which love had created from his divine imagining. While they retraced their course, their future plans were discussed and determined. They must elope, Isotta said. Her family would never consent to her marriage with a foreigner, and a plain citizen; nor could a priest be found in all Venice who would unite a Catholic to a Protestant. She knew a friar in Milan on whom she felt sure she could prevail to perform the sacred office, and to Milan they would fly the next morning; and, ere the evening came, they would be fast wedded. Then they would journey to London; Ashley would present his Italian

bride to his parents, and all the rest would be a realized romance.

The next morning, half an hour before the train started, Ashley and Isotta met at the station. She had only a little luggage, such as she could take from her home without suspicion. Libittina was with her, and her cousin, the young man who had accompanied Isotta to the Piazza, and of whom Clifford had been very jealous until he had been informed of his kinship to the Contarini. The cousin sympathized with the lovers, and was willing to promote their happiness; and Isotta declared she owed him much for his assistance; that but for him she might not have been able to elude the watchfulness and escape the suspicion of her family. The train was ready; the railway official had already thrice announced in stentorian tones the immediate departure for Milan. Libittina was in a tumult of tears, and wrung her stout, brown hands as if she were relinquishing her unshriven soul forever; Giuseppe Alosso, the cousin, kissed Isotta on both cheeks, and commended her to the care of the Virgin, and the train moved quietly out of the station, the lovers seated very close together, and holding one another's hands.

"Do not weep," said Clifford to Isotta. "From this moment our new life, our long day of happiness begins."

"My tears, dearest, are tears of joy; and yet some of them may fall at the thought that, for the first time, I am leaving my home and country, perhaps never to return. You who have traveled so much cannot understand what it is for a Venetian maiden to look her last on Venice."

"But if you give up Venice, Isotta, you gain love."

"Yes, yes," she answered, smiling through her tears; "and love is worth the world."

Arrived at Milan, they drove to the *Hôtel Ca-vour*. Then Isotta proposed to go alone in search of the friar she had formerly known in Venice, that they might be certain of his compliance ere they should appear before him with their request. "He is a worldly priest," she said. "He loves money, and a bribe may be necessary."

"Take my pocket-book," remarked Ashley. "It will be cheap to buy our happiness at any price."

"That is not necessary. If he should want money, it will be time to pay him when he has performed the ceremony."

Clifford insisted; ordered a *vettura*, and Isotta stepped in, with the assurance that she would be back within an hour.

The hour passed, another and another. It was long after dark, and Ashley was half crazed with anxiety and fear. Something direful must have happened. Any knowledge were better than that dreadful suspense. He knew not what to do; he was not acquainted with anybody in the city; he was afraid to quit the hotel to search for her, lest some tidings should come in his absence. He passed the night in torment: he did not close his eyes, but resolved the next morning to apply to the police, and leave no stone unturned to solve the mystery of his betrothed's disappearance.

Going down to breakfast, he found a hurried note (who had brought it he could not learn) scrawled on a bit of soiled paper, of which this is a translation :

"We have been betrayed. I am forced to suspect either Libittina or my cousin. My parents discovered my flight. One of their secret agents must have come on the same train with us. I was arrested fifteen minutes after I had parted with you. I cannot tell you more now. I send this by stealth, hoping it may reach you. Everything is uncertain at this moment. Do not seek to find me; it is useless. Pray for my deliverance, and may the Virgin keep you !
ISOTTA."

The note, which bore no date, rather darkened than cleared the mystery. He applied to the police. They knew nothing of the affair; they supposed the girl had been carried back to Venice, or, still more probably, had been shut up in a convent. Some of the old Venetian families were so very proud that they would kill their daughters before they would permit them to make a misalliance. The police evidently did not quite believe his story, particularly the part referring to the intended marriage. But he was obliged to content himself with their absence of information, and, though he staid a month in Milan, he could learn nothing more.

At the end of that time he went back to Venice, believing that there he must gain some intelligence of the Contarini. He deemed silence his wisest course, fearing if he instituted inquiry that her parents might take new alarm, and secure her still more firmly. "I will stay in Venice until I learn something about her," he said, "if I have to wait all my life."

At the Barbese he met two of his classmates who spoke to one another of his pallid and emaciated ap-

pearance, and asked him after his health. He remarked that he had been traveling a good deal; that he felt tired and worn, and needed rest. This time he found a number of his countrymen and many Englishmen in Venice, most of whom he was introduced to, and got well acquainted with. They spent their evenings in the Piazza, of course; and one night a bluff New-Yorker, a middle-aged man of the world, who had passed half his life abroad, and who knew Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and the other capitals intimately, was talking very egotistically but intelligently about Venice. He ventured the remark that he knew something of all its prominent families, and of the tricks and devices which its people put off upon strangers. "One of these," he continued, "is to pretend to be what they are not, and by their pretense to dupe greenhorns. Adventurers frequently play this game. I remember a devilish shrewd, accomplished, and pretty woman, who has been in this business for ten years. She looks very young, though she must be over thirty. She is a Venetian by birth; but she has lived all over Europe. She has duped dozens of men, and, in the end, has robbed every one of them. She is sharper than lightning. She has several *aliases*; but one of her favorite names is Isotta Contarini."

"You are a liar and a scoundrel!" exclaimed Ashley, leaping from his seat.

The New-Yorker looked at him in amazement for a moment, and was on the point of resenting the insult, when he remarked, quietly :

"Oh, yes, I see: you're drunk, my dear boy."

He had reason to think so. No sooner had Ashley spoken than he turned deadly pale, and sank back into his chair, dazed, bewildered, helpless.

Clifford Ashley had learned the first worldly lesson of his life, and it was a bitter one.

AN OLD STORY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

I NEVER meant to wrong you—this is true,

Although you wear a look of unbelief;

No wonder, either, knowing all you do,

But you may trust me, for my time is brief.

These are the last words I shall speak with you,

And then the evil tale of shame and grief

Comes to an ending. It will all be done

Before the shining of another sun.

There was a time you loved me, certainly—

How long ago it seems, and far away!

I wonder sometimes was it really me

You married, and brought home that summer-day,

That June day, sweet with song of bird and bee,

To the old house that fronted on the bay!

Ah! dear old house! I see the roses still

That used to clamber round the window-sill.

I smell the salt sea-wind that used to blow

Across the marshes; and I hear again

The lapping of the water to and fro,

The screaming of the gulls before the rain—

Those little things that happened long ago;

To-night they all come back to me so plain—

I see the very boats that used to ride

Backward and forward on the shifting tide.

If this were all a dream, and I could wake

And find myself in that old house once more,

And smell the sea, and hear the laugh and break

Of lapping waves along the level shore,

I should be glad—so glad! Nor would I make

The misery for you I made before.

Would I had dreamed it all, and could undo

The sorrow and the wrong I wrought for you!

I never meant it, though—you must believe

My dying words. I had no thought of sin,

No thought of anything but to retrieve

Some empty hours, some diversion win—

For time hung heavy, and I used to grieve

More than you knew, for my own home and kin;

I missed, in that old house beside the sea,

So much, you know, that had been dear to me.

You were absorbed with many a weighty care,
And could not take the time, perhaps, to heed;
It seemed to tax your patience but to spare
An hour or so at evening for my need;
And so I thought I hardly had my share
Of wifely honor, and was sore indeed,
And bitter often with a sense of wrong
That made the days more desolate and long.

If I had had a child—but there, again,
That boon so universal and so free
I of all others must desire in vain—
The joy of motherhood was not for me.
I would have borne its utmost care and strain—
No woman on God's earth more willingly—
Could I have ever rocked to happy rest
A baby of my own upon my breast.

You never thought I cared? Ah! well, I did,
And there were other things I cared for, too,
But shyly half, and half in pride kept hid
By reason of my bitter thoughts of you;
Why should I tell you, only to be chid
For discontent? And so you never knew
How dull my days were, and how sore the smart
Of disappointment in my empty heart.

He knew without the telling—all the rest
Grew out of this with such a gradual growth
I never saw the danger—never guessed
That I was false at heart to wedded troth—
Till sudden passion leaped up unrepressed,
And sudden ruin overwhelmed us both.
No need to tell you more, you know the worst;
But truly I was innocent at first.

Sometimes I feel—and you will smile, no doubt,
A bitter smile, and scornful, when I've said
The wicked thing you'll think it, boldly out—
I feel as if I shall not wholly dread
To stand before Him who dispersed the rout
That would have stoned a sinful woman dead—
He knows my sin, and my temptation too;
He will not be so stern a judge as you.

So I go forth to meet Him, glad to go—
For in this world is no more room for me.
There is another life somewhere, I know,
And, Christ being in it, it may also be
That I shall find my place there, and may grow
To something worth redeeming finally.
I see your pitying look—I hear your sigh;
No matter! Kiss me once before I die.

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

AND into the peaceful scene I have described dropped presently the thunderbolt. It came in the shape of old Dr. Wells.

If Avice had a friend whose kindness to her at all equaled that of Mrs. Harmer, that friend was Dr. Wells. He had watched her in infancy; he had rendered gratuitously to her mother those attentions through her failing health for which she could have afforded no remuneration; he had assisted to procure for Avice, by his recommendation of her, her place at Mrs. Vanvannick's; and on her dismissal from that place, he raised his voice in defense of her and in blame to her mistress, and, had he been a free agent, would have offered the helpless girl the protection of his roof. But the doctor's household was ruled by his sister, an ancient maiden lady, whose ideas of propriety were as rigid as those of ancient maiden ladies are apt to be. With her, to be suspected and to be guilty were alike sinful; to her the pretty face and the smirched name were alike distasteful; it was, therefore, out of the question to suggest to her to be a friend to the friendless; and, indeed, she had more than once signified her disapproval of the doctor's entering the list as Avice's champion. He had, however, remained true to his belief in her innocence, and that belief he never hesitated to express, in action as well as in word.

He entered the room hurriedly, and cast his eye rapidly round. As it fell on Avice, he smiled, and was evidently relieved.

"Very hot, ain't it?" said Mrs. Harmer, as she set a chair. "I'll go and put your horse in, doctor; the boys are away."

"Never mind him, please; I have not long to stay, and he will do very well where he is; I tied him in the shade. Hot? I should think so. Those who are out in the sun know that better than you do. Where are all your folks?"

"Ephe and Ben are in the hay-field, and Fred and Dorade are gone to Whitechester. You see all that's left, for we've had no visitors to-day."

"And neither of you has left the house, I suppose?"

"I've been nowhere, but Avice was out all the morning."

"Where?" asked the doctor, with a visible change of countenance.

"She went over the ridge to pick berries, and—that reminds me.—Avice, show the doctor your arm.—She hurt herself, and I'm afraid, from the way it's bled, it's worse than she thinks."

The doctor made no answer, except such as might be expressed in his anxious face. He looked at Avice, and she blushed, and did not meet his eye; and he, though but for a moment, felt his faith fail. When the question of the girl's criminality had been discussed under the roof where the victim of the crime was lying, he had expressed such utter disbelief in the justice of the suspicion; he had been so confident that he had but to ask to be assured of the impossibility of her implication in it; he had come to Mrs. Harmer's so certain that she would be able to prove for her *protégée* a convincing *alibi*, that the shock of the disappointment was very great.

"What's the matter, doctor?" said Mrs. Harmer, observing his changed looks.

"Avice, come here," he said, suddenly, by way of answer.

She came and stood before him, wondering what was to come, but not afraid.

"Avice, did you never do anything you did not want to have known?"

"I'll not quite say that, sir; we all do such things sometimes."

"You have done nothing to-day that you would wish to hide?"

This speech, to Mrs. Harmer, could have but one meaning. "It won't be hid for long anyway, Dr. Wells." The doctor looked at her, and was amazed to see that she bridled and smiled.

"There is some strange mistake," he stammered. "Have you heard anything?"

"I've heard what Avice told me. Have you heard it already, too?"

What did she mean? What should he do? If these two women knew the truth, would one smile and the other blush as they did now? If they did not—if neither of them was acquainted with the tragedy of the morning, must his be the tongue to make it known? Out of the confusion of his thoughts one conviction was born—that more depended on him than he had either expected or desired. But he had gone too far to recede; interest and curiosity were already aroused, and he must pursue his course, though now uncertain whither it might lead him.

"Avice, did you see Stephen Vanvannick to-day?"

"Let Mrs. Harmer tell you all about it," said the girl, with a nervous laugh, trying to disengage the hand he had taken; but he held her firmly.

"Answer me, Avice. You will be asked the question by sterner lips than mine. Have you seen Stephen Vanvannick to-day?"

"Yes; what was the harm?" She was frightened now at his look and tone.

"What did he say to you? Where did you leave him? Was he as usual? Was there no one else with him?"

"I left him on the ridge; he was alone and he was quite well, and he said—I—oh, what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Something is wrong," said Mrs. Harmer. "Please, doctor, speak out." Her fears were all thoroughly aroused now, though as yet she knew not what to fear.

"Did you and Stephen quarrel? Would you do him any harm?"

"Quarrel!—harm!—We are going to be married next week."

Dr. Wells was as much confounded as Mrs. Harmer had been, but with his darker knowledge he had no ability to reflect on the inconsistencies her statement must involve. And there was no time to be lost; he knew the impression that was abroad as to the author of Stephen's death; he knew that where he had come others less gentle would soon

follow; and he knew that he, having assumed his present duty, must fulfill it to the end.

He took the girl by the arms and looked her full in the face. "You believe that Stephen Vanvannick is going to marry you next week?" he said.

The girl gave him back look for look. "He has promised me," she replied, "and this time I know he will keep his word."

There is no mistaking the light of truth. It beamed out of Avice's blue eyes in all the glory of the trusting faith that is evoked by the doubt of another. After that scrutiny Dr. Wells never wavered again in his belief; accusation was as the sighing of the summer wind, legal proof was, no proof at all, to the man who had looked for that instant into the depths of the woman's soul.

But it made his present task none the easier. What the fairy fabric was that he was to level to the earth with a breath he did not yet know; but he did know that such existed, and that the fears of the inhabitant of the airy palace were already aroused for its stability. He paused a moment, if the change in the flash of his thought could be called a pause. He knew, as others of the profession know, that while wounds of lesser consequence will cause agonies that wring the human frame, a mortal injury may sometimes be scarcely felt. May it not be thus also with the mind? May it not be possible so to stun sensation that, while the intellect receives intelligence, the heart may not yet perceive the pain? May there not be cases where carefulness is cruelty, and where the truer mercy is to deal the blow with steady and unsparing hand?

Perhaps Dr. Wells did not reason all this out, but he acted on the thought. For what he had to tell no preparation could prepare his hearers, and he rushed into the middle of the subject without waiting for reflection, and told the whole in a breath.

"My poor child, Stephen Vanvannick will never marry you nor any one else. He was killed on the ridge this morning, and people say your hand did it."

He had calculated correctly if he had calculated at all. The girl did not in the least take in the meaning or feel the weight of his words. While the elder woman gasped and shrank, the younger only started, and then—laughed aloud.

"I kill Stephen!" she said. "That's amusing; why, I love him better than my life." Then she looked again at the doctor, and saw new meaning in his face. "Tell me what you mean!" she cried, in a voice of sharp suspense and dread.

"You know what I mean, poor girl. Stephen is dead."

The too common words found their significance in her mind, but she did not yet grasp the whole deadly truth. "It is not true. I left him well and strong. What can have happened to him since?"

"He has been murdered, Avice; it was not you—"

But he never finished the sentence; the mortal blow had descended, and sensation was stunned. Avice Gray fell as though Heaven's bolt had struck

her instead of a man's words, and for a time her physical condition gave occupation enough to the two who were witnesses of it. When, however, they had done all that could be done, and awaited the return of sensibility to the senseless frame, they exchanged confidences, each told the other all that either knew. As they made out the case, it looked very black, indeed; and, though both were firmly convinced of the innocence of the unhappy child before them, both felt how difficult the task of proving that innocence would probably be.

It was long before Avice came back to the consciousness of her life, her weight of misery, and her agony of dread; and longer still before the first tempest of her anguish was succeeded by the calm of exhaustion. It would not be true to say that it comforted her to find that these two believed in her; comfort there could be none; but she did feel that there was some prop left to save her from falling headlong into the black gulf of despair; that she was not utterly alone, but still possessed some stay to cling to. Even this was something, and they strove to impress this idea firmly in her shaken and wandering mind.

"Listen to me," said Dr. Wells, when all the various aspects of the affair and what to do and leave undone had been discussed between him and the elder woman, she who could speak and whose tears could flow—"listen to me, Avice; and, if I do wrong for your sake, I hope I may be forgiven. I won't ask if you are innocent; I believe it, as I believe you live; but others will not believe it, and you should know what you have to expect. Suspicion is strong against you, and I am afraid facts will be stronger still. You will be arrested, accused, tried, perhaps convicted—" he paused. "Now, one of two things must be done: If you stay here, just what I have said will happen; but if you say the word you shall go away and be safe."

"But, if she goes," said Mrs. Harmer, "it will be saying she did the deed."

"Something like it," said the doctor. "To fly is to imply guilt, if not to confess it.—I am wrong, Avice, to make you the offer; I risk punishment as well as blame in doing so; but I am so convinced of your innocence, and so convinced of the difficulty of proving it if you are once accused, that I will favor your escape if you choose to make it. There is my horse; the road that way is safe for you still; and if you like to leave the house I will not look which way you go. From Whitechester you may go anywhere you please."

It was a wild proposal, and the good doctor's judgment must have been bewildered, as well as his principles clouded, when he made it. The girl's instincts were truer. Intuitions may exist quite independent of culture, and they served Avice Gray now.

"What should I do anywhere but here, even if I went free and happy?" she said. "I have but one life, and the sooner that comes to an end now the better for me. This is the way, isn't it? If I go away, as you say, every one will believe that I killed

Stephen because he said while he lived I never should marry Fred?"

The old man would have wondered at the unnatural calmness with which she spoke, had he not many times proved in his long experience that among the strange anomalies of our nature one of the strangest is often the difference between our feelings and their expression.

"Yes," he answered; "but you will be tried if you stay, and perhaps found—"

"Found guilty, and—" She could not say the other word. "But if I stay I can say I never did it, and that I loved him and he loved me, if it is the last word I ever speak!"

"Yes, surely; but that will do you no good, my poor child."

"No matter; I will not run away like a wicked coward when I can stay to tell the truth."

"That's a brave girl, Avice," said Mrs. Harmer. "And we'll all stand by you. If we all uphold you that know you best, they can't accuse you of such a crime."

Dr. Wells shook his head. He saw that the women lost sight of the danger in the grief, while he appreciated to the full the peril in which the girl stood. He did not, however, make any more proposals for her escape; perhaps he was glad he had not been already taken at his word. He remained some time longer, endeavoring, if in vain, to administer some consolation to the poor child on whom the full sense of her desolation was now pouring, and who sorrowed for the beloved of her life to the total exclusion of all thought but that of despair for his loss; but he feared to wait to see what was to come, and departed, leaving to Mrs. Harmer the hopeless task of offering comfort where comfort could be none. Over the brilliant gleam that had shone for a moment for Avice Gray had come a sudden darkness, black as a midnight cloud; the waters of affliction had overflowed, and Avice was lip-deep in the bitter flood.

CHAPTER VI.

DORADE.

IT soon appeared how different was the opinion generally entertained of the guilt or innocence of Avice Gray from that which was shared by the two who thought they knew her best. At the inquest proof was so strong against her that to express any doubt of her criminality was considered as almost evincing a desire to screen the criminal; and as strong as the proof was the feeling. It would be easy, but useless, to dwell on this part of the story; the positive evidence may be very shortly summed up. The last words of the dying man, sworn to by those who had heard them; the absolute certainty of Philip Mason that he had seen a woman's dress and figure in attempted concealment at the very time and on the spot where the murder must have been committed; the reluctant testimony of Mrs. Harmer that Avice had been absent the whole

morning; the fatal evidence of the corresponding flowers in the wood-path and in the girl's hair; the blood-stained dress, for which the scratched arm seemed insufficient to account—all together built up a fabric of accusation that such defense as could be made was far too feeble to overthrow. All defense was feeble at the best. What every one considered as the unlikely story of the reconciliation and the intended marriage was told in vain; it fell unheeded on the ears of those who believed it invented to screen a crime of the blackest dye. It was in vain that Dr. Wells confessed his willingness to have favored the girl's escape, and dwelt on her refusal to take advantage of his offer as a strong point in her favor; in vain that Mrs. Harmer expatiated on her gentle disposition and blameless life; Dr. Wells was severely blamed, but his statement had no effect in exculpating Avice; and, though what Mrs. Harmer bore witness to might show that Avice was amiable in her domestic life, that had nothing to do with what she might be when temptation came and when her evil passions were aroused. Her own protestations, of course, went for nothing. According to her own account, she had parted with Stephen on the most affectionate terms; she had left him well and gay, and was four miles off at the moment when the fatal blow must have been given—but of what avail to say so herself? Far be it from me to find fault with what law and custom consecrate, but surely in this matter of evidence some reform is needed. Avice's confession that she had been on the ridge was accepted at once as truth—her assertion that she had left it an hour before noon received not the slightest credit. Is it just that our own testimony should be always taken against ourselves and never admitted in our favor? Had Avice been able to produce one witness, however unworthy, the evidence of that witness would have been admitted without doubt; her own word was valueless, though those most intimately acquainted with her had testified on their salvation that she had never been known to tell a lie.

The poor child herself understood but little of what went on. She lost sight of herself and her own share in the proceedings in the torpid sorrow that accompanied the knowledge now fully borne in upon her mind that she should see Stephen no more; that the hand which so little time before had twined the flowers in her hair was stiff and cold; that the lips which had renewed their early vows and left their sweetness on her own were still and silent forever. In her anguish she could almost have said, and believed that she meant it, that she would be glad to suffer as the cause of his death, and trust to a higher mercy than that of man for meeting him in the other world; but perhaps her thoughts were scarcely clear enough even for this. You must not judge of her state of mind by what your own might have been in her place. Instincts of affection and dread are shared by all living beings, and Avice possessed them; but a certain amount of cultivation is needful even to feel with keenness of perception, and Avice's mind had received no cultivation at all. She

knew, in a dull stupor of grief, that the light of her life had gone out; she dimly felt that she was an object of curiosity and aversion; she heard words of accusation addressed to her of which she hardly understood, and certainly did not heed, the meaning; but she had not yet realized the charge brought against her and its probable consequences. She clung, however, to Mrs. Harmer with a tenacity that seemed to show that in her she recognized her only friend, and it was not until the time came for parting from her, and her friend, with tears that would not be restrained, owned that she could shield her no longer, but must give her up to the dreadful power of the law, that the scream of despair which she uttered showed that she at last felt the whole horror and peril of the position in which she stood.

"You will not forsake me?" she said, imploringly, looking up into the kind, hard-featured face which alone in all the crowd showed pity or sympathy. "You will come to me—if they will let you? O Mrs. Harmer, how cruel they are!"

And the woman who had been mother to the motherless, and could no longer protect, made all the answer, and gave all the comfort possible, with kisses and tears; and the unbelieving scoffed at her delusion and credulity, and the more good-natured hoped she might yet be proved in the right in her faith; and so the sad scene ended. Avice Gray went alone and unfriended with her new keepers to her strange abode, and Mrs. Harmer returned mournfully home.

Her testimony as to the absence of her son and daughter had rendered their attendance and evidence needless: she had, indeed, not expected Dorade's return until later in the night; but, on entering the kitchen (how desolate it seemed to find no Avice there!), she found her there before her. The first glance told her mother that she had heard the news, but Mrs. Harmer was amazed at the effect it appeared to have produced. Stephen was but an ordinary acquaintance—of Avice she had never been fond—why should the girl look as she looked now?

Dorade was a pale girl, with large black eyes, in whose depths slumbered a passion which the wise would be careful to leave slumbering. Excitement of a pleasant nature sometimes brought a flush of color to her cheeks, and on such occasions her face would brighten into beauty; but, generally speaking, the fierce energy of her dark eyes was negated by an expression of languor and dejection in the other features. This evening her face was as bloodless as that of the dead man on whom her thoughts were fixed, and her eyes were encircled by dark rings such as might have been caused by hours of weeping, but which were contradicted by the fire that burned within them unquenched by a single tear. The mouth, which was richly curved and red, and, smiling, might have been beautiful, was contracted, set as if with physical pain, and the forehead showed a deep line where the brows were drawn together. The girl believed herself alone, and her whole attitude—the weary figure, the listless, drooping hands, the bent head—was expressive of hopeless dejection. She

started violently as her mother opened the door, and, on seeing who entered, gave a sigh, half of disappointment, half of relief.

"You've heard the news, I see, child," said Mrs. Harmer, as she removed her bonnet and shawl, and snuffed the candle which Dorade had forgotten and left flaring in the night-breeze that came cool through the window.

Dorade gave a shiver, which might mean anything, but did not reply in words.

"You take it to heart more'n I expected, by the look of you! Poor Avice! It came very hard on me to leave her behind in such hands."

"Poor Avice!" repeated Dorade, in a tone of scathing scorn. "Do you mean to say you pity *her*? Is *she* the one to be felt for? The vile wretch!"

"Do you mean to say, Dorade, that you do *not* pity her? Do you mean to say that you believe anything against her?"

"Anything! Is there anything I could *not* believe? Is there anything I would not do—? Mother, I could have told you long ago what that girl was, and would if you would have believed me; but you were so blinded by her— Oh, I hope and pray she may be hanged!"

"Dorade!" said her mother, terrified as well as amazed at this outbreak, "what, in God's name, do you mean? Avice has been like a daughter to me, and a sister almost to you; and when she comes back to us again—"

"Comes back!" echoed Dorade, with a laugh that was more terrible to hear than the scorn or the anger. "She's safe to come back, isn't she? I have heard everything, mother, and I know just how much chance Avice Gray has of ever coming back. You will feel well, won't you, when you think you have brought a daughter up to be hanged? It's too good for her—it's a pity she could not be burned alive, or whipped to strips!"

"You are crazy, Dorade," said her mother, quietly. Indeed, looking at the now flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, it did seem as if she might not be responsible for what she said in her excitement, and Mrs. Harmer thought it best to try to soothe her, and to divert her thoughts by changing the subject of conversation. "Are you very tired? Where have you been all day? Were you in time for the train?"

"Tired? Tired's no name for it! Yes, I saw Fred off by the noon train, and I've been visiting ever since, and talking till my tongue and my brains are weary, and my head fit to split. Oh, how it does ache! Tired! After driving that mare of Vanvanick's? I tell you they must feed her gas or chain-lightning in her oats. I've got a pretty firm hand, and it gave me all I wanted to do to hold her in. How she does go!" Dorade laughed again, so harshly and unnaturally that her mother became really alarmed.

"Go to bed, dear; you want rest, and a good sleep."

"Yes, I'll go just now. But about the black mare: Ben wants her badly, and so do I now. He was going to make a trade with Steve, but I guess

the old man will have to do the trading now. He'll see about it when he takes her home to-morrow. I forgot, though—won't the funeral be to-morrow? Where is my memory? I believe I had better take your advice, mother, and go to bed. I'm very tired. —Good-night."

Her mother looked after her as she left the room, longing to give the care and sympathy which she saw were sorely needed; but Dorade's "tempers" were too well known in the household for her to venture to offer them. That something was wrong she could see plainly enough. She thought it even stranger than Dorade's usual strangeness that on this eventful night her thoughts should be fixed on such a trifle as the black mare instead of the momentous and unhappy circumstances that had occurred; but her simple, straightforward mind never perceived that the girl was acting a part, and, in the painful effort to sustain it, overacting it altogether. What is easiest to see is not always what we do see; and Mrs. Harmer's eyes were closed on this occasion. She sighed, but she remained; and Dorade went upstairs alone.

She locked the door when she had entered her own room. She set down the candle, and, after a moment's hesitation, went to the glass.

"What do I look like?" she whispered. "What does any one look like after going through what I have gone through to-day? One would think the traces of such experience would be plain enough, marked in the devil's own handwriting, but I suppose it's not visible in my face yet. Crazy? Not yet. I wish there was any chance of it; but, as I've kept my senses till now, I'm not likely to lose them over anything that's yet to come; and I should like to know it when—"

"I wonder if I did it well? I wonder if I showed enough horror of her, and enough indifference for him? Shall I be able to go on acting, and shall I be able to deceive them all if I do? I must, if that is to happen that I want. Do I want it? Can I stand by and see it if it comes? Is it Heaven or Satan that has put this temptation in my way? Am I going mad, I wonder? I must not, for I might let it all out if I did—"

"What will they do to her? If the worst comes—if he does not come back, and I cannot speak—what can I do? Oh, if I did but know! If I could but have staid there or gone back sooner! I cannot go now till the house is quiet—and it is too light still."

She put out the candle, and went to the window, kneeling down with her arms upon the ledge, and turning up her face to the sky. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but the moon was not yet full, and hung low in the south, casting long shadows and showing every object on which shone her silver light distinct and clear. The rays touched the girl's pale face as she knelt with her eyes fixed on the stars she evidently did not see. Her gaze was turned inward, and her expression told that the sight beheld by her mental vision was far different from the peaceful scene on which the moonbeams shone. What did

she see with the eyes of memory? What were her thoughts? Could this girl, whom no one supposed to be in the remotest manner connected with the morning's mystery, have rendered it, had she spoken, a mystery no longer?

"I wish I could say a prayer," she murmured, laying her head wearily down upon her arms. "If he is above and beyond those stars now, and knows my heart—but I dare not. Am I most wicked or most miserable? There is no help—the wrong is begun, and must go on." She looked up again, and whispered, wildly: "Come to me—tell me what you would have me do—only for one moment—you cannot yet be very far away—listen while I tell you what you never knew—I—" Her voice died away, her rapt look changed to one of blank despair, and she again buried her face in her hands.

Is such grief contemptible because it comes in homely guise? Are the elements of tragedy less tragic because in our daily life they jostle the commonplace? or does passion become grotesque because it finds but incoherent and ungrammatical expression? I doubt that the velvet and soft speech of this world do not yet monopolize, any more than they defy, its temptations, its dangers, and its agonies.

"I must sleep," she said at last. "I shall break down if I do not rest. I *will* sleep." She rose, crossed the room, and threw herself upon the bed. Of course, she might as well have tried to fly; who ever yet took repose by force? She lay still, however, listening with painful intentness to the various sounds below, and longing for them to cease. To her eager waiting every one seemed to delay, and she thought that the night must be almost over when she heard the preparations for retiring begin. How securely her mother fastened and bolted the door! How should she ever uncloset it as silently as she must? How tardy were her brothers, and how slow their steps as they passed her door! But at last all was still; and, when her careful ears could detect no sound in all the silent house, she rose, crossed the room again, and again looked out from the window.

The moon had sunk lower, the shadows were longer, the silence more ghost-like. She moved very cautiously as she changed her dress for the oldest and worst she possessed, muffled herself in a gray shawl, and put a veil over her face. Then she opened her door and listened. From the room opposite came the sound of the steady, regular breathing that denoted sleep; it was her mother's room, and she drew a sigh of relief. Her brothers were in the chambers above; Avice—ah!—Avice Gray slept elsewhere that night. As the thought crossed her mind, her forehead contracted in a heavy frown and her lips set in firm determination; she shut the door behind her, and went with silent tread down the staircase, her shoes in her hand. As she softly unclosed the lower window, and got out over the low sill into the moonlight, she heard the kitchen clock strike eleven. It struck three as she reëntered, as quietly as she had issued forth. The moonlight was gone, but in the east was the first indication of the morn-

ing that was soon to break, and in its pale, cold reflection the girl looked wan and rigid as a ghost. Whatever had been the object of her secret expedition, it had failed, if failure were denoted by heavy step, languid movement, and a look that would have been despair but for the shade of that which is even sadder than despair—suspense. In the startled glance, in the nervous turn of the head, in the hesitation of eye and hand, might be read the signs that, though the past was in no degree remedied, there was dread of danger yet to come.

Dorade gained her chamber in safety, for the household were still wrapped in the slumber in which she had left them. She took off and locked up her stained garments, drenched with dew, to which the dust had clung (was it only dust that had so defiled them, and whence came the weeds and the slime?), attired herself in the dress in which she must resume her every-day work in the morning—she did not even court sleep this time—and then, having bathed her face, knelt down again by the window. The night was over—the eastern sky was red, bright with fair promise of the summer sunrise that would soon flood the world with life and light. To thousands of human hearts the morning brought rejoicing—to thousands more it was the herald and harbinger of sorrow and of shame; but, of all who gazed upon its dawning beams, perhaps none dreaded more than Dorade did the birth of the new day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLENDER THREAD.

IF there be anything more evanescent than the fame of one, it is perhaps the excitement of the many. Humanity, easily moved to mirth or madness, cannot bear continued strain; and so it happens that, of what moment soever may be the event that breaks the monotony of the life of any community, the attention it excites in all but those most immediately concerned is but of brief duration. Astonishment, horror, and delight, are short-lived emotions, when the joys and griefs of others are their moving cause; and after the first exclamations have subsided, and first feelings cooled, each goes his way, one to his farm and another to his merchandise, and the momentary interest is soon forgotten.

So it came to pass that what had occurred on the 14th of July, terrible and long to be remembered as at the time it appeared, had, by the 22d of August, been numbered with the events of the past. The hurry of the harvest-labors, the pleasures of the young, and the cares of the old, went on none the less that Stephen Vanvannick slept in the quiet country graveyard: labors done and pleasures ended, and never in this life to know care again! The qualities that had made him a favorite were still remembered; mention of his lamentable end still elicited an expression of horror and compassion; but to most of those to whom he had been acquaint-

ance, friend, and neighbor, Stephen Vanvannick was now only a name.

But, be it remembered, I limited my observations on the mutability of human interest to those not immediately concerned; with those whose life's happiness or welfare is bound up in the cause of excitement, the case is far different. Vain suspense and fear are faithful and abiding companions, and not lightly to be shaken off when once they have taken up their abode in our hearts. To Avice Gray, bearing her burden of sorrow and dread as best she might in uncheered solitude; to the bereaved parents, longing (little as they would have admitted it, and Christians as they professed to be) for vengeance on the author of their loss and their grief; to Dorade, for reasons known to herself alone; and in a less degree to her mother and Dr. Wells—the time, both past and to come, had lost none of its tragic interest. With them, to recall what had gone by still jarred every nerve; with them it still stirred every pulse to think of what the future had yet to bring.

On this August afternoon, Dr. Wells was slowly jogging along the dusty road, in company with the well-known chestnut pony, who, like his master, was not so young as he once had been. The doctor's face was grave, for it expressed the tone of his thoughts, which were very grave indeed. He was thinking of the interview he had had in the morning with Avice Gray.

For the doctor was allowed to see her; indeed, he had constituted himself her guardian and adviser. He instructed and bore the charges of the lawyer who must give her the assistance it lay not in his power to bestow, and he gave her what consolation and what hope he could without deviating from the truth. But the comfort was but little and the hope of the slenderest. What a fragile chance was that of the appearance of a person who had come no one knew whence and gone no one knew whither, whose very name was unknown, and whose existence even was regarded by some as a fabrication of Avice Gray's fertile brain!—for, in public opinion, the girl who had committed such a crime must be capable of any cleverness of invention, any device to conceal the truth. Public opinion might see reason to change, if it would consider that cleverness and criminality do not always, or often, go together, and that those whose actions are the worst generally blunder the most, both in planning them beforehand and concealing them when performed.

Avice herself knew so little what was needed for her exculpation, she attached so little consequence to the chance meeting with the stranger in the wood, that it was not until the second time Dr. Wells saw her in the prison that he discovered what important evidence, could it only be obtained, might be adduced in her behalf. But the doctor saw at once the paramount necessity of securing such a witness in her favor if it lay within the bounds of possibility to do so; indeed, to obtain some actual proof of her absence from the scene of the tragedy seemed the only chance for Avice now; and here was one who, if her story were true, would give positive testimony

that when Stephen Vanvannick died Avice Gray was four miles from the place of his death. Comparison of times and seasons left no doubt of this; the two young men who had discovered the murder were certain that it was but a few minutes after noon when they reached the spot; the doctor was equally sure that that could have been but a few minutes after the fatal blow must have been given; and, when Avice spoke of having heard the whistle of the railway as she talked to the stranger, he took care to ascertain the exact time of the arrival of that particular train, found it had been but ten minutes behind time, and, therefore, came in at five minutes before noon. Clearer proof, therefore, of the absence of Avice from the one place than was afforded by her presence in the other, and a more complete refutation of the charge against her, could not be desired; but how was that testimony which would clear her to be obtained? There lay the difficulty. To that the poor girl, think as she might, could give no clew.

Dr. Wells had done all that it was in his power to do. He had made inquiries at Bleekman's whether any stranger had been there on the eventful morning; unfortunately, there had been several, and among them the one indicated by Avice could not be identified, so that, though her statement was not contradicted, it was in no degree verified. He had instituted a search among the hotels and houses of entertainment in Whitechester, a hopeless task which, as may be supposed, ended in no result; he had posted notices through the town in hopes the man might still be lingering there, and would see them, stating the urgent necessity of his coming forward with the truth; he had advertised to the same purpose in all the newspapers of the principal cities and towns. But as yet no result had come from all his efforts; in the five weeks that had elapsed since he had commenced them he had found no signs; some people laughed openly at his credulity; others, while giving him credit for the benevolence of his motives, blamed him for spending time and money in so unworthy a cause; while all wondered at the delusion under which he labored in company with the few others who believed in the innocence of Avice Gray. He cared little for that; but it cut him to the heart every time he went to the prison to see the poor child look up at him with heavy, wistful eyes, that contained the question she no longer dared to put into words, to witness the expression of fresh disappointment that came over her face as she read again in his that he brought her no good news, to hear the sigh with which she answered when he said as cheerfully as he could, "No news yet, my child, but better fortune to-morrow; we must hope for the best." The future was beginning to press with the weight of a great dread on Avice Gray. Life and the enjoyment of life are sweet, no matter how great may be our sorrows; and, passionate as were Avice Gray's regrets at the tragic fate of the man she loved, she was by no means prepared or willing to be hurried out of this world before her part in it had fairly begun. There was no

disloyalty to Stephen's memory in this; it was merely the instinct of shrinking from danger, the clinging to life which lasts as long as life itself.

She was no longer the Avicé of six weeks before, the bright vision who had attracted the admiring attention of the stranger in the wood, the girl who had flushed into new beauty under Stephen's caresses as he twined the lime-blossoms in her hair. The color had faded out of her cheeks, and the blue eyes had the dark rings round them caused by constant weeping; the tender mouth could still quiver with a sob, but had forgotten how to smile. Her settled dejection told how her thoughts dwelt upon the miserable past; her nervous and convulsive start on the opening of the door showed how quick was her fear for the future; but no change told of hope. Sometimes, when Dr. Wells was with her, she would bury her face in her hands and keep long silence.

"I am thinking," she said once, in answer to his inquiry.

"Of what?" he asked.

"I am trying to think what the court-room will look like," she answered; "I wonder how it will feel to have so many people's eyes upon me. Will you be with me? I think the eyes will scorch me if I have not one friend to fix my own on." She

often reverted to this afterward; but she never said whether her imagination or her thoughts ever went beyond.

Mrs. Harmer was her only other visitor. The kindly woman still stoutly maintained her firm belief in the falsehood of the accusation, and evinced it by as constant attention to Avicé as she could show; but she had her own troubles at home, and her visits to the prison could not be very frequent. Her son's absence had been much longer than had been anticipated, necessitating the engagement of another man upon the farm, while her daughter had broken down under the extra work entailed by the loss of the services of Avicé Gray; so, under the circumstances, Mrs. Harmer had her hands full, and she heard of Avicé from the doctor, and sent her cheering messages through the same medium, more often than she could hold personal communication with her. Perhaps it was as well. No real hope could be felt, no real consolation could be given, until the stranger who held in his hand the destiny of Avicé Gray should appear; but day by day the hope lessened, consolation grew more faint, and dread more strong. The summer-days went by, visibly shortening as each one passed; days changed to weeks—and still he did not come.

POETICAL ZOÖLOGY.

BY GEORGE L. AUSTIN.

THE poetry of modern times enshrines many popular superstitions respecting members of the animal kingdom. It would not be desirable to remove them from the pages, for they supply illustrations of value and interest as to the intellectual condition of by-gone society, and are chapters essential to a complete history of knowledge. It is curious, however, to trace, when able to do so, such wild imaginations to their origin; and we purpose, in the present writing, to account for certain of these singular fallacies, fully believing that nearly all are referable to simply coincident circumstances.

We think that it has doubtless happened in many a sick-chamber, and immediately, too, before the dissolution of the patient, that the noise of the puny insect, vulgarly called the death-watch, has been heard. It was a very easy thing for the fancy of premonition to arise from this, which has so often disturbed the habitations of rural tranquillity, and from which they are not yet wholly free.

"The solemn death-watch clicked the hour she died;"

but it was not the *voice* of the insect; the noise was owing to its beating on some hard substance with the shield or fore-part of the head. It is intended merely to summon a companion, and answers exactly to the call-note of a bird.

Everybody knows of the kingfisher, or, as the bird was called in the days of Aristotle, the halcyon. Dryden says:

"Amid our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter sea."

And Browne:

"Blow, but gently blow, faire winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kinde,
Till we are ferried o'er."

And the author of "The Storm" writes:

"All Nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled; the halcyon slept upon the wave,
The winds were all at rest."

The idea that the halcyon possessed the marvellous faculty of pacifying the wind and wave by its presence seems to have sprung solely from the well-known habits of the bird. It fishes only by sight, and takes only small prey. Hence all those circumstances require to be avoided which would interfere with distinct vision, in order to the success of its operations. It, therefore, frequents particular spots, and is out in certain states of the weather; brawling and turbulent streams are avoided; and the days when the atmosphere is the most transparent and still, the waters most calm and clear, are precisely those which the kingfisher loves, and in which he is most commonly seen.

Sir Walter Scott thus misrepresents the natural history of the field-fare, belonging to the thrush tribe, in the following picture, referring to Scottish ground:

"Within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting snow and rain;
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band;

Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest—
The field-fare—framed her lowly nest."

Sir Walter was a keen sportsman; but he seems not to have known that the field-fare neither breeds in the British Isles, nor even builds on the ground in its native quarters. It is a bird of Norway, where it frames its nest in the firs and larches at the height of from ten to forty feet above-ground. In the winter-season it visits England and Scotland in great numbers.

Lord Byron likewise errs when he says:

"Even as an eagle overlooks his prey,
And, for a moment poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak."

The king of birds invariably seizes its prey with the talons, carries it off to the nest, or some other place of security, and there at leisure uses the beak for tearing it in pieces.

Many years ago it was believed that insects had not the sense of hearing, a notion countenanced by Bonnet and Linnæus. Shakespeare, however, expresses the correct opinion in the words:

"I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear me."

The observations of Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, are interesting on this point. He kept several field-crickets in a chamber, which continued their cricking-song through the whole day, but the moment they heard a knock at the door they were silent. Subsequently he invented a method of imitating their sounds, and, when he did so outside the door, at first a few would venture on a soft whisper, and by-and-by the whole party burst out in a chorus to answer him; but, upon repeating the rap at the door, they instantly stopped again, as if alarmed. He then confined a male cricket in one side of his garden, while he put a female in the other at liberty. The latter began to leap as soon as she heard the crick of the male, and immediately came to him. This experiment was frequently repeated, with the same result.

A poet may be pardoned for following the errors of the naturalists of his time, but for a poet of the present day to adopt an old mistake of natural history, and to give to it circulation as an undoubted fact, it is altogether different and wholly unjustifiable. We should not blame the old dramatist for saying—

"I will play the swan,
And die in music."

"He makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

But surely Doane is culpable in the following iteration of a completely unfounded fancy:

"What is that, mother?
'The swan, my love."

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings."

Many if not most animals retire from the companionship of their kind to die in solitude. The

swan may do this; but certainly there is no musical accompaniment in the case, for the bird is utterly incapable of it. The domesticated swan has no note but a hiss, and the tone of the wild or whistling swan is equally harsh and dissonant. Here, by-the-way, it may be stated that there is no foundation for the common representation of the nightingale's song as of the mournful cast:

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes,"

writes Shakespeare; and Milton is also in error, in saying:

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

The only possible way for accounting for the nightingale's "most melancholy" notes is to suppose the listener in a pensive mood, promoted by the seclusion in which they are ordinarily heard, and the night's sombre shadows. The song is the outpouring of joy, not of sadness; and it is the song, too, of the male bird cheering the maternal labors of his spouse.

In the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," the fairies are said to light their tapers

"At the fiery glow-worm's eyes."

But it so happens that the luminosity proceeds, not from the eyes, but from the tail of the insect. Says Thomson:

"Along the crooked lane, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem."

But it happens, further, that the male glow-worm is very rarely seen, is much smaller than the female, and gives out no light. Thomson thus writes of another insect:

"Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd."

To make known the truth is to spoil the poetic beauty of this whole passage. But, though a small matter, to be sure, the error is sufficiently important to bear correction. The gadfly is not a social insect, and it pursues its way singly, not in a flight or swarm. Furthermore, it is not anger, but instinct, that induces him to "fasten on the herd."

It used to be supposed that gossamer, the web of the field-spider, was formed of dew evaporated by the sun's heat into threads; and it is to this that Quarles thus refers:

"And now autumnal dews were seen
To cobweb every green."

Milton goes astray in the following:

"Swarming next,
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxy cells
With honey stored."

The working-bees, which form the mass of the population, are neuter; the drones are males; and of the queens, or females, there is usually but one in a hive.

The natives of New Guinea, and of the adjoining Papuan archipelago, in preparing and drying the skins of the gorgeous birds-of-paradise, are in the habit of removing the feet. In this state they are sold to the Malays, conveyed to India, and thence to European countries. This custom led Linnæus, erroneously, to name one of the best-known species

"footless" (*Paradisea apoda*); and also misguided Southey in the following lines from his "Curse of Kehama":

"The footless fowl of heaven, that never
Rest upon the earth, but on the wing forever,
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale."

A beautiful passage in the Book of Proverbs has been made the foundation for many wrong views of the habits of the ant both in poetry and prose: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

In these words, Solomon probably alluded to a species with which we are not familiar; but, waiving any dispute on this score, it will be observed that he makes no mention of any particular kind of food, and, if the idea of storing provision is suggested, imparts no hint of its being intended for winter use. A recent Oriental traveler speaks of a species of ant in India which hoards up in its cell the seeds of grass, and takes the precaution of bringing them to the surface to dry, when wetted by the heavy seasonal rains of the country.

Now, nothing is more common among men than to furnish their larders with more than is requisite for immediate wants, when abundance can be commanded, simply to save trouble. The general sentiment of the words of Solomon, then, relative to the ant, is that, in the appropriate natural seasons of summer and harvest, when food of all kinds is most readily obtained, the insect is industrious in profiting by favorable opportunities, having both present and prospective wants in view. But let us glance at the poetical representations—or, rather, misrepresentations—of the ant. Says Milton:

"First creep
The parsimonious emmet, provident of future."

And Prior:

"Tell me why the ant
In summer's plenty thinks of winter's want?
By constant journey careful to prepare
Her stores, and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain?"

Smart writes:

"The sage, industrious ant, the wisest insect,
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! brings home the cumbrous corn,
Then, many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain."

Dr. Watts, also, yields his modicum of blunders:

"They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores;
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foretold all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within-doors."

The poets, we imagine, would not thank us for meddling with their philosophy except *causa veritatis*. In the first place, the ant does not subsist on

grain; but, being of a carnivorous habit, would prefer the carcass of a worm to all the wheat and corn in the world. In the second place, inasmuch as the greater part of the winter season is passed in a torpid state, the ant has no occasion to lay up a future store. The whole truth of the matter is this: Ants carry about their young in the state of *pupæ*, or as things wrapped up and swaddled, which both in size and shape have certainly some resemblance to grains of corn. They are also seen occasionally gnawing at the end of one of these bandaged babies, for the purpose of liberating it from confinement. These operations, cursorily judged of according to the mere appearance, gave rise to the corn-bearing imagination for winter use, which Solomon's reference to summer and harvest seemed to sanction; and likewise to the idea of biting the grain to destroy the power of germination.

Nevertheless, the ant is an industrious insect; also, most pugnacious. Whole legions will war furiously for the possession of a small heap of earth—an object of not less importance to them than a mountain or a river to an emperor. Lord Bacon might have added marauding to the other employments mentioned in his apostrophe: "Alas! the earth, with men upon it, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry food, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro around a little heap of dust."

While writing of the ant, we are led to say a word or two with regard to the mole, which Aristotle, and a host of other writers since his day, pronounce blind:

"Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall; we now are near his cell,"

are the words of Shakespeare. Dryden says:

"Like a mole, busy and blind,
Works all his folly up, and casts it onward
To the world's open ear."

And Pope, also:

"What modes of sight betwixt the wide extreme!
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam."

We will admit that there is a species of mole, indigenous to the south of Europe, which is totally blind; but the English species, to which Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope, thus refer, has all the organs of vision perfect, and is not even dim-sighted. The eyes are very small, however. The sense of hearing is remarkably fine, and the sense of smelling is most exquisite.

And now comes the poor, harmless, and maligned toad, which has suffered great injustice at the hands of mankind. It was once believed that the head of an aged toad contained a stone or pearl possessing great virtues, and we all remember Shakespeare's lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

Unfortunately, there is no foundation in fact for this poetical simile.

Pennant, the naturalist, says of the toad that it is "the most deformed and hideous of all animals,"

which it is not; and the epithet of "venomous," which Milton applies to it in his picture of Satan, is singularly inaccurate. In reality, the toad is one of the most harmless and inoffensive creatures in existence. Let it alone, and it will hop out of your way; the fluid which exudes from some parts of its body is innocuous; and its bite produces nothing but a very slight inflammation. On the other hand, it is extremely useful in devouring grubs and vermin injurious to plants, and hence enjoys the special protection of the gardener.

What citadel apparently more impregnable could be imagined than the hard and firmly-closed shell of the oyster to a sprawling, flexible starfish? Nevertheless, it is forced and captured; but not in the manner popularly supposed. The impression has prevailed that the oyster, being on the alert, and suspecting the design of the radiate enemy, closes upon him, and holds him fast by the intruding limb. Upon this, the assailant, finding captivity and death inevitable unless something is done, submits to amputation in order to preserve life and freedom. But the starfish has no occasion thus to thrust its paws into the mouth of danger; on the contrary, its mode of procedure is most unique. Having seized upon the prey with its arms, it proceeds coolly to turn its own stomach inside out. It then instills between the shelly valves some torpifying fluid, which deprives the inmate of strength, and soon compels it to open the doors of its dwelling. This done, the starfish pushes in its stomach, which enwraps the oyster, and uncourtously digests it in its own shell.

In Ireland, and elsewhere, there exists a common species of starfish known as the "devil's hands," or the "devil's fingers," and children have a superstitious dread of touching them. One singular fact with regard to them is worthy of mention. On being captured, they proceed unceremoniously to dissolve themselves and fall in pieces, to the disappointment of the exulting naturalist who has dredged them up, as if under the influence of intense alarm, or highly indignant at being taken. Brittle stars, indeed! It would be a somewhat parallel case if an individual, when arrested in the streets, were to throw his arms and legs upon the pavement, and jerk off his head for the astonished policeman to catch.

It has frequently been said that the first example of the art of navigation was given to mankind by a mollusk common in the Mediterranean, the name of this mollusk being the nautilus, or argonaut. It is usually represented with six arms, extending over the sides of the shell, as if to act as oars; and two arms, which have broad disks upraised, as if to act as sails. Much beautiful poetry has been devoted to the celebration of this zoological error:

"Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale,"

says Pope. Montgomery, in his picture of the nautilus, writes:

"The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom."

And Byron this:

"The tender nautilus who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free."

Unhappily for the poets, the nautilus never moves in the manner here described. It can creep along the bottom of the deep; it can rise to the surface and float, moving backward through the water like other cuttle-fish. But the arms are not used as oars, and those which have the expanded membranous disk are never hoisted as sails. The sole purpose of these limbs is the secretion of the substance of the shell, both for its repair when injured and for the enlargement which the growth of the animal may require.

In the fossiliferous rocks the nautilus occurs among the earliest traces of the world's animal life. It continued through the long ages during which the family of its conqueror, the ammonite, was created, flourished, and became extinct. Mrs. Howitt has made this fact the subject of some graceful lines, which are not accurate, however, as to the formation of the stratified rocks, the habits of the mollusk, or the disappearance of its cousin-german:

"Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze,
In the new-created seas;
Thou wast with the reptile broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light,
With the curled-up ammonite,
Thou surviv'dst the awful shock,
Which turned the ocean-bed to rock,
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms.

"Thou wast there; thy little boat,
Airy voyager! kept afloat,
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;
Amid wreck and overturning,
Rock imbedding, heaving, burning,
'Mid the tumult and the stir;
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sail'dst upon the troubled brine."

It remains to be said that the stratified rocks were formed by slow deposition, often in tranquil waters, and not by sudden catastrophes; that the ammonites did not perish from convulsive movements of land and sea; but that the family runs through all the formations from the silurian to the chalk, had its greatest development in the Oölitic period, and gradually died out.

THE GRAVES OF THE BRONTË SISTERS.

AMERICAN readers of twenty years ago can readily recall the eager avidity with which the novels of Charlotte Brontë were then bought and read. Like others, I had lingered over and admired the fascinating pages, replete as they are in powerful word-pictures and unique character-delineations; and, when I became acquainted with the strange, sad history of Charlotte Brontë and her two gifted sisters, a longing possessed me to see the scenes sanctified by their living presence and by the graves where, "after life's fitful fever," they sleep together. Circumstances did not for years prove favorable to this wish. My lot was cast in the Western Hemisphere, and it was not until the occasion of a recent visit to Europe that I had the opportunity of becoming a pilgrim to the graves of the Brontës—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

Haworth is not a particularly accessible place. Situated among the wild, windy moors of the Yorkshire side of the Pennine Chain, it is some five miles from Keighley and the nearest railroad-station. By this route, from the northeast, Mrs. Gaskell, the biographer of Charlotte Brontë, approached the village; but, as I chanced to be on the adjoining Lancashire side of the mountains, I resolved to descend upon the ancient church and parsonage of Haworth from the high, bleak heather moors on the southwest of the village. As subsequent experience proved, this was a much more formidable undertaking than I had anticipated.

On a cold, chilling afternoon in April I crossed from Lancashire to Yorkshire through a defile of the mountains aptly called "Dulesgate," or "Devil's Gate," and late in the evening found myself in a comfortable hostelry in Hebdown Bridge. Next morning dawned dimly; but I was imbued with the spirit of my pilgrimage, and, contrary to the advice of my hostess, I determined to proceed across the howling heights and swirling hollows of the moors. In the early morning, as I left behind the quaint, picturesque little town, snugly nestled in a beautifully-wooded valley, and ascended to the sterile uplands which surround it as an amphitheatre, a fierce northeast wind straight ahead betokened an unpleasant accompaniment during the nine miles' walk to Haworth. Canon Kingsley's vigorous "Ode to the Northeast Wind" was called to mind, but even its lusty, concluding invocation—

"Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!"—

met but feeble response in the chilled heart of the present pilgrim, as ever and anon some violent, streeching gust nearly bowled him over. The sky and the wind were sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil and the scene. All around was savage desolation. "People familiar with these moors often miss their road on stormy evenings," writes

one of the Brontë sisters, and I could well realize the fact. Guided by a pocket-compass, I tramped along among the hard, gnarled heather. For miles nothing was to be seen but a succession of bare, brown, billowy moors, sacred to grouse, with an occasional small farmhouse in some sheltered bottom, with its oasis of sodden-looking grass-land. Where a stone-wall was to be seen, it was lined on the sheltered side with a belt of snow, and the peat-banks were garnished with icicles like bunches of crystalized carrots. The grouse had commenced to breed, and only few were to be seen, although a stray cock now and then sprang up with his dog-like bark. Other birds there were none till I commenced to descend into the Oxenholme Valley, where there were plenty of larks, ring-ouzels, wheat-ears, and lap-wings, filling the air with song.

As Haworth was approached, the picture of the surrounding moors, as sketched by Emily Brontë ("Ellis Bell") in "Wuthering Heights," was involuntarily recalled: "The scenery of these hills," she writes, "is not grand—it is not romantic, it is scarcely striking. Long, low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys; it is only higher up, deep in among the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and, even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove."

Great changes have taken place in the still bare landscape since this tender "nursling of the moors" wrote the above; but the bleak hills behind the village and church—the favorite haunt of the three sisters—still remain the same. As I turned the descending brow of the upland behind the parsonage, the wind had somewhat subsided, and I stood and gazed on the scene of the literary labors of the three gifted women. Its rear is toward me, and the gray-stone flags that constitute its roof descend close to its back-door. Across the churchyard, whose grave-stones closely hem in the parsonage on three sides, stands the plain, puritanical-looking little church, while farther to the left the many-gabled, gray-stone houses of the village are scattered down the hill in a sort of straggling street. I am deeply interested in the parsonage and its back-door, which I can plainly see. It recalls the father of these women of genius and his infirmities of temper. A man of unsociable habits and austere character, his family and himself form a curious illustration of the theory which declares that the genius and celestial fire of the human race come from the insane element. Even in this inhospitable clime, Mr. Brontë confined his six babies to a vegetable diet. He preferred that they should go poorly shod rather than permit them to wear shoes of fancy leather. He had an inextinguishable hatred to finery of all sorts, and tore his wife's colored silk dress into shreds. When the tem-

per of this model clergyman was roused, he worked off the anger-demon by "firing pistols in rapid succession out of the back-door;" or he would cram the hearth-rug into the grate, and remain locked in the room amid the smoke and the stench until the insentient thing smouldered to ashes. When neither of those expedients calmed his temporary lunacy, he would proceed to saw off the backs of the chairs with frantic energy, while his wife, lying on her death-bed above, hearing the pistol or the saw, would congratulate herself that he had never expressed himself angrily to her.

Distance neither improves nor it airs the appearance of the parsonage. It is a cold, dreary-looking house at the best, though a new wing has been added by the present incumbent. It fronts eastward, its nine windows overlooking the closely-packed graveyard, where the dust of many generations of villagers moulders. Some time since this ancient "God's acre" was enlarged, and all the interments seemingly take place in the new ground. This imparts a singular appearance to the solemn scene. On the one side it is closely packed with weather-worn, moss-covered stones—several dated as far back as A. D. 1625—while the fresher stones on the new section give a neglected appearance to the older place of sepulture. The surroundings of the parsonage are, therefore, far from being cheerful or inspiring; and to this circumstance, no doubt, may be traced that subdued melancholy which pervades the writings of the Brontë sisters. It was here, amid such a scene, that Charlotte wrote the piece entitled "Evening Solace:"

"But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come;
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.

"Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some wild tears to flow."

Farther a-field the prospect in the time of the sisters would scarcely be more alluring, especially in rainy weather and during winter. On every side were bare moors, with scattered homesteads; and, in the heart of the valley, manufactories with their smoke-belching chimneys. The prospect is now, however, something more cheerful. The genius of agriculture, ministering to the wants of an increasing population, has for years been waging war with the barren moorlands, and green fields are now to be seen where there were formerly only brown heath, lichen-covered crags, and boulders of the Drift period. The favorite walk of the sisters, north-westward from the rear of the parsonage, is still the same, and is, moreover, likely to remain so as long as it provides grouse-shooting for the lords of the soil.

The church-tower has recently been raised six or eight feet to accommodate a clock, and the fresh masonry imparts a piebald appearance to an edifice which has never been imposing. With the excep-

tion of the lower part of the tower, which is undoubtedly ancient, the whole structure was rebuilt about a century since in the debased church-wardian style peculiar to the period. The interior is in excellent keeping with the exterior. The pillars supporting the roof are nearly as rude as workmanship could make them; the pews are high-backed, old-fashioned, and musty; and the whole impression conveyed is one of cheerless austerity, suggesting a prison rather than a temple of praise. The pew near the altar formerly occupied by the sisters has been removed to make room for their graves, which are partly within the communion-rails. The father, mother, and the whole of the family, are interred beneath those gloomy flagstones—with the exception of Anne, who died at Scarborough and was buried there. It is here, in this cold nook of the sacred fane, and in the plain-looking parsonage a stone's-throw away, that the interest of the visitor centres. Here moulders Emily; there sleeps the tender Charlotte. A neat marble tablet on the south side of the altar-rail records the demise of the whole family. Mrs. Brontë died in 1821, aged thirty-nine; Maria, in 1825, aged twelve; Elizabeth, the same year, aged eleven; Patrick Barnwell (the gifted ne'er-do-weel of the family), in 1848, aged thirty; Emily, the same year, aged twenty-nine; Anne (buried at Scarborough), in 1849, aged twenty-seven. The last two inscriptions on a separate tablet are as follows: "Also of Charlotte, their daughter, wife of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, B. A. She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th year of her age. Also of the afore-named Rev. P. Brontë, A. B., who died 7th June, 1861, in the 85th year of his age, having been incumbent of Haworth for upwards of 41 years. 'The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'—1 Cor. xv. 56, 57."

The lonely old man, it will be seen, survived his whole family, and wellnigh up to the day of his death he was accustomed to wear a loaded pistol about his clothes as regularly as his watch.

The sexton who shows the church informed me that there are many visitors in summer-time. Photographs are to be had from him of the church, the parsonage, the marble tablets, as also portraits of Charlotte, her husband, and her father. Charlotte had never been photographed, and the portrait is taken from the well-known engraving. The portrait of her husband, with whom she lived but one brief year, is said to be from the original. Apparently, he is a stolid, muscular, grave-looking, rather fat-brained man. The old lady in the village with whom I supped spoke somewhat disdainfully of him. It appears that the reverend gentleman, who is now in Ireland, has consoled himself with another wife, and that proceeding does not meet with the general approval of Haworth.

My route back lay through Crimsworth Dean, and, as I left the old church and parsonage behind, the sun was climbing above the western hills.

A STAGE-RIDE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

IN the middle of May last the writer made the short journey from Los Angeles, California, to Caliente, the then terminus of the Central Pacific, which was pushing southward down the great San Joaquin Valley. The first portion of the trip was a car-ride from Los Angeles to San Fernando Pass, whence a stage was to be taken on the following morning at the heathenish hour of five o'clock.

The records of a pocket-book nearly always have a certain freshness that a deliberate story frequently lacks, and that may excuse one for copying a few entries when they cover the point.

"May 11, 10 P. M.—Am in a cock-loft in a railway-house at San Fernando Tunnel. Am writing on the blood-red blanket that covers the bed that I am expected to sleep upon. Directly over the bar. Six or seven men throwing dice for liquor, and wrangling like pirates. If they quarrel, they will shoot. If they do that, some sober person will knock up some villain's arm, and the bullet will pass through the ceiling. If this happens, I see no good reason why I should not be shot, for the room is small. Very cloudy. Upon looking out, can see nothing but a foggy glass lantern, upon whose sides is painted 'Hot Coffee.' Nothing else in the whole world is visible but that tawdry little communication, which, by-the-way, is a falsity; for, upon coming in from the cars, I asked for coffee, and was told that the fires had gone out at eight. The man said this with grief in his eye, much as if the fires belonged to some trades-union, and were in the habit of thus walking off at that unreasonable hour, leaving him in the lurch. Prospect of a ride of a hundred miles tomorrow; part of the way over a broad desert, where the sand blows fearfully. Shall arrive at Caliente late in the evening. Had better, as they say out here, 'crawl in.'"

To the astonishment of every man at the tunnel, the next morning was very nearly a rainy one. A fine drizzle came down, barely escaped turning into a shower. The Pass was commonly hot as an oven at that time. There were eight people inside the coach—among them a woman, who had spent six days and five nights in stages—a poor, worn-out creature from Arizona, who was going home, somewhere in New England, to pay a visit. Wonderful is the yearning of the heart for friendliness. Twenty days of enormous fatigue merely to embrace some one in particular that she loved!

Outside, there were three of us besides the driver, and a great number of trunks, parcels, and mail-bags. Altogether, it was a pretty heavy coach; a very desirable thing, by-the-way, for it was sure to ride easily. There were six fine horses, and there is no doubt whatever that, as they set off at a rattling pace, with their heads to the north, the whole establishment did in reality resemble those dashing pictures of flying stages that are to be seen on time-tables of mountain-

travel. It is not often that one is able to reach the ideal in these matters. The horses, instead of numbering six, number generally a lean, winded, and spavined four; and the Concord coach usually dwindles into a mud-wagon, with no springs worth speaking of.

The country was so rough that the railroad was forcing a tunnel through the mountains. The men employed as laborers were all Chinese, and their little villages lined the way. Most of the tent-coverings were of straw matting, though here and there was a patch of blackened canvas. A few of the chilled and benumbed inhabitants had awakened, and were standing with their hands under their blouses, stupidly gazing out of their deadened eyes. A few fires were smoking in the fog, and the cook-houses were astir.

The coach toiled through a gap cut in a neck of land as one would cut a slice from the middle of a loaf, and then ran down into a plain. The scenery is wild enough. Odd and arbitrary stratifications are to be seen everywhere. The land seems to be composed of the odds and ends of geological formations that had lapped over some way in the eternal workshop, and had been thrown down here—a sort of waste-heap; colors and composition all askew.

The fine live-oaks are plentiful, growing in their unusual, strange manner; that is, as if expressly planted and expressly cared for; their roots all underground, their tops vigorous, their color a splendid dark green, and the earth about them a gardener's lawn.

Innumerable flowers cover the sides of the hills in wide patches. Mingled with the green are drifts of yellow, blue, and scarlet, and now and then even away up upon the hillsides one sees the white stalk of the great Spanish-bayonet, looking to melancholy eyes like the lonely gravestones of some isolated farm.

First change of horses and breakfast. Capital food; steak, chops, ham-and-eggs, corn-bread, tea, coffee, and an actual pie, for fifty cents. Paid money at the bar. Of course, there is a bar. The bar-keeper said, "Boston?" "Yes." "Then hold on, I've got sumthin' to show ye." He abandoned a lucrative trade in spirits, and brought from an adjoining room a lozenge-box, full of small objects, done up in scraps of newspaper. Time was short, and he unrolled two or three in great haste. "Pet-rifications," said he. "Them is the leaves or spines of —of the pine, I expect. That is the tail of sumthin', I reckon. Ben layin' in lime-rock water until it's got all kivered up. What become of the rest of the critter, I don't— Hello, they're callin' fur ye! Here, take this leaf fur remembrance. I'm a queer feller taken all through. There's clamb-shells and eysters 'way up on the top of them hills. Queer, ain't it? Say, you'd better go. Good-by ter ye.

There's a Injun mortar out on the stoop there; but some derned galoot kerried off the pestle, and—'Spouse ye'd better go now, anyway!' And he wrung my hand warmly. The specimen he gave me was a very pretty fossilized oak-leaf.

Then another plain. A long, white, hard road, with very deep ruts on either side, where the wagon-wheels had sunk in the softened earth in the winter before. Also bleached skeletons of cattle that had given out in the struggle in the same treacherous, sticky adobe. Occasionally you see a house—generally a squalid, murderous-appearing place, with an horizontal pole in the yard, from which is suspended, as you fancy, a prodigal quantity of red flannel—suggestive of a large family of infants. It is the jerked-beef of the country—fresh cut in very thin and very broad sheets—in the process of drying in the sun.

In certain localities buzzards gather on the trees, hardly stirring as the stage rumbles by, though now and then one loses his balance, and lazily spreads his wings to recover it. Small gray lizards shoot out across the roadway, and at long intervals a horned-toad crawls up out of the rut just in time to save himself, and rushes in among the sage-brush that lines the way. Upon most of the little knolls that you can see sit small brown owls, quietly surveying their limited prospect, and now and then a little rabbit, not much larger than a good-sized rat, bobs rapidly away into the thicket. The air is redolent of the odor of the sage; the prospect is full of pleasing colors, the road is easy, and the horses are fast. You think to yourself that this is capital, and that you are enjoying life; yet you cannot help asking yourself, "Where is the desert?"

Late in the morning the stage ascends a range of low hills. Seen between two of them is a vast expanse of deep and tranquil blue. It looks like a lake of great depth and breadth, and the sight delights you. You ask the driver what water it is, for you do not remember that it is set down upon your map.

"Water?" he will reply. "You mean over yonder? That's the desert!"

The discovery that the object is not the beautiful thing you fancied persuades you, by very revulsion, to think it worse than it really is. If it be not an entrancing sheet of water, then it must be a monstrosity hideous tract of land.

The stage descended upon it, and, after changing horses at an inexpressibly desolate stable, set out upon its journey.

The soil is part adobe and part a fine, white sand. At short intervals, say of four or five feet, small shrubs of sage lift themselves out of the heartless soil, and small specimens of cactus, with their strange pods surmounted with red blossoms, are scattered among them. The sky had cleared, or rather the stage had drawn out of the cloud-region, and the sun was hot. A strong wind began to rise, and at intervals a handful of dust would suddenly disperse itself in a cloud in the air. The desert is not wholly a plain. Several low and several lofty hills arise from the midst of it, but so level

are their surroundings that they seem like islands in the middle of a sea. Some of these hills are brown and wonderfully smooth; others look as if they were composed of purple ashes; others of yellow. Almost out of sight everywhere are the dim outlines of lofty mountains, rendered more dim by the torrid quivering of the air.

Far off to the right an immense white cloud hung over the plain, and from it there depended a drapery of something that resembled mist. It was a sand-shower. It did not move very rapidly, and was in sight fully two hours. Nothing could surpass the delicacy of the hues of the earth, qualified as they were by the dusty yellow light of the sun. Grays, browns, and purples, warmed in some strange way, developed everywhere, and, in one sense, the desert was beautiful to the last degree.

But the eye for color can easily be destroyed by discomfort at the nose. If one has to breathe browns and yellows, the scene alters materially and without notice.

The wind increased as the stage proceeded, and by noon it was blowing a hurricane. The dust arose in whirls, and every stray scarf, strap, and cloth stood out like a stick, while the horses' manes and tails cracked like whips—or very nearly did so. A prodigious howling in the ears began, and at times a sense of suffocation made one a little uneasy. The heat gave way to an insidious cold—a cold that penetrated the system before one could be warned of its presence. Contrary to reasonable expectation, the desert seemed infinitely more dreary under the influence of the chill than it had been under the influence of the heat. A long-drawn, mournful undertone came from the bare shrubs, and, when the dust cleared, one could see them bend in the wind, though as if they would not if they could help it. The small cactus-plants became cactus-trees twelve feet high as the road lengthened, and their uncouth shapes and their feeble green were parts of the common ugliness of all. There was a mirage of a lake; not a strange one, in any sense, yet there was all of that brightness and coolness in it that might deceive one terribly.

There were more skeletons of cattle beside the road, more lizards darting everywhere, and more of the ugly horned-toads escaping from under the wheels. Beside a wind-torn pond of water in the hollow between two hills the horses were exchanged again. The shed from which the new relay emerged was a bare structure of boards surrounded by drifts of sand. The wind blew off the hostlers' hats, and the fresh beasts turned their backs and hung down their heads. The passengers pressed a fold of their neck-wraps over their mouths and nostrils, and the sun became obscured anew.

A mile distant there was a house, and a mile farther off there was another—both of adobe, both a part and parcel of the desert, in material, color, and ugliness, yet differing from any actual part of it in being burrows for some kind of human beings. How they came there, and what they lived there for, and what they lived on, the driver did not know,

neither could he guess. After this the wind grew hot again, and the whirling sand stung the face and hands most painfully. A short distance off a huge, pink-hued spur of a mountain sank suddenly down into the valley. At the foot of it we should dine at a house—at Willow Spring. Willow Spring? Could anything have been more charmingly pastoral and delicate than that? It seemed to be, allowing for the well-known deception that the desert atmosphere practises upon one, about six miles off.

"Six?" asked the driver. "It's sixteen."

At the end of the sixteen miles the horses were caked with a Jack-pudding, and every traveler was a pale pyramid, the dust having filled up all the folds in the garments and all the angles of the body. When one arose from his seat he created a yellow cloud that cast a shadow over the entire landscape. It is said to be imprudent to bathe the face and hands, for a certain roughness or chapping follows the application of water after a dusting by this particular earth.

Notwithstanding the disparagement of water, however, one looks about for the Willow Spring. What sarcasm is this! An adobe house, one story high, set under a burning sky, in the very midst of a shifting sand-heap, with an enclosure of cactus-trunks in the rear, to receive a name like that! If a melancholy sign, with blistered paint, and a thousand cracks, bearing upon its hottest side, in glaring letters of polished brass, the legend "The Unlucky Match-Box," hung before the door, the traveler would pass it unnoticed, so fitting and entirely appropriate would it be. Notwithstanding this misnomer, however, they give one a very good dinner at the Willow Spring; and, another good thing, they permit you to go away immediately afterward.

At half-past two it was hotter than ever, and it was yet three stages and four good hours to Greenwich at the mouth of Tehatche Pass.

The road is a sandy one, and the horses walked a greater part of the way. This was, indeed, the desert. Not a desert in all the senses of the word, for it was not entirely bare of vegetation; and one always remembered that it was a great bog in the winter-time. Yet it was a desert that was capable of filling one with all that peculiar awe that is sure to follow a study of anything vicious in Nature. That sage and cactus grow there is but the sinister stamp of the guinea. Had the desert shown itself incapable of bearing anything, had the sand and rocks alone constituted it, then the thought of greenery would never happen; but that the struggle of the plants for life should end in the sole production of these two ugly and profitless ones, and in the destruction of all that might have been beautiful and grateful, is alone sufficient to make one shrink with aversion. Besides this one matter, there are plenty of others to stimulate a sensation of distress. The blue of the sky loses the depth of its hue, and becomes pale, as if with the heat that burns through it; a sense of suffocation is always present in the throat; the objects in the distance seem to retire for

hours in the midst of a quivering gas; and besides that of the wind, if there be one, the only sound is the metallic grating of the shining wheel-tires in the sand.

It is not hard, with the help of such realities, to fancy the toil and pain that is the lot of the true traveler on the plains—the man with wagons, stock, and a family; and, recalling these, one feels half ashamed to speak of a desert from the top of a mail-coach running in the public road.

However, the journey was so full of discomfort, so wearisome, and so soiling, that, when the driver pointed out the three or four whitened houses that stood for Greenwich and supper, the passengers fell to laughing from sheer joy.

After Greenwich all was delightful. The sun went down with a blaze of yellow fire, and the cool of evening came on apace.

Once past the station, the road runs into the shaded valley that leads to the Pass, and close by the settlements of the Chinese laborers.

These are far more orderly than those at San Fernando Tunnel. Some of the tents are built upon little terraces neatly faced with stone, and nearly all the villages bear strong resemblance to well-ordered camps of infantry. Most of the people were sitting about in groups, smoking and talking. Some were bathing in the lower brooks, and some were washing their clothing. The cook-houses had put out their fires, and the day of work was drawing to an end. The oaks were quite thick amid the tents, and the dimly-seen groups of Chinamen looked very odd to Eastern eyes. It was something very picturesque and altogether un-American, and one could not help recalling the scenes at the quarries and other working-camps at home, where all had been so noisy and unclean. Even here one makes a discrimination instantly in favor of the Chinese and against the other foreigners in all matters of order and cleanliness, upon seeing the dwellings of the latter, and upon seeing their faces, and hearing the uproar they made in their cabins. For a superficial notion, the one that is to be had by comparing the sociality of one of these nationalities with that of another is very fair. With its side-lamps lighted, and with six white horses, the stage made a fine descent over five miles of a broad-grade road into the great valley on the other side of the hills. At the summit of the Pass the driver showed the outsiders a few needle-points of yellow light far below, seemingly in the very bowels of the earth, and said that there was Caliente. A pocket-book entry again becomes of use:

"Have arrived. Am sitting in a seat in the sleeper, in the same attitude that I had while upon the top of the stage. My muscles are probably sprung, for, upon unbending only the slightest possible degree, I sat down like lightning. I shall rest for years, no doubt, in the form of a Z. Am a vast sand-heap.—Ten minutes later: Train has started. Have been kindly keeled over by the porter and am about to fall asleep. Shall awaken at Merced."

LIVING AND DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

I.

THE Zuyder Zee, or "South Sea," is a great indentation of the North Sea, setting southward into the coast of Holland. Its length from north to south is eighty miles; its greatest breadth from east to west is about forty miles; near the middle it contracts to about ten miles. The area is about twenty-five hundred square miles—a little less than one-third of that of Lake Erie. It is the only considerable body of water which has taken the place of dry land within the brief geological period covered by human history, and within a comparatively recent epoch within that period. The Zuyder Zee is a little less than six centuries old.

The Romans first pushed their arms into Northern Germany about half a century before the birth of our Saviour. The whole region which now con-

The waters of the lagoon thus augmented began slowly to rise, and a rise of a yard or two laid whole leagues of land under water. The shallow lagoon, in the course of generations, grew to a considerable lake, which was named by the Romans Lake Fleto, along the shores of which considerable towns grew up, for the great migration from the northeast, with the details of which we are still so imperfectly acquainted, was going on. For our present purpose it is sufficient to know that what is now Holland—"the Hollow Land"—was peopled by the Frisians—"Free People"—who, in their contests and alliances with the Romans, had come to be recognized as the bravest and most warlike of all the Germanic tribes.

While Lake Fleto was slowly eating its way into



AMSTERDAM.

stitutes the kingdom of Holland was a swampy forest almost on a level with the waters of the North Sea, from which it was separated by shifting mounds of sand heaped up by the waves, where a scattered population gained a scanty livelihood by hunting and fishing. Near the centre was a shallow lagoon which received the sluggish waters of the Yssel, the Amstel, and other small streams, discharging them into the North Sea by an outlet which the natives named the Vlie, which in Latin became the river Fletum. Just before the commencement of the Christian era, the Roman general Drusus, surnamed Germanicus, to further his military operations, dug a canal by which the waters of one of the arms of the Rhine were diverted into the Yssel.

the swampy forests of the Hollow Land from the south, the fierce northern ocean was chafing against the sand-banks which shut it out upon the north. Time and again it broke over or burst through them, causing fearful inundations. In 1285 a long and fierce northwest gale drove the waters against the barrier, which gave way far a space of forty miles, leaving only the four narrow islets which still exist. Thus the fresh-water Lake Fleto with its bordering swamps was permanently transformed into the salt Zuyder Zee. In this last great inundation, it is said that seventy-two considerable towns were swallowed up, and one hundred thousand persons were drowned. The shallow waters soon swarmed with herring and other fish, and the towns built upon spots elevated

enough to escape overflow reaped a rich harvest. The fisheries of the Zuyder Zee became the nursery of those hardy mariners whose sails in time whitened all oceans, who withstood the whole might of Spain, and disputed with England the supremacy of the seas. Upon its shores and adjacent lagoons were enacted the great scenes of the Dutch war for independence and the Protestant faith. League upon league of fertile soil, won by patient industry from the waters, has been, in the course of four centuries, transformed into the most densely-peopled, industrious, and wealthy grazing region of Europe.

Yet there is scarcely a portion of the civilized world of which so little is known as of the shores of the Zuyder Zee. The famous towns which once bordered it are emphatically dead cities. Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuyzen, and Stavoren, famous in the history of the middle ages and even down to their close, and still surrounded by a region more densely-peopled and prosperous than ever, are little more than geographical names on the map. Their once busy ports now send forth only a few fishing-vessels; and the advent of a stranger in their streets is a matter for nine days' wonder. It is said that there are not in all Holland ten persons who have ever sailed clear around this sea, and visited all the old towns upon its shores, almost in sight of each other. Among this half-score are Henri Havard and Heemskerck van Beest, who made this voyage not quite three years ago, and who have described by pen and pencil what they saw.¹

Contrary to what one might at first suppose, the Zuyder Zee, although there is not a rock in or near it, is a most dangerous sea to sail upon. There are within it four little islets which rise only a few feet above the water; but great shoals and sand-banks spread themselves in every direction, covered by only two or three feet of yellow water. Among these wind narrow channels ten or twenty feet deep, so tortuous that a vessel must often tack every few rods, and a sudden flaw of wind, or the slightest wrong movement of the tiller, would imbed her inextricably in the sandy ooze. The rotting skeletons of innumerable wrecks are standing records of the dangers of this shallow sea. M. Havard and his companion had no little difficulty in finding at Amsterdam the means of prosecuting the voyage. There was not a single skipper who had ever performed more than a small portion of it. At last they found a master of a *tjalk*, a little sloop of sixty tons, who was willing to undertake the venture. "With God's help," he said, "and a good wind, I trust we shall get through the voyage." But, cautious seaman and sound Protestant as he was, he insisted upon two conditions: "I must be sole judge as to the weather; if it is stormy we will not put out to sea; and I will not work Sundays." The crew consisted of the skipper himself, his wife, and one sailor. We will

constitute ourselves invisible passengers on board the *tjalk* as it left Amsterdam one bright Monday morning in June, 1873.

Amsterdam, the busy metropolis of the Netherlands, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, although now upon the Zuyder Zee, is by no means one of its dead cities. It stands upon an inlet called the Y, a mile or two broad, setting for fifteen miles westward from the southern extremity of the sea, forming a commodious harbor. The mouth of this inlet is closed by the great sluice of Schellingwoude, built of huge granite rocks brought from Norway, sufficiently massive to shut out the waves of the sea, which might otherwise at any time lay the city under water. The gate of the sluice, wide enough to permit the passage of five vessels abreast, is only opened at favorable tide. The real mouth of the harbor, however, is not here, but at Helder, fifty miles to the north, on the extreme point of North Holland. A ship-canal from Helder to the Y gives passage to large merchantmen, thus avoiding the difficult navigation of the Zuyder Zee. Until the completion of the Suez Canal this was the most stupendous work of the kind in the world. It is fifty-one miles long, one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide, and twenty feet deep. But its mouth at Helder is somewhat difficult of approach, and, in the winter, is often obstructed by ice, and the canal, moreover, is insufficient for the increasing commerce. A new canal is now being constructed directly to the west coast, which is to be fifteen miles long, one hundred and fifty-six feet wide, and twenty-three feet deep. At its entrance into the North Sea an artificial harbor is in course of construction. It will be formed of two immense walls running a mile into the sea. Starting nearly a mile apart, but gradually converging till at the seaward end the distance is only eight hundred feet. This, when completed, will form the main outer port of Amsterdam. It is also proposed to drain the Y, as Haarlem Lake, of seventy square miles, has within a few years been drained, transforming its bed into a meadow, thus winning back miles of the old conquests won by the sea from the land.

Our little *tjalk*, its red sail hoisted, moves slowly down the Y, passing in front of the picturesque city, more marvelous than Venice, built in a swamp where foundations for buildings must be made by driving piles for fifty feet. Nearly fourteen thousand of these had to be sunk to form the foundation of the palace. Frequently these piles have sunk on one side a little more than on another, and the buildings often lean this way or that, like a company of tipsy soldiers. Every street has a canal running down its centre, with pavements on each side. These are the receptacles of all the garbage of the city, and even Dutch industry has not succeeded in making them other than noisome.

We leave Amsterdam behind us, passing villages whose red roofs rise from green meadows, and, at the sluice of Schellingwoude, find ourselves detained until the opening of the gates, amid a crowd of fishing and coasting vessels. Among them is a

¹ The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee: A Voyage to the Picturesque Side of Holland. From the French of Henri Havard. London: 1875.

solitary little steamer which carries the mails and the few passengers to Harlingen, the great meat, poultry, and cheese mart of Friesland, at the north-eastern extremity of the Zuyder Zee, which our tjalk will reach after many days. The gates at length open, and we pass through, heading northward along the narrow channel until long before night we come in sight of the island of Marken, with its seven groups of low, red-tiled houses.

This islet, a mere sand-spit around which one can walk in a couple of hours, is one of the most interesting spots in Europe. Less than a score of miles from the great metropolis, it has for six centuries retained unchanged the blood, manners, and costumes, of its original inhabitants. The general level is scarcely perceptible above that of the water; and a bank a yard high protects it from the ordinary rise and fall; but in the winter it is usually overflowed, with the exception of slight artificial mounds. Of these there are eight, one being occupied as a cemetery, and upon each of the others stands a little group of houses. The largest of these, in which are the church and schoolhouse, is called the village of Marken. The church, schoolhouse, and the residences of the preacher, schoolmaster, and doctor, are of brick; all the other buildings, which face outward from the mound, are of wood, and built exactly alike. To guard against extraordinary, though by no means unfrequent, inundations, they are raised upon piles a few feet above the ground. Above this there is but a single story, consisting of only one room, whose only ceiling is the high-pitched roof, but divided by low partitions into several apartments. One apartment contains an alcove for the bed, which can be shut off by curtains, the remainder serving for kitchen and sitting-room. The walls are usually painted blue, and on shelves and dressers are often accumulations of old pottery, Delft and Japanese ware, the accumulations of successive generations, which, in the present ceramic *furor*, represent a moderate fortune. Madame Klock, who keeps the little grocery-shop, has, or, at the time of our visit, had, a unique collection, including also some old Dutch *armoires*, exquisitely carved, the fame of which reached even the Hague, and induced the Queen of Holland to visit the island to see them. We cannot advise our pottery-loving friends to go to the island in search of curiosities. We presume that M. Havard's book has not escaped the eyes of the keen Israelites of Holland, and that they have already bought up all that can be bought of the ceramic treasures of Marken. The houses outside are painted green, blue, or black. The woodwork of the gables and around the windows is white, the whole, standing out against a clear sky, presenting a picturesque aspect.

Marken was first inhabited in 1232, when a little colony of monks from Friesland established themselves on the island of Lake Fleto, for at that time there was no Zuyder Zee. They called their monastery Marienhot, in honor of the Virgin Mary, and their chapel, with a tall, wooden tower and steeple, was standing until 1845, when, threatening to fall, it

was pulled down. The present unpretending little brick church was finished in the following year.

The population of the seven little villages is about one thousand. With not more than half a dozen exceptions the men are all fishermen, noted for the skill, hardihood, and daring, with which they ply their craft, which brings them returns ample for all their simple wants. During the week the whole male population are in the fishing-boats, returning regularly to the island as the Sabbath approaches. On Sunday morning the people of the seven villages troop across the meadows to the little church at Marken. After service they return to their homes, where the lights gleam from every window till midnight. The holy hours over, the families go down to the little port, where their hundred vessels are lying moored. Farewells are said; the men sail off into the darkness, while the women return to their homes. Except in stormy weather, when it is unsafe to put out, those few Sabbath hours are the only ones in which husbands and wives see each other from year's end till year's end.

The fishermen of Marken never marry off from the island; and within the memory of man no person from the mainland except the minister and the doctor has taken up his residence upon the island. The fishermen who carry their catch to Amsterdam bring back with them nothing of the ways of the great city. Men, women, and children, retain the immemorial costume of their ancestors. That of the men and boys consists of a brown vest, buttoned tightly across the chest and around the neck. Overlapping this are full-bottomed breeches, descending to the knees, where they are met by thick woolen stockings; the feet covered with heavy wooden *sabots*. The female costume is composed of a corsage of brown cloth, without sleeves, richly embroidered in colors, red being predominant. This belongs to Sunday, and when fully embroidered is often handed down from generation to generation; on week-days it is replaced by one of colored chintz, usually with dark-red roses on a lighter red ground. The skirt consists of two parts: a short basque, with white stripes on a dark ground; and a petticoat, descending to the middle of the ankle, of dark blue, with a double band of orange-brown at the bottom. The sleeves are in two pieces: the upper one, reaching to near the elbow, is striped like the basque; the other, fastened above the elbow, and fitting closely to the arm, is of dark blue. The head-dress consists of an immense mitre-like cap of white lined with brown, and richly embroidered, pressing closely over the ears, and tied under the chin. The hair in front is brought forward and cut off square along the forehead, just above the eyebrows, after a fashion not unfrequent among ourselves in late years. Long ringlets of blond hair fall over the shoulders. Indeed, saving for the height of the cap, which is so extravagant that the chin of the wearer is about midway between its top and the girdle, the immemorial Marken coiffure would not look very strange to-day in the streets of New York, however out of date it may be a year hence.

It would be hard to find a more industrious, orderly, and frugal people than this isolated little community of Marken. All can read, write, and cipher, so that the schoolmaster's office is no sinecure. No one, of course, is very rich; but none are absolutely poor. The fishing-banks of the Zuyder Zee are their harvest-fields, for nothing except hay is grown on the island. This is cut down twice a year by mowers who come over from the mainland for the purpose. When they have gone, all the women and girls—the

built a convent and a great church, finished in 1420, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. This church is still standing, though the convent was burned down in 1515. Its tower is one of the loftiest in all Holland; and the roof of which spans its three great aisles is upheld by eighty massive pillars. Its size abundantly attests the former magnitude of the "Town of the Monks," which was reckoned among the twenty-nine great cities of Holland. All the present population, twenty-five hundred in number,



INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S HUT AT VOLLENDAM.

men and boys are away in their boats—turn out, spread it out to dry, and heap it up in cocks. Besides ordinary household work, this is the only labor of the women. If one wishes to stay a few days on the island, he will find that the schoolmaster has a little chamber at his disposal, though it is rarely called into requisition; and, if the visitor does not speak Dutch, the worthy preceptor can talk to him in French, and narrate the history of the little islet, which is well worth the hearing.

Marken is separated from the mainland by a shallow expanse of water, six miles broad and usually not more than two or three feet deep, which forms the most dangerous part of the Zuyder Zee, as the numerous wrecks decaying along it abundantly attest. Opposite the island is the now little town of Monnikendam, built of red bricks; and paved with yellow ones. The town itself dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, when a branch of the same monkish order that settled Marken took up their residence here, drained the adjacent swamps, and

could easily be assembled within the walls of the great church. The city was among the earliest to espouse the Protestant side, and it was one of the three towns whose ships in 1573 won the naval victory over the Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral the Count Bossu. In the division of the trophies won from the admiral, Monnikendam received his collar of the Golden Fleece, his golden drinking-cup being assigned to Hoorn, and his great two-handed sword to Enkhuyzen, where they are still preserved. It would be hard to find a more sleepy little town in or out of Holland. M. Havard, having occasion to purchase a copper kettle, went straight to the principal shop. The purchase accomplished, the shopkeeper gravely assured him that a stranger rarely broke in upon their quiet repose. "I am sure," he added, "that a month hence your visit will be the great subject of talk, and everybody will question me to learn why you came." The town has, however, a city-hall, and a little shed serving for an exchange, in which, perhaps, a dozen peo-

ple could stand, but in which two hundred tons of cheese and forty thousand dollars' worth of fresh herrings are annually sold.

An hour's sail from Monnikendam brings us to the little fishing-hamlet of Vollendam, where we stop for a day, and where M. Havard sketched the interior of a fisherman's cottage. There was the inevitable bed in its curtained alcove. A cast-iron stove, instead of the usual one of brick, projected from a gayly-tiled chimney-piece; quaint pottery ornamented the shelves; mossy old chairs, tables, and *armoires*, as bright as wax and rubbing could make them, were ranged around the walls. By the window, with its small panes, sat the good-wife plying her needle; and in the middle of the floor were two fishermen packing anchovies into a great earthen jar. These all wore their quaint costume; but the men were in their stocking-feet, for here no man retains his *sabots* in-doors. They are always taken off and left outside, so that one can tell how many men are at home by counting the pairs of wooden shoes by the door.

Only a mile from Vollendam is Edam, once one of the five principal towns of Holland, having one of the largest and finest churches in the kingdom. It is approached by a superb canal bordered by fine trees, and is itself beautifully shaded. The present population is about four thousand. It is surrounded by luxuriant meadows, and has been for more than three centuries noted for its cheese, which connoisseurs pronounce superior even to the famous Parmesan. In the town-hall is a picture, painted in 1682, which bears curious testimony to the comparatively modern greatness of this now dead city. It is the portrait of a wealthy ship-owner of that time, who is seated between the portraits of his son and daughter, to whom he points out with his finger ninety-two ships, all his own property. There are also portraits of three other celebrities of the place. One is Peter Dirksz, "the man with the beard," whose capillary adornment was so long that it swept the ground as he walked. Another is Jan Cornelissen, an innkeeper, who, at the age of forty-two, turned the scale at four hundred and fifty-two pounds. The third is Trintje Cornelissen, a maiden of nineteen, nine feet tall, and of proportionate bulk. By way of partial corroboration of this measurement, her shoes, now two and a half centuries old, and as large as a tolerable violin-case, are carefully treasured up. Edam, if the veracious old chroniclers, Paraval and Van der Aa, are to be credited, once possessed a curiosity such as no other city ever could boast. In 1403, when the whole region was inundated, some fisherwomen descried a strange creature disporting in the shallow waters. They gave chase, and caught it in their nets. Their prize proved to be a veritable siren—not a mere vulgar mermaid with human head and fish-like extremities, but a veritable nymph of the sea, like those who of old sought to allure the wise Ulysses to the ocean-depths. They brought her to their home, dressed her in human attire, taught her to sew and spin; but with all their efforts could never teach her the Dutch language!

If there had been some learned man to address her in Greek, who knows what she could have told? For all that appears, she was the sole survivor of her race, and with her perished the last chance of our learning the mysteries of the ocean-depths. One might suppose that the good people of Edam would have preserved the stuffed skin, or at least the skeleton of so strange a being.

From the famous Edam to the still more famous Hoorn is a short half-day's sail. Entering the fine harbor, we pass through basin after basin bordered by meadows and gardens which occupy the sites of the great ship-yards in which were built the fleets which bore the Dutch flag into every ocean. Here were built the ships with which Van Tromp, bearing a broom at his mast-head, threatened to sweep the English from the North Sea. From Hoorn sailed Abel Tasman, the discoverer of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand; Jan Koen, who founded the Dutch colony of Batavia, in Java; and Wouter Schontin, who first doubled the stormy cape, which he named Cape Horn, in honor of his native town.

At Hoorn was mainly built and manned the little fleet which in 1573 won the sea-fight of the Zuyder Zee, one of the strangest engagements on record, fought in full view from the walls of the city. The Spanish admiral, Count Bossu, came out from Amsterdam with a fleet of thirty sail, trusting to sweep the Dutch vessels from the Zuyder Zee. The patriots collected twenty-five vessels of smaller size and feebler armament, but they knew every winding of the narrow channels. After a brief engagement the Spanish fleet scattered in all directions, chased by the most of the Dutch vessels. But Bossu, believing that his great flag-ship, the Inquisition, was an overmatch for the whole force of the patriots, held his ground. Four little Dutch vessels grappled to the bows, stern, and sides, of the Inquisition. One was beaten off disabled, but the others clung to her like sucking-fish to a whale. The great vessel drifted upon a sand-bank, where she stuck. The action began in the afternoon, and lasted through the night and far into the next day. It was not so much an ordinary sea-fight as the storming of a strong castle. Artillery could not be used, and Bossu and his men-at-arms, clad in bullet-proof armor, repelled every attempt at boarding. The Dutch plied their invulnerable antagonists with fire-balls and discharges of molten lead. Boats were continually putting off from the shore, carrying off the dead and wounded, and bringing fresh men to take their place. Early in the morning the assailants gained brief possession of half of the deck of the Inquisition. A sailor climbed the rigging and hauled down the Spanish colors, but he was shot dead before he regained the deck, and his comrades were hurled back. In these fierce hand-to-hand encounters, three-fourths of the Spaniards were killed or wounded; and at length Bossu, his vessel fast aground, and with no hope of succor or escape, surrendered himself and three hundred others. He was carried prisoner to Hoorn, where he was kept in confinement for three years. He was a Hollander by birth, and was released in

virtue of a pacification agreed upon by the States, who had before taken different sides in the contest ; but his massive gold drinking-cup, as has been told,



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HOORN.

remained and remains at Hoorn. He afterward went over to the patriot side, rose high in the confidence of William the Silent, and did good service against the Spaniards.

Hoorn was founded about 1315, thirty years after the overflow by which the Zuyder Zee was formed. Possessing the best natural harbor on the sea, it grew rapidly into importance. Municipal privileges were granted to it in 1356 ; the great church, burned to the ground in 1838, was completed in 1369. It was, says an old chronicler, "of handsome construction, with a fine steeple of wood covered with lead, similar to but a little smaller than that of Haarlem, built by the same architect." It, moreover, rejoiced in the possession of a bit of the true cross. In 1389 a great annual bullock-fair was established here, which drew visitors from every corner of Europe. The walls were built in 1426. Of these there now remain only a few crumbling towers, and two of the ancient gates, the ramparts having been converted into gardens and promenades shaded by fine trees. One of the old gates at the entrance of the harbor is an imposing structure ; the side facing the port is of a rounded form ; that fronting the town is straight, decorated with sculpture and ornaments. The other

old gate is the Cowgate, so called from being surmounted by groups of sculptured cows, looking on one side into the green meadows and on the other placidly surveying the town. There is still another, the East Gate, of more modern construction. It was built in 1578, during the agony of the great struggle with Spain, and bearing an inscription to the effect that no prudence or vigilance, no arms or thunder of cannon, could defend the town unless God willed to preserve and rule it.

Passing through the fine harbor-gate one seems in a moment carried back four centuries to the time when the wealth of the world was being poured into the lap of Holland. The streets are broad, and lined with quaint houses built of a warm-colored brick, with massive granite steps and landings, and heavy caps over the doors and windows. The roofs all rise in the favorite Dutch stair-like form, and everywhere is a profusion of carved wood and sculptured stone. Every house is old, but none are dilapidated. It was never among the most populous towns of Holland. In its palmy days the inhabitants numbered about twenty-five thousand, and there are now about ten thousand ; but they seem lost in those great, old, antique dwellings and broad, deserted



EAST GATE AT HOORN.

streets, which seem fitted only for cavaliers and burghers in plumed hats, trunk-hose, and long rapiers. If not absolutely a dead city, it is a very sleepy one.

On Thursdays this quiet is broken by the weekly market for the sale of cheese, in which it is said twenty-five thousand tons are annually sold. Then through the East Gate pours a throng of vehicles of ancient and modern fashion, in which the neighboring farmers and their solid spouses bring the products of their dairies. The round, reddish cheeses are piled up like cannon-balls in an arsenal, beside which their soberly-dressed owners gravely bargain with the purchasers. The bargaining is performed almost in silence. A shake more or less of the hands, and a few bends of the fingers, indicate the number of florins or stivers which the seller asks or the buyer

offers. Neither wishes any other person to know the precise terms, both hoping that their next bargain will be a better one. Just before leaving Hoom our voyagers thought they would add a little fresh meat to the tjalk's small store of salted food; a leg of mutton was decided upon, but there was nothing of the kind in the principal butcher's stall; there was only a leg of veal, which was eagerly purchased of the proprietress; but, before possession was secured, the journeyman came up and said that he had already sold this, the only bit of fresh meat in Hoom, to go to Enkhuysen, twenty miles distant, where a *fête* was to be held the next day.

CHAPTERS ON MODELS.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

II.

MODELS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MODELS figure in the history of painting and sculpture from an early date, though not much is said about them in the annals of Greek art. There is little doubt, I think, that having a model always present, even when working on an ideal subject, is of recent practice; but it is weak and illogical to conclude that sculptors and painters in all times have not studied particular models to acquire knowledge of the human form and the philosophy of its uses and capacities. Once master of this, with the example of Phidias or Michael Angelo before him, the artist has a great capital in hand; but if not able to remember all the intricate varieties of form in certain actions, he must of necessity refresh his knowledge by referring to the human figure before he can be satisfied that he has not violated truth in anatomy, or some other essential physical fact in color, light and shade, gradation, draperies, and all else which is called for in the representation of the human figure. He must either have a powerful recollection of what *has been* studied carefully from models, or have the models present to aid him. Thus have gods been created from men models—goddesses from female models. The elements are found in both ordinary and extraordinary Nature—the skill to intensify and elevate them belongs to genius. Nature translated to us through an imaginative and poetical medium in either sculpture or painting is never mere imitation; in rivalry of Nature there is (so to say) an inner model which dictates the sentiment desired in the work, giving it a meaning and a language. And yet how differently impressed are different minds with the same objects in Nature. Ask a number of artists to paint or model the same thing—be it what it may be—having substance and color, still-life or animated life—each will extract from it that sentiment which is congenial to his own spirit; nor does it unfrequently happen that

the one who renders the most literal imitation of the model is the one least gifted with an artistic imagination: the mechanical alone being the only faculty called into action. In this case, poetry, taste, and fancy, set up no opposition to geometry, judgment of distances, quantities, and tint. The artist is only concerned to render as nearly as possible the material and absolute effect of the thing he is copying. This ability, nevertheless, is not to be too slightly considered, inasmuch as it pleases, nay, delights, the greater portion of those who seek gratification from the truthful representations of form and color. It does not soar beyond their sympathies, and costs no cultivation to understand it. A bunch of turnips, or a satin dress, imitated with great truth, would to such give infinitely more satisfaction than the "School of Athens" by Raphael. There is also another argument which favors correct imitation. There are few objects chosen as models for imitation which in themselves do not contain a sentiment—an association or something which awakens feelings and interests in human heads and hearts; and, consequently, the more faithful the representation the stronger will be the mental and internal sensation it will produce.

But I am forgetting that it is not a lecture upon art that I am writing. Models employed by artists to assist them in their works is the legitimate object of this chapter, and I will return to it. In the "Miracle of Bolsena," by Raphael, Julio Romano, Perugino, and other of his friends, were models for him, in addition to which he was, for one figure, his own model. These portraits are a very interesting and are a strong part of that noble picture. In his own mother Raphael found the model for his unsurpassed maternal creations. The Fornarina was his model for the possessed boy in the "Transfiguration," and her image is recognized in other of his works. Michael Angelo, for a figure which Charon is driving from his back into Hades, finds his model in one of the cardinals—one of his greatest detractors and

bitterest enemies.¹ Andrea del Sarto and Correggio are said to have painted their Madonnas and angels from their own wives and children. Leonardo da Vinci chose as his model for Judas an ill-favored man in power who was trying to ruin him. The sister of Napoleon I. was a model to Canova. The distinguished poetess and noble princess, Victoria Colonna, it is said, influenced Michael Angelo in his type of female heads. Among the old painters, had I space, I could find pages of similar instances if I chose to consult historical references. Of the modern painters I have room for only two instances, though hundreds could be found if desirable. Our own gifted Trumbull, who went to England during our War of Independence, was thrown into prison as a spy; during his imprisonment he occupied himself in painting a picture representing the sortie of Gibraltar. Among the principal foreground figures was a young English officer, wounded and dying. The artist found it difficult to satisfy himself with the action of this figure. Sir Thomas Lawrence, then commencing his career, came one day to the prison to visit the rising American artist. Trumbull expressed his dissatisfaction in regard to that particular figure, when young Lawrence threw himself into the action of the wounded Briton. The artist, pleased with his pose and form, painted from him the most touching incident in that remarkable picture, thus profiting by Lawrence as his model, and perpetuating a portrait of him at the same time.

When our distinguished sculptor² Professor Rogers was modeling "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," an accomplished young American lady visited his studio. Her hands were the most lovely types of symmetry and refinement ever seen, and it was easy to suppose and imagine that her feet were equally beautiful and perfect. The sculptor, quick to observe, and just then busy with the feet and hands of Nydia, thought how happy he should be could he have hers as a study. He asked, as a very great favor and condescension, that she would allow him to take casts of her hands. She complied without hesitation, and he was so fortunate also as to get a cast of her charming little feet. Here the daughter of one of our most eminent and cultivated citizens was a model in part for the creation of one of the most popular statues of our time.³

Professional models in Rome may be divided into two classes—those who sit or stand in costume, and those who are models for the nude. The first are mostly employed by the painters, and the last by the sculptors. There are plenty of old sinners who sit for saints and other historical subjects, long-bearded patriarchs, ancient soothsayers, or mod-

ern beggars. There are younger models, zealous to represent St. Johns and St. Jameses, or ready to be worked into heroes and satyrs, soldiers, prelates, sailors, sorcerers, or what you like. There are two or three black-bearded, thick-haired, low-browed looking villains who are valued as good types for Judases, brigands, and assassins, or who may answer for wicked monks in cowls. One of these was considered the best devil in the Eternal City, and monopolized almost entirely the business of that department, achieving the startling nickname of "Il Diavolo." There are one or two models popular as types of the Saviour. One of them was known by the name of "Il Cristo." I myself had occasion once to consult his head for a picture of Christ at the well with the woman of Samaria, which I mention more to relate an interesting incident connected with one whose name is loved in literature than for anything else. While engaged upon it I was honored one morning by a visit from ex-President Pierce and our admirable writer of fiction, Hawthorne.

"Where," asked Hawthorne, "did you find your model for the head of Christ?"

I told him that there was a model whose head was very much the type of the Saviour's as represented by most of the old painters, and that he was distinguished by the *sobriquet* of "Il Cristo."

"I should like to see him," he said.

"And so should I, too," I replied. "I went to find him the other day, to engage him for more sittings, when his family informed me that he had enlisted as a soldier and left the city."

It would be difficult to describe the peculiar smile on Hawthorne's face as he said: "So Christ has gone to the war! Is it true," he asked, "that there are also models who sit for pictures of the Eternal Father?"

I replied in the affirmative: "Two or three old men, with long white beards, who are generally to be seen sitting on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna."

"Let us go," said he to Mr. Pierce, "and see the gods by all means."

There are numbers of young women who may do the model for Madonnas, Magdalens, Judiths, Graces, and Venuses, and one stately, severe-looking matron, familiarly known as "The Roman Matron." There are any number of boys, girls, and children, who help the artists to create Bacchuses, fauns, Cupids, angels, cherubs, or are ready to be worked into juvenile beggars, gleaners, flower-girls, water-carriers (with the eternal *concha* on the head), shepherd-boys, lads playing marbles or doing every kind of mischief in which vagabond boys delight—in short, there is nothing in painting or sculpture, where bones, muscle, color, and costumes are wanted, for which a model may not be found in Rome.

One of the frequent questions asked by strangers is, "Are these female models not very immoral?" It is a very natural question considering the nature of their vocation, but I am persuaded that there is much less dishonesty among them than is supposed by persons not familiar with their calling. Modeling is not such easy work as most imagine, espe-

¹ It was in the picture of the "Last Judgment." The cardinal appealed to Leo X. for redress for the insult perpetrated by the painter. Leo asked him if Michael Angelo had really put him in hell. He replied, "Yes, your holiness." "Then you are beyond my aid," said the pope. "Had it been in purgatory, I could have got you out."

² Mr. Rogers is the first American made professor of St. Luke's Academy at Rome.

³ "Nydia" has been duplicated nearly a hundred times, a circumstance unparalleled in the history of modern sculpture.

cially where constrained actions are to be held for a long time; even keeping still in easy positions for half an hour is thought a great nuisance by people sitting for their portraits—what, then, must it be kneeling on a hard floor for two hours, or standing with the whole weight of the body on one foot, arms extended, the back curved in the act of springing forward, and poses still more fatiguing? Let any young lady try a *pose plastique* of Rogers's "Nydia," and endeavor to sustain it ten minutes. The strongest young woman would find it no easy task. I cannot think that a model demoralized in the way alluded to would pursue an occupation long where there was so much fatigue. The vocation itself subjects her to unjust suspicion, and places a barrier between her and the better-conditioned of her sex, making her resistance to the weakness insinuated still a greater merit. I believe it would be the opinion of the majority of the artists in Rome that their female models, with few exceptions, are very well-behaved. Thirty years ago the most noted model was Grazzia. I remember Gibson making a splendid study of her head (about the same period he made another beautiful study of the head of the daughter of Byron's "Maid of Athens"). Grazzia in type approximated nearer to pure Greek than any living model I have ever seen. She died when very young. Minnucuccia was another of the popular models of that epoch. She was one of Canova's models for his *Graces*. She is still living. Her proportions were admirable, though she was not what might be called beautiful. Gibson used to say that, ugly as she was, her proportions corresponded closer to the best Greek female statues than any other living figure he had ever studied. "She had at least classical bones and muscles."

III.

THE DYING MODEL.

THE boy-model Domenico's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had descended every winter from their homes in the Abruzzi heights to sit for *pifferari*—or shepherds—bandits, and picturesque mountaineers of all sorts. The grandfather of Domenico I remember the first time I visited Rome—1837. He was the most patriarchal and finest old fellow, with snowy beard, I ever saw. When his son Raffiello came, bringing his wife and children with him, my industrious pencil went through the whole family, and ended its labors with it by painting the widowed mother, Jacinta, her eldest daughter, the infant (hope of the house of Raffiello), a little girl, and Domenico making his last pose with his last breath. I had painted him before in many characters: as a laughing beggar running, half in jest and half in earnest, after carriages, his black hair floating in the air, gourd-shell leaping at his side, his white teeth glittering, his large, dark eyes sparkling, his beautiful face in a glow of sunny carnation; and now, how white and still it was in this his last sitting to me! I painted him whenever I wanted the most beautiful eyes, the greatest vivaci-

ty, the most intense expression of life and feeling. I painted him when I wanted the glossiest, dark, curling hair, purest oval face, rosiest young cheeks, brows nobly (not weakly) arched; when I wanted a mouth lovely as ever mouth was made, and teeth prompt at each happy moment to exhibit their snowy whiteness. Had I painted an angel, a Cupid, a seductive, youthful faun, or a Ganymede, Narcissus, or Endymion, Domenico would have been my chosen model for them all. Giacinta, his sister, some three years older than himself, was the best type of a dark, ardent gypsy girl I have ever met with outside the gypsy tribes, and her brother also showed a trace of the same race in his veins. Giacinta was also fine-looking, but the boy was superlatively so. The tempers of the whole family were quick and revengeful, and Domenico had inherited this defect of his race largely, and at twelve years of age had already distinguished himself in the use of the knife by stabbing his sister Giacinta in a moment of passion. For days her life was despaired of. Yet the normal mood of the lad was most pacific and affectionate; in the large, dark eyes, however, one could see there lurked hidden mischief—a smothered fire which, if suffered to break out, would fight in the ranks of the devil with a will.

The boy had intellect enough, had it been properly cultivated, to have made a prime-minister, but all his natural qualities were left to develop themselves into tares, briars, or golden fruit and flowers, as it might chance. The one indisputable endowment which had been bestowed upon the lad was beauty so distinctly pronounced that all the painters sought him for a model. In many a picture painted by the pension-students of the French Academy may be seen his resemblance, and also into the works of other painters who have been here has his image crept, which are now scattered over the world. I often fall in with photographs and engravings, after the pictures of artists who have lived in Rome, and exclaim, "Oh, there is Domenico and there his sister Giacinta!" Rudolph Lehmann, a clever German painter, has made charming pictures from both; so have Otto Brandt, Michelle, and other noted artists, so that the lineaments of our Abruzzi models will be known to as distant a future as linen and paint will endure. I cannot but think it a species of immortality for the models, this having their features and forms handed down to future generations; as real, at least, as the fictitious creations of Scott or Dickens. Domini Sampson, Jenny Dean, Pickwick, and Dick Swiveler, were but portraits drawn from models, their characteristics heightened by the artistic ability of the writers. Greuze has given a similar immortality to the girl with the broken pitcher, whose story is kept alive by the genius of his pencil; and, were it not believed that Beatrice Cenci had sent to Guido for the portrait in the Barberini Palace, her memory now would be but a vague tradition. Had not Raphael's divine hand traced the image of the Fornarina, she would have but an indefinite place in history as his mistress.

Domenico had begun his vocation while a baby

carried in his mother's arms, and held by her in the positions desired for cherubs or more mundane infants, sometimes to sing the *nina nani* to her baby till it slept for pictures of sleeping innocents. As Domenico grew there were demands upon his face and figure for every subject which boyhood could personate; but artists most loved to paint him in his pointed hat, gourd-shell, and sack pending jauntily from his shoulders, and dangling upon his lamb-skin jacket; in his red waistcoat and sash of deeper red, blue breeches, white stockings laced up to his knees with the leather thongs which fastened his moccasins to his ankles at the same time. Portraits of him in this costume are abundant; lots of sketches of him have found their way into young ladies' drawing-books, from memory, or stolen as he has been lounging on the great stair, or playing *moro* with other peasant-lads. No one who could paint or model, however indifferently, saw him without exclaiming, "I should like to make a study of that boy." Every pose, movement, gesticulation, and expression, suggested pictures; he seemed born, body and soul, a model.

And here I must trespass upon the patience of the reader to relate a trifling incident which happened in my own studio when I was alarmed for a moment lest all these perfections, which I have so elaborately described, had come to an untimely end. He was posing to me for the picture of a hurdy-gurdy boy asleep over his instrument; scene in London, a monkey his companion, who was wide awake, and, with his paw upon the handle of the instrument, would himself have a turn at it. An old green cloth covered the hurdy-gurdy; the boy's arms and hands rested upon this, which was sustained upon his knees, and his head rested upon his hands, dreaming, let us suppose, of that far-away Italian home which he had left to grind forth discordant sounds in the streets of London, and pick up a few pennies given in compassion, or to induce him to put an end to the atrocious music. The poor, wandering Savoyard is supposed to have received more kicks than pence, and had sat down disheartened and fallen dead asleep, pillowing his dark, warm cheeks upon the soul-distracting musical machine. Such, at least, was the thought of the painter. Domenico entered into the spirit of the personation required of him with great earnestness, doing his part to forward the picture to perfection, whatever might be the shortcomings in my part of it—in twenty minutes he was in a profound sleep. I had mounted him on the model-stand which raised him some four or five feet from the floor, and, as I was wrestling with the difficulties of foreshortening (which, by-the-by, is enough to break down any ordinary constitution), I saw my model pitch forward toward me, and fall head-foremost, instrument, cloth and all, at the feet of my easel, his face and shoulders buried under the *débris*. He did not stir. "Gracious powers!" I inwardly exclaimed, holding my breath, "has the poor boy broken his neck?" I was half paralyzed with the thought, and stood motionless, possessed by one of the most painful feelings I ever endured in my life; a hundred ideas flashed through

my brain in a moment: if he were dead these singular people would perhaps say that I had killed him—never believe it could have been an accident; innocent as I was, and fond of Domenico, I should be proclaimed his murderer. At best an awful suspicion would rest against me by half the Roman world. Great Heavens! what a terrible position! Transfixed with these frightful fancies for twenty seconds (which appeared an hour), I stooped, and snatched with desperation the green cloth and a part of the jacket away from his head. His eyes were closed, his face calm and peaceful, a sweet smile was on his lips. "If dead," I said, silently, "he has suffered no pang, for there is no sign of distortion." I took him by the arm and shoulders to lift him up, when he opened his large eyes upon me with a look of reproach for having disturbed his *siesta*. I hope that the reader will believe me when I assure him there is no exaggeration in this curious incident, irrational as it may strike him or her. I was as much surprised and staggered to reconcile the possibility of such a circumstance as any one can be by this recital of it. There was but one solution that had the least color of reason in it: the model must have fallen in such a manner that his deep sleep was not interrupted—strange as it was.

I shall dwell no longer upon the many peculiarities of Domenico. At thirteen, so great a favorite had he become of the artists that he was fully occupied, and was the principal support of his widowed mother and sisters. They had lodgings on the ground-floor of a damp, dilapidated old house in the Via Purificazione. It was getting into the hottest month of the spring when the unwholesome air of their quarters, and the overtaxed endurance of the model in close studios, brought on a slow fever, which, neglected, progressed into a more malignant disease.

One morning the poor mother came to me to say that her boy and chief support was in bed, and all her means of living cut off save what Giacinta earned, which was little now. She had not even the means, she said, to buy the medicines which the doctor of the district had ordered. She had pawned her coral beads, ear-rings, and Giacinta's best costume, two weeks since, and the money was gone. "And," said she, "the Madonna has abandoned us to sickness and misery."

"Nay, good Rosa," said my wife, "you must not talk so. We will see what can be done for you. Here are a few lire; go and get the medicine, and I will come to you later in the afternoon."

She went accordingly to see the lad, and brought me back a discouraging report of him, and a sad picture of the poverty and wretchedness of the place where the family lived. Some better linen and softer pillows were procured; the hard, rude bed made easier; broths, jellies, and other comforts, sent daily to the suffering model. Kind-hearted Rudolph Lehmann was as fond of the boy as myself, and engaged the best medical professor at his own expense to see the patient and prescribe for him; but the famous doctor could do nothing for him.

"I have been called in too late," he said; "the

disease is malignant typhus, and the boy is sinking under its last fatal symptoms;" and added, as a warning to those who were so interested in the poor little fellow, that the malady was infectious.

My wife neither heeded the warning nor could be convinced that with tender nursing and care he might not yet be saved. She made the strongest broth that it is possible to extract from meat, and with her own hand fed him. It was an hour after the last attempt to force a drop of this liquid between his teeth that I, too, called to see my favorite. The mother, Giacinta, her child, and a capuchin friar, only were present besides myself. The boy's head and shoulders had been raised, and lay upon a large pillow of down, which had been placed there by a tender-hearted lady, who had deprived her own couch of it. Giacinta had thrown herself down at the head of the low bed. One arm was under the bolster; with the hand of the other she was lifting the dark locks of her unconscious brother from his forehead, and spreading them over the white pillow; upon his face Death had already impressed that strange, calm look which tells us that the terrible monarch is taking possession. The heart-broken mother saw that look, and, covering her eyes with her hands, stood, her head bowed, in rigid, wordless grief. Her youngest, clinging to her skirts, asked:

"Dear mamma, what ails you that you cry?"

Giacinta also saw the look, and knew its unmistakable sign. Her eyes sank to her knees, and wet them with hot tears. The holy friar remarked the change as he stood bent over the dying boy, with one hand lightly resting over the heart that had ceased to beat; with the other he raised up the small crucifix from his girdle in token that the spirit had taken its flight. I too saw the waxen pallor settle upon those features which I had so often painted for their glowing rosette carnations. Those lustrous eyes (once challenging the power of paint and pencil), their depth and brilliancy so marvelous for vital animation, were now heavy with leaden mistiness; the long lashes were lying over them with an icy, glittering dew at the point of each lid. The mouth was slightly open, and the pearly teeth almost seemed to smile as he might have smiled in sleep. As he lay there in the dignity of death, it was the most angelic countenance I ever saw, forbidding the thought that aught of wickedness had been familiar to it; and I doubted if it could be true or possible that the seraphic-looking boy lying there could ever have stabbed a sister or ever meditated evil in his life. Was poor Domenico in this last sad moment fancying or dreaming still of his vocation—posing, perchance, to personate some expiring young hero of the Grecian times, or other classic form, where grace, dignity, and harmonious lines, would best please the artist? Sincerely I believe it must have been so, so artistically studied appeared the action. One hand lay upon his breast; down by his right side reposed the other at just the proper angle from his body; the limbs not stiffly stretched; one knee was slightly elevated, the other gently depressed. The light sheet fell in folds over the figure, which

the most fastidious sculptor would have found it difficult to arrange more tastefully; the face was turned a little to the right, receiving the strongest rays of the light which came through a very small window high upon the left wall of the room. The walls themselves were damp, stained, and of dreary gray. Upon them, from a broken beam, hung the boy's costume, his sack and gourd, his pointed hat with its bright feather and ribbons, his blood-red sash and *ciocci*, the mountain-pipes, and all his little rustic outfit of things in which he looked, living, so attractive. Below them hung the *tamburino*, which Giacinta could strike with skill when neighboring rustics came to dance the *saltarella* in the narrow garden back of the house. These and a few other objects common to people of the mountains relieved the wretched room of nudity.

The friar placed the lighted wax-candle near the foot of the bed upon the stone floor, laid the stole across the limbs of the dead boy, whispered a few words of consolation to the anguished mother and sister, and disappeared. I closed the eyes of the beautiful Domenico, took another long look at him in his last pose, and went away, leaving the sorrowing Giacinta and her mother alone with their dead—went to my studio with sad regrets in my heart, for I liked the boy with a strong paternal feeling. That same hour I made a sketch of the scene I had left, from which afterward a picture grew. Thus to the last was Domenico my model.

IV.

A GROUP OF MODELS ON THE SAND OF THE SERCHIO.

I HAD been told that the Lima and Serchio were noted for trout-fishing, and I took this information largely into consideration when we proposed to spend an autumn among the hills of Lucca. In youth, fishing had been a passion with me, and I was delighted with the prospect of renewing the charming pastime. I made the most elaborate preparations; procured the best English rod, hooks of cunningly-made artificial flies, and all other contrivances which proclaim the swell sportsman. Fairly settled in our apartments, I chose for my first essay a slightly-cloudy morning. The river was neither too high nor too low; all seemed singularly propitious. Servants were roused, a breakfast prepared and disposed of before daybreak, and, just as the larks were caroling to the early day, I passed up into the deep gorge toward Palleggio. Save to the enthusiastic and devoted angler it is useless to describe the buoyancy and excitement with which one sets forth on a piscatorial excursion. I hurried along through the chestnut-groves with elastic steps—the river beneath inviting me at every turn to descend to its whirling eddies—gentle and rapid currents—every place in my fancy containing red-spotted victims. At last, I could resist no longer; I came upon a situation which united all the qualities that bank and water could offer; I descended the rocky proclivity at the risk of break-

ing my neck, and, reaching the border of the Lima, exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, this is the spot, decidedly!" I put my rod together, my nerves in a state of tumult, my imagination running riot with mighty expectations: now, would they be tolerable darlings of one pound, or speckled beauties of three and four? From a certain unquestionably trout-looking place under a jutting, deep, and dark, shady rock, I felt sure of landing a splendid prize—I would carry him home while his colors were fresh and prismatic, and paint him as a trophy. How bewitchingly the water sets back in ripples behind yon boulder! There lies prize the second. I chose from my flies the one best adapted to the season and country, suspended him to the end of a line so fine as to be almost invisible to either man or fish.

Ah, what a moment of rosy hopes is that, when the enthusiastic fisherman balances the flexible rod in his hand, and is about to whip his artificial wiggler on the surface of the stream! Only the initiated can understand the feeling. I have always flattered myself that I had a genius for angling if for nothing else, and, confident of my surpassing ability, I whipped my mimic tackle with admirable dexterity on the very inch of water where I wished it: it skimmed the surface like a living thing—but no trout rose to seize it. Then followed throw after throw, graceful and masterly whippings up and down, near and far off; yet no fish rose to greet my accomplished skill and applaud my efforts. I left the inappreciative current and turned to the shaded pool under the rock. "They are probably there," I said to myself, "wagging their tails, doing the *dolce far niente*. I'll see if I can get a rise out of you." I whipped with a little too much energy, my hook caught a twig which hung over the rock, and I left a bit of my line and the fly dangling from it. "A little out of practice—not awkwardness," suggested my conceit. Damages repaired—another more attractive fly attached—I went on vigorously floating the tempting bait, here, there, and everywhere, until my hand was fatigued with the play; and yet I could not believe such fishy-looking water could be troutless. I said to myself, as all fishermen do under similar circumstances: "This is not the right place; I must go farther on." And farther on I went, accordingly; clambering over crags and rocks—finding, if possible, more flattering currents, whirls, and shimmering pools; but whip, fling, skim as coaxingly and coquettishly as I might, I could not induce the river to yield up to me even the smallest of its finny treasures. Patiently, hour after hour, I persevered; penetrating higher and higher up the tortuous, narrow valley—passing paper-mills, and stone-built huts where ragged children came out to stare at me and beg. The ravine was getting more shut in by crowding, abrupt hills; the sun had set, and I was eight miles from home. It was one of the hardest day's labors I ever dedicated to the piscatorial art: wearied and wet I retraced my steps homeward, a fishless fisherman. A good night's rest made me heedless of yesterday's failure—for what true votary ever suffers himself to despair at one day's un-

successful trial? No, clearly it had not been the right day—something in the air—electricity or something else (as an old fishing-chum of mine used to say)—to-day will be more prosperous, and will repay me for yesterday's want of success. And off again I started, bright and early, over the same ground, and returning with the same result. This decided me that the Lima owned no trout, and that there must have been some mistake in my information; it must be in the Serchio where that aristocratic fish deigned to swim, and a day or two after I resolved to whip that sparkling element. I selected again a day that looked auspicious—clouds with the gentlest breeze—it was a lovely morning; the birds again were in full chorus; morning was truly "flinging its sweets over each branch and each flower;" the brown-faced peasants came bounding down from their hilly homes with fruit and vegetables for the Bagni market. How joyously they sang and laughed as they tripped onward to the town—health on their cheeks and hope in their hearts! I myself caught a little of their happiness by sympathy, and went forward with less lead in my feet, mounting the road which runs along and high above the winding Serchio, with vines festooned from tree to tree, or stake to stake, weighed down with ripening, luscious grapes of purple, green, and yellow; or through groves of chestnut-trees laden with nuts which were beginning to fall. Gayly I trudged on, until I was distant enough to descend to the stream and try my fortune. Never did appearances promise better sport; never water bore a troutier look. My reel and rod seemed impatient to get at the fun, and I also was agitated; I almost trembled with grand expectations, and made my first throw (shall I confess it?) with a nervous palpitation; and must I confess, likewise, that all that day I toiled in vain? Downward I went along the banks of the enchanting river, and toward sunset found myself near that strange bridge which at its birth was christened Ponte della Madalena, but now is more frequently called Il Ponte del Diavolo. The reason given for the change is this: No bridge had been constructed until the present one which could resist the torrents to which the Serchio is subject. The one arch of the present structure is raised so high that it defies the flood—but it also defies carriages with horses to mount and descend its steep angles. From a little distance the top of the bridge presents the appearance of a sharp angle, and, when necessary for carriages to pass over, it is only by human aid they can be lifted up to its apex, and let down again. Thence the name of the Devil's Bridge.

Disappointed, tired, and, let me say, disgusted with my fishing-excursions, I sat down upon a huge boulder to rest, and reflect upon the annihilation of my dreams about trout-fishing. Three blessed days, and not even "a glorious nibble"—really, it was too bad. I rested with my head bent in moody half-sleepiness, and, as I raised my eyes, they rested upon three children standing upon the sand in front of me—a girl of twelve or thirteen with a very heavy baby in her arms, and a small brother by her side; they were

as ragged as the most fastidious admirer of picturesque rags could desire. Baby was a fine little fellow, and of a weight much too heavy to have been imposed upon so fragile a figure as that of the girl, but she managed to sustain it with a pretty, motherly grace, which made the effort still more touching. The boy was planted firmly on his feet, wide apart, with one hand rammed into what should once have been a pocket, the other at his mouth, with two of his fingers thrust into it, his head bent, and gazing at me from under his brows with a saucy, defiant scrutiny, as arrant a little scamp as I ever met here, where scamps of his type abound. There was a subdued sunset-glow upon the group, which was very paintable, and for a background there were the Devil's Bridge and the blue mountains. Sitting thus by the heartless and, I solemnly believe, fishless river—here was something which seemed to rise up before me, as it were, to console me for my humiliation. It appealed to me, saying: "Here is something for your canvas; return to your easel, and send fishing to the dogs."

Not far from the children was a woman beating her coarse linen on a stone in the stream. I went to her and asked if she was the mother of the trio near?

"*Sl, signore, Dio sia benedetto*, they are mine, and I have three others in *paradiso*."

"I should like to paint them," I said.

"Do what to them?" she replied. "What have they done? Has that *demonio Beppo* been throwing stones again?"

"No, good *sposa*, he has done no harm that I know of. I am a painter, make pictures, and would like your children there as models."

The poor woman stared at me in utter bewilderment. Models! What could that mean?

"*Scusato, signore, ma non lo intendo*."

"I wish to make their *ritratti*" (portraits).

"*Io capisco—you want to scriere*" (write) "their likenesses? *Sl, signore*, where do you live? Some *festa* day, when they have on their best clothes, I'll bring them to you."

"No, no, good-wife; I want them just as they are now, rags, dirt, and all."

"*O caro signore!* but they won't do for a pretty picture so; they are half naked."

"If they were quite so, I should like them just as well," I replied, and she looked more astonished than ever, but I finally was enabled to make her understand my motive, and a bargain was struck. The children were to come to me the next day as models.

The rod was taken to pieces, the line wound round the reel, the flies booked, and a vow booked with them, never to use them again near the perfidious and deluding waters of the Lima and Serchio.

My little people came daily, the time flew away pleasantly, and my wounded feelings as a badly-treated fisherman were healed. The autumn came, the yellow leaves were falling, and the chestnuts also, and the industrious Luchesi began to harvest them for their winter's bread. The picture was completed, the Devil's Bridge and all. One thing only was wanting before I could box my rustics, and that was to get it dry. This I proposed to do by exposing it to the sun in the piazzetta upon which my coach-house studio opened. I placed it against the wall, reversed in the full blaze of the sun, and left it to fry and bake until after mid-day. When I went out to look after it, I found the place crowded with half the population of the pygmy town. It was *festa* day; the street to the church passed alongside of the diminutive square. Mass was over, and the people were returning to their homes. Attracted by the canvas, their curiosity was awakened, and old and young of all conditions came to have a look at my performance. The picture being upside-down, it was rather difficult to see it. Yet there they were, some with their heads twisted one side, or below their shoulders, some looking from between their legs (most ludicrous of all). The whole audience, in brief, were distorted into one shape or another. There was but one thing to do, and not be an unamiable bear, and that I did: I turned the picture right side up, and gave my eager spectators a fair sight of my work. It was greeted by a vigorous clapping of hands and *cervivas*; Giuseppe the baker, Giovanni the carpenter, Tomasso the blacksmith, Ignaccio the shoemaker, Pinto the tailor, paid me flattering compliments. Here was fame unlooked for and spontaneous—fame thrust upon me. It was not spurned, however, as some may suppose. I was gratified with the praise of these simple, honest people, whether the picture merited the approbation they bestowed upon it or not.

It is several years since I painted my models of the Serchio. Maria may by this time be married to some worthy peasant, and carrying a baby of her own—the one she was lugging in her girlish arms will have grown to the age that Beppo was then, and that young blackguard himself may now possibly be a soldier in Victor Emmanuel's army, or in the galleys—the one as likely as the other.

SUNDOWN.

II.

WHERE sky begins or sea-line ends
In yon horizon's mysteries,
No eye can mark, so softly blends
The sea's and sky's infinities.

The blue sea wears a crown of flame,
The rosy clouds drink sapphire dew,
Till, melted into each, no name
Of human birth defines the hue.

And thus the mortal life, meseems,
At waning tide shall woven be
With life immortal—earth's best dreams
And heaven's fused in harmony,

Till only infinite wisdom knows
The word, beyond our speech's range,
To paint the mystic light that throws
Its veil of peace about the change.

MARY B. DODGE.

LA PETITE ROSIÈRE.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

"APPROACH thyself of the fire, my sister. I have of the great news to tell thee."

"Ah! I can see it is the good news by thy visage of joy, *ma Victorienne*. Is it touching la *chère Adèle*?"

"Truly it is, my sister. La *chère Adèle*—the sweet child—twice already in the one week! Oh, my sister, is it not charming?"

"Truly—truly, *chère Victorienne*! Ah! how I felicitate you to have a daughter—and such a daughter! And poor me, with only the two beasts of sons! Ah-h! what happiness is yours!"

Here the two sisters, ruddy, dancing-eyed, strong-limbed Burgundian peasants, hardly yet middle-aged, rush into each other's arms with great effusion. If the mother of "la *chère Adèle*" eagerly protests that the mother of sons, "and such sons—so noble, so charming," should be the happiest creature beneath the skies; and the mother of the "beasts of sons" ostentatiously mourns that she is not the joyful parent of a daughter, "so lovely, so divine," as "la *chère Adèle*;" while both are in their secret hearts more than content each with her own—what matters it? Each is conscious of the other's little fiction, though feeling secure that her own amiable fraud shall escape detection.

Victorienne—Madame Allaud—is the first to recover herself, for she has much that is of importance to communicate.

"Listen, my sister. Figure to yourself the embarrassment that overwhelms me. This dear *Adèle* (I may speak freely, for she has now gone to confess her innocent soul to the good curé) finds herself in much request. It is not yet, of course, that she knows anything of it; but the *Veuve Déligaud* approached me the yesterday on the subject of her son."

"Is it, then, la *Veuve Déligaud*? But, by the holy saints, that is the good parti! It is always good to marry the only son of a widow. And the son of la *Veuve Déligaud*, with her good vineyards and her fine house full of store—ah! *ma sœur*, but thou art the fortunate one!"

And, rising in her enthusiasm, the somewhat portly Madame Rasse nearly overwhelms her more slender sister with a new and vigorous embrace. This time there is really a touch of gentle envy in the voice of Madame Rasse. The vintage and the store-closets of the widow are truly to be desired.

"Yes, yes; but figure it to yourself!" exclaims Madame Allaud, impatiently. "Figure it to yourself! It is only the day before yesterday, when I had not the first thought of this *chère veuve*, that I was approached of the part of Louis Sardou."

"Ah-h! *ma Victorienne*, and is it that you gave the heed to him, the *scélérat*?"

"Not so—ah-h! not so, my sister! He is not so

bad. It is true, he is not an only son, but his father has the fine vineyards, and, it is said, not a little money laid by. In truth, my husband declares to me that the Sardou père has perhaps even more money stored away than the widow."

"And is it thou, my poor Victorienne, that believedst him?"

The fine features of Madame Rasse, glowing in the firelight against the background of shadow, would hardly have expressed more scornful pity had her sister confessed to a firm faith in the words of the father of lies.

"Listen, then, my sister," said the humble Madame Allaud. "See thou. Couldst thou have imagined that the dear *Adèle* should be sought in marriage by the son of the widow? Wert not thou thyself astonished when I told thee, and when thou knowest that never has the widow made herself to be friendly with us—not more, indeed, than if she were herself a bourgeoisie instead of a peasant? And how was I to know that her son, the young Charles, should love my *Adèle*, and have become lost in his wits until that he shall have her for his wife?"

"And is it that the boy loves her?" cried Madame Rasse, with a fine mixture of scorn, wonder, and admiration, in her voice.

"Yes, yes," nodded Madame Allaud, impressively. "It is that he loves my *Adèle*; and not alone so, but"—drawing herself back and casting a glance of pride upon her sister—"it is also that the young Louis Sardou says the same thing. They have, both of them, become crazy with her beauty, her grace, and her goodness."

"All that is very charming, my Victorienne," answers Madame Rasse, rather coolly, perhaps, seeing that she is the aunt of the love-inspiring *Adèle*; "but what is now to be done? Thou didst not send halting the widow? No. And yet thou hadst already promised *Adèle* to the young Louis? Is it not so? Eh bien! It will not be so difficult to find excuse for breaking this promise; but"—suddenly turning her eyes piercingly upon her sister—"but, as both of these young men have seen and admired *Adèle*, hast thou assured thyself that she has no preference which may entangle itself with events?"

"My sister!" Madame Allaud, her black eyes blazing with indignation, pronounced the words with infinite dignity—"my sister! Remember thyself—*Adèle* is my daughter and thy niece; and ask thyself if it should be possible for her to so far forget herself as to have a preference before she is betrothed."

"But softly, *ma Victorienne*, but softly! I meant not to offend thee, but thou knowest that the daughters of even the mothers the most watchful have been known to have thus forgotten themselves. And thou knowest that it is necessary that one assures one's self of the quality of one's grapes before that one essays to make the wine."

Thus the sisters talk and plan, sitting in the glow of the fire, which the projecting sides of the massive fireplace send out in one long, straight band of light, leaving the rest of the room in total darkness.

Here, in the deepest shadow, on an inverted dye-tub stored in the corner formed by the large chimney and the house-wall, might be—not seen or heard, but—felt the crouching form of a young girl tremulously interested in every word. She had entered the dwelling of the wealthy peasant Allaud, before the darkness had fallen, meaning to accompany Adèle and the other young girls of the neighborhood on their way to the confessional. Finding them already gone, Marie had waited in the house until after the tired men and maids had sought their several corners of repose, thinking to herself that when Adèle should return she would spend the night with her; for Adèle and Marie were fast friends, and, after the manner of young girls the world over, loved to pass their innocent nights in each other's society. Meanwhile Marie had fallen asleep in her corner, and only awakened to find herself hidden by the darkness and to hear the astonishing news of Adèle's fine prospects.

That Louis Sardou should have sought Adèle seemed natural and right enough. Marie cared nothing for him. But Charles! The name burned like a deadly poison in the poor girl's young heart. Charles Déglaud! And they said that he already loved Adèle. Listening intently to every word uttered by the busy-tongued dames, Marie was conscious of but one thought: "Charles loves Adèle—Charles loves Adèle." The words seemed spinning through her brain a dreary web of misery.

By-and-by merry voices ascending the hill showed that Adèle and her companions were coming gayly from their light confession. The dames, ceasing to discuss the subject of Adèle's suitors, turned to greet the new-comers. In the confusion and the darkness Marie slipped away unnoticed, and, upon entering the dwelling of her uncle, which was the orphan's only home, was supposed to have returned with the party from the confessional.

For the first time in her life the healthy young Burgundian *paysanne* passed a night without sleep, and conscious of every petty discomfort. Why could she not think? Adèle, though promised, was not yet openly betrothed to Charles, and there must be some way of preventing the marriage. She knew that Adèle had no preference, so there could be no scruples about wounding her affections. "What matters it," she thought, "whether Adèle marries Charles or Louis? Her family would have thought Louis an excellent parti if the Veuve Déglaud had not infamously appeared with her stupid proposition for her son." And, as far as Charles's loving Adèle, of what moment was that? Had she not always heard that, before marriage, a man's love was easily changed from one object to another? And of course he would love his wife, whether Adèle or some one else. If Adèle was pretty, so was she, and some people thought was even prettier. If Adèle was good,

who had ever dared to whisper a word against herself? And how had Charles shown that he loved Adèle? Marie did not think that he had ever seen her save at the wedding of her cousin Maurice, when he had danced with Adèle no oftener than with herself. No; it could not be. The story about his love for Adèle was only manufactured by the crafty Veuve Déglaud in order to excuse herself for condescending to seek the hand of Adèle for her son—when any one could see that the real reason was that the Père Allaud was known to be one of the wealthiest peasants in all the Côte d'Or, and the widow thought that their two vineyards when united would make a very handsome property. "Ah!" said poor Marie, "it is all the money! If I had been the only daughter of a rich peasant, instead of being but the niece of a moderately rich one who has five children of his own to portion, I should have been the one sought instead of Adèle. I am sure of it. Did he not press my hand in the dance? Did he not look at me with admiration in his beautiful eyes? No; it is nothing but the money. So there will be no harm to any one if I can prevent the marriage."

II.

THE early sun pours its long, level beams over the thousand vine-clad terraces of the "golden slopes" of Burgundy. Marie is standing on one of the terraces whence can be seen the vast spread of the dew-silvered plain stretching to the very foot of the distant Jura. Though *petite* Marie has a lithe, graceful figure, and with thick hair gleaming a blue-black in the sunlight, with straight, regular features, flashing black eyes, and rich, ruddy, olive complexion, she is not mistaken in thinking that she, too, as well as Adèle, might be loved for her beauty. She is not gazing at the lovely plain before her, checkered with avenues of chestnuts and elms, and rows of Lombardy poplars—policemen among the trees. Her eye is fixed upon the Déglaud château, sharply defined against the terraces across the little steep, rocky ravine which separates the Déglaud vineyards from those of her uncle and of Adèle's father.

This château has not long been in the possession of the Déglauds, and the neighboring vintners are hardly yet over the surprise they felt when they found that the widow—rich and aspiring though she was known to be—had purchased it from the impoverished gentleman in whose family it had belonged for generations. They called her ambitious, and prophesied ruin. Yet there was no danger. The prosperous Burgundian peasant has large means and few wants. The Côte d'Or, terraced to its fertile top, eight hundred feet above the level of the plain, basking perpetually in the sunshine—for the guardian plain keeps the Jura at too great a distance for envious shadows to fall upon it—is richer in gold than many a gold-mine. Year by year the wealthy peasant—poor in wants—lays by a constantly-increasing store, and why should not he or she in due time take the only advantage of wealth of which either knows by buying some handsome place

like this of the Délignauds? It is true that the lofty walls, the round towers, the quaint old chapel, the carved staircase, the wide gardens, the fountains, and the groves of the whilom gentleman-proprietor, soon get a discouraged apologetic look, like that of the same gentleman's pet dog by some sad accident reduced to following the fortunes of a tramp. But what would you? The gentleman can no longer keep his château; the peasant can buy it. Some day his great-grandchildren may learn to enjoy it; and for the present what else shall he do with his money? If he bought books, he could not read them; or pictures, he could not enjoy them. If he traveled, he would not know where to go, or what to go for. He knows of no joys but those of the possession of physical comforts and luxuries, and the knowledge that he excites the envy of his neighbors.

Marie gazes long at the Château Délignaud. It fills her eye and satisfies her ambition. "It is beautiful," she murmurs. "And Adèle? Why should she care? She has no ambition, and she loves him not."

While standing in the clear morning air, Marie has been able to perfect her plan, but fears she shall have to wait before carrying it into effect, and delay may be fatal. Suddenly her heart bounds as she sees Louis Sardou springing lightly up the rocky side of the ravine. Her opportunity is coming. Louis is a relative, so Marie does not feel obliged to pass him with averted face, or return his greeting with downcast lids. Looking at the fiery gleam of his coal-black eyes, she smiles to herself, thinking: "Ah! but the Mère Allaud will find it the more difficult to break her promise to this garçon than she has the thought. The task shall not be made the easier for her."

"Bonjour, Marie."

"Bonjour, Louis."

"It makes the good weather for the grapes. The vintage shall be of the best this year."

"Yes" (slyly), "and there shall be the merry wedding, I hear, when the vintage has been gathered."

"And" (eagerly) "is it so soon, then, that it is known? I myself had told no one of my good fortune."

"And is it thou, too, mon cousin?" (with an air of great surprise). "I did not think it of thee. I was speaking only of the wedding soon to be of Charles Délignaud and la chère Adèle."

Across the young Louis's swarthy face a broad band of crimson flamed forth with edges as sharply outlined as if they had been marked with a branding-iron. Above this band the black eyes seemed to become of a burning yellow, so fierce was the blaze they shot forth.

"Thou dreamest, Marie!" he said, hoarsely; "it is to me that Adèle is promised."

"To thee? But, mon cousin, how can it be? Is it not that I have heard it from the lips of the Mère Allaud herself when she was telling it the last night in the firelight to her sister the Madame Rasse, the

while I was sitting in the dark, and they knew not that I was there? It is thou that dreamest, mon pauvre cousin."

"But, I tell thee, it is thou—thou only that dreamest," insisted Louis, swinging his staff sharply on the rock. "Did not my mother, and the Mother Allaud, settle it between them, fixing the dot even to a very franc, only this three days past?"

"Then it was thou," murmurs Marie, as if talking to herself; "it was thou, then, that they spoke of as of one of whom they would make game. I should not have thought it possible."

"Was it of me, Louis Sardou, that they wished to make the game? But they shall not have the easy play of it! Tell me, Marie, art thou in earnest, so? Thou wast always fond of the joke." And the fierce black eyes grow almost brown and soft as they entreat her to contradict herself.

"Mon pauvre cousin! I tell thee the true truth. It was thus that I heard. The Veuve Délignaud has asked for the hand of Adèle for her son, and the Mère Allaud has promised it. That is the truth."

"And Adèle," he says, huskily, "does she know? Is she in this conspiracy?"

"Oh! la chère Adèle? How should she know aught of it? She knows nothing of either the one or the other of you. I should myself have told it her, but I have not since seen her alone."

"Ah! Marie, my best cousin, wilt thou not see her and tell her from me that I love her madly, passionately, with my whole heart? that I shall die if she return not my love; that I will kill that abominable Charles if he dares to sue for her; that I—"

"But stop, mon cousin," said Marie, drawing herself to her utmost height—"but stop! Who told thee that I should be the bearer of love-messages? What have I done that thou shouldst think so meanly of me?"

Louis laughs, showing all his gleaming white teeth. It makes Marie think of a bull-dog, which shows his teeth before he bites.

"Since when did we get so virtuous, then? Bah-h-h-h! Dost thou think I have known thee all thy life, not to know that thou wilt do anything for motive enough, though thou givest nothing for nothing? Come, now, what is it that thou desirest? I will help thee if thou wilt help me. Is it agreed?"

Marie thought a moment. She had not meant to go so far at once, but she knew that her cousin, like herself, would do anything for a sufficient motive.

"Since thou must have it, Louis, we will say that it is agreed. What dost thou wish me to do?"

"Nay, but—what dost thou wish? I will have no half-confidence."

"Mon cousin," said Marie boldly, but blushing deeply, and pointing to the Château Délignaud. "Voilà!"

"Ah-h-h!" said Louis, letting his breath out slowly, while his eye rested piercingly on the flushing face of the girl—"ah-h-h! Now, then, I know that I can trust thee."

III.

THE sun had gone down, but the long twilight lingered lovingly on the vine-clad hills. It was well known to Louis Sardou that Charles Déligaud took his evening cigar—for the rich peasant loves his cigar—in the little summer-house on the side of the narrow ravine, opposite to that on which he and Marie had stood in the morning. Hence he had arranged with Marie that she should bring hither Adèle in the twilight—here to tell her of the two propositions which had been made for her hand.

Artfully Marie dwells upon the fact of the wealth of Charles as a reason why Adèle should prefer him. Marie knows her friend well—knows that generosity is at once Adèle's strong point and her weakness. To represent that it would be worldly wisdom to refuse poor Louis, who is dying of love for her, and accept Charles, who is already possessed of every advantage, is exactly the thing to make Adèle favor one upon whom Fortune frowns.

A prettier tableau could not be imagined than that presented on the ravine-side. The lingering gold of the sunset, assisted by the light of the early rising moon, and the beams of a thousand stars, pours over the landscape a tender radiance, which softens every outline while rendering none indistinct. Adèle, tall, slender, with soft, brown hair, and softer, browner eyes, with a more delicate color than that of most Burgundian girls, is standing with downcast face, twining a vine-spray round and round her restless fingers. Marie, whose dark beauty glows with the excitement of hope, love, and jealousy, is by her side, talking with melodious voice and voluble hands. On the opposite bank from the shadow of the summer-house appears only a small, gleaming point, too steady for a glow-worm, too faint for a candle. Adèle does not see it, but Marie loses it not for an instant. She sees it leave the summer-house and come swiftly down its side of the ravine. Just now she is telling Adèle, not of the wealth of Charles Déligaud, but of his beauty, his goodness, and the happiness that shall be hers who is loved by him. Her tones are full of sincerity, for the glowing point has stopped close by them in the thicket.

"But I love him not," says Adèle, with a shrug. "I never much fancied your fair-complexioned, sweet-looking sort of man, and I will marry no one for his money, which, it seems to me, is all that your beautiful Charles Déligaud has that is worth the offering. No! my mother may say what she likes, I will never marry him. I leave him to you, who like him so well."

"To me?" says Marie, with a patient little sigh (the glowing point is very near now; she wonders Adèle does not notice the fragrance of the tobacco)—"to me? But, me? Will the Veuve Déligaud seek me, do you think? Dost thou remember that I have no dowry but a heart?"

"Thou wouldst be better for him than I, at any rate, for I have no heart for him," said Adèle, with scornful emphasis.

Marie hears a soft, swift-coming footfall among

the trees, but she professes to be startled when Louis Sardou accosts them. He is undeniably handsome as he stands before Adèle, making her young heart rise like a tide beneath his impassioned gaze. She cannot think; she hardly knows that he is talking to her; she only feels that he loves her. And, it is all so new to Adèle, so beautiful, so wonderful: who can blame her for forgetting, while she listens, that life holds ever a yesterday or a to-morrow?

She does not notice that Marie has retired a step or two down the ravine, nearer to where the glowing spark once stood, where is now only a deeper shadow and a hard, panting breath. Marie has drawn to within a step of the panting, but she seems wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, for she murmurs sadly, while clasping her hands over her beating heart: "Ah! Charles, couldst thou but know how I have tried to serve thee this night! Truly, truly, should happiness be thine if thy poor Marie could give it to thee!"

The hard panting ceases, and there is here a little rustle among the bushes; while above, Louis is passionately kissing the hand of Adèle, when, at the instant, a sharp tone from the overhanging path causes a scream from Adèle, which covers the retreating footsteps hastening down the ravine, and those of Marie as she hides herself in the freshly-abandoned thicket. She has recognized in the dimness, standing on the path above them, the unexpected figures of Madame Rasse and the *curé* of the village.

"And is it thee, Adèle, *thou*, that we find here *thus*? And thee, too, thou scélérat, thou vaurien, thou—"

"Pardon, madame," interrupts Louis, "I leave it to notre père M. le Curé if I am not to be excused—if, when I meet, by accident only, with la belle jeune fille, who has been promised by her mother to be my wife, I, for one moment only, pause to tell her of my love?"

"Is this so, my children?" asks the *curé*, mildly.

"Yes, my father," answers Louis, rapidly, before Madame Rasse can recover from her astonishment; "it is for this four days past that the good mother Allaud has promised to my mother for me the hand of this dear and beautiful Adèle."

"Then, my daughter," said the *curé*, turning to Madame Rasse, "what is it that you were telling me but now touching the proposition of la Veuve Déligaud? That was not made till the day before yesterday, as I understand—fully twenty-four hours after that Adèle was already promised to the son of the Mère Sardou?"

Poor Madame Rasse is too perplexed to tell aught but the truth, so she stammers forth an affirmative.

"And it was solely, then, because that the son of the widow is supposed to be the more rich than the son of the Sardous, that the one was to be cast off and the other accepted?"

The usually mild *curé* is so stern that Madame Rasse grows frightened, and hastens to remind the *curé* that Adèle is not her daughter; that the blame belongs to Madame Allaud.

"Nay," said the *curé*, severely. "But thou wast in the secret. 'He who sells the wine shares with him who makes it.' I now declare that the betrothal of Louis and Adèle shall be considered binding.—But for thee, my daughter"—turning with a softened manner to the poor Adèle, who is trembling, yet not altogether with fear—"for thee must there be some punishment, lest it be thought that the Church gives its sanction to the meetings of young maidens with their lovers. It had been our intention that on thy wedding thou, as the most blameless of the innocent daughters of our parish, shouldst become the *Rosière* for the year; but now the blameless rose must be borne by another."

So saying, the good old *curé* drew Adèle to his side, while he and Madame Rasse started toward the home of the Allauds.

Louis looked around exultingly for Marie, but she had disappeared.

"Ah! le bon Dieu!" said he, joyously. "But the saints have surely helped me!"

On a stone at the bottom of the ravine, in the midst of the shadows, was a deeper shade.

"Ah!" said the shade, "but I have made the joyful escape. They would have married me to one who would have detested me. She is not so very pretty, after all; and then she can like such a fellow as that Sardou! Eh bien! 'There is as good wine in the cellars as has ever been swallowed!'" After a long pause, the shade continued: "Marie is very beautiful—more beautiful than Adèle. I wonder I never thought of it before. What if she has no dower? I have enough and to spare. And *she* has a heart. I will ask of my mother to speak for her. And my mother will be ready enough to do so, for she never liked those Allauds, and will please herself to show to them that I have not the broken heart."

IV.

THE vintage is over, and the time of weddings is therefore here. There are to be two in one day—the young Louis Sardou with the pretty Adèle Allaud, and the young Charles Déligaud with the little Marie. The last is to be the rose-bearer. To her has been accorded the honor of bearing at her wedding the "white rose of purity." Long ago some good gentleman left by will a sum of money to pro-

vide a dower each year for the one among all the maidens that year married who should appear to the judges to be the most blameless, and as such be entitled to bear the symbol of the white rose. The *curé* and the *mairie* are not infallible, but they do the best they can, and she is made *Rosière* who seems to them the most deserving. Marie, with all her rich, dark beauty, is but a little girl in stature, so she is known (by way of distinction from the *Rosière* of the previous year, who was very tall) as La Petite *Rosière*.

As the two weddings are to be on the same day, and the brides are so intimate, it has been arranged between the two families that the principal *fête* shall be at the house of Adèle's parents. Hence on the wedding-morning, almost before daylight, the guests begin assembling at the house of the Allauds. The peasant wishes not to lose a moment of the festivities, and these are to last all the day and well into the night: for there are to be the processions to and from the *mairie* and the church, and treats of sugared wine, and music and dancing, and at last a dinner—such a dinner!

"It is," said Madame Rasse to her sister, "a veritable triumph of a dinner."

"Vraiment," replies Madame Allaud, with a motherly smile; "and ce cher Louis is no scélérat."

"Ma foi, non! but a much better and more manly-looking fellow than that Charles Déligaud, who is not within two inches of the height of our Louis!"

"Our little rose-bearer is much prettier than Adèle," whispers the Veuve Déligaud to the *curé*.

"Ma chère Adèle," says Louis, softly, with anxious question in his passionate eyes, while winding his arm closely around the waist of his timid bride—"Adèle, my sweet, dost thou truly love me?"

She does not answer, but blushes shyly, and thinks in her innocent heart how beautiful a thing it is to be beloved.

"Thou art among the innocent the most blameless, ma petite *Rosière*," said Charles, proudly. "Thou art very pretty, too, and thou lovest me?"

"Truly do I love thee, mon Charles," murmurs Marie. Then she looks into the depths of the white rose she bears, and trembles in her lonely heart; while Charles looks at Adèle and sighs.

MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

AS I came East from Colorado last summer my opposite neighbor in the Pullman car was a pale young American lady, with the most interesting and distressing of coughs, and the whitest and thinnest of hands, which were streaked with faint blue veins like the lines in marble. She told me with evident pride that she had been "roughing it" in the mountains with a party of friends—breathing the pungent, vitalizing exhalations of the pines which

scent the valleys and the hillsides. Guides, servants, and portable cooking-stoves, had made the excursion a very pleasant one for her; and I revert to her, not because she is the delicate substance of a fragrant memory, but because her experiences in mountaineering were in marked contrast to my own, which had been derived in the toilsome way of Lieutenant Wheeler's geographical explorations.

I had often seen parties such as I supposed hers

to have been leaving Denver for the ascent of Gray's or Pike's Peaks, which are now approachable to the summit by excellent roads or trails—excellent as roads go west of the Missouri. The remains of tourist picnics—empty beer and wine bottles, fruit and vegetable cans—are sometimes found at a rocky point ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, showing how inseparable are the modern traveler and his creature comforts. I have seen the smoke of a brier-wood pipe rolling upward and mingling with the vapors of eternal snows, whose icy grip the sun blazing in a cloudless sky is powerless to relax.

The area which has thus become so familiar through pleasure-seekers is circumscribed, however; it extends a little way below and above Denver; it epitomizes some of the most striking phases of Western scenery—eroded sandstones, high-walled cañons, and mountain lakes and peaks. But the far greater territory west and south is, as it was nearly half a century ago, known only to the Indian and the explorer. There are peaks and valleys in sight of Pike's whose pristine fastnesses have never been trodden by human feet, and whose sublime heights have never yet been reduced to mathematical exactness by the surveyor's aneroid.

The sea of civilization beats against the eastern base, and one wave higher than the others has occasionally formed a little settlement, such as Georgetown, at an extraordinary altitude; but the barrier is too immense, too wild and strangely impregnable, for complete invasion, and, when the yellow plains below are well populated, there will still be in the hazy chain behind many spots unchanged by contact with man or his agencies, yielding only to the slow modifications of water and wind.

My acquaintance with the Rocky Mountains began on the last day of May, 1875, and continued for five months, during which I had the opportunity of studying them from many points of view. The windows of the Union Pacific train, as it emerged from the first snow-shed, were filled with eager faces, and, as the snowy range ahead was suddenly revealed to us from the crest of an undulation in the plains, not one but all the passengers were thrilled as they might have been at the first sight of land after a sea-voyage. The day was gray and bleak. Long, wild streaks of tempestuous clouds poured down their wrath upon the peaks, and the peaks themselves were so enveloped in snow and bathed in vapor that their elongated whiteness appeared to be a sunny break in the sombre day. By-and-by we came to a stop among some glaring little white houses and stores built on a sandy flat, with an absurdly small church, and an absurdly large number of bar-rooms among them. This was Cheyenne, which, if it were not renewed by sands from the surrounding desert, would blow away in the constant volumes of dust that are swept up from its treeless streets. Was Sahara more desolate? could anything at all be more sad? The cloud-shapes brushing the mountains dissolved, and were replaced again and again by others blacker and wilder. The tone of the whole scene was drawn in

four colors—the pure white of the snow, the subtle blue of the foot-hills, the vivid yellow of the plains, and the leaden gray of the overcast sky—and the effect upon a sensitive temperament was one of profound melancholy.

In the matter of size, too, the mountains were disappointing, appearing scarcely larger than the familiar ranges of the Eastern States at the first glance. But a closer study of them discovered certain features which indicated their real immensity. The lines and curves are all acute, while the shadowy hollows in their sides bristle with projections rising in terraces one above the other, like ribs in the sea-shore, and the deep recesses are overhung with Titanic crags and boulders. There are polished, sterile surfaces everywhere, brought out with crystalline vividness in the thin and brilliant air, and the eye craves and seeks in vain for a trace of moist vegetation.

Such were my earliest impressions, unmodified by the subsequent experiences which I propose to describe.

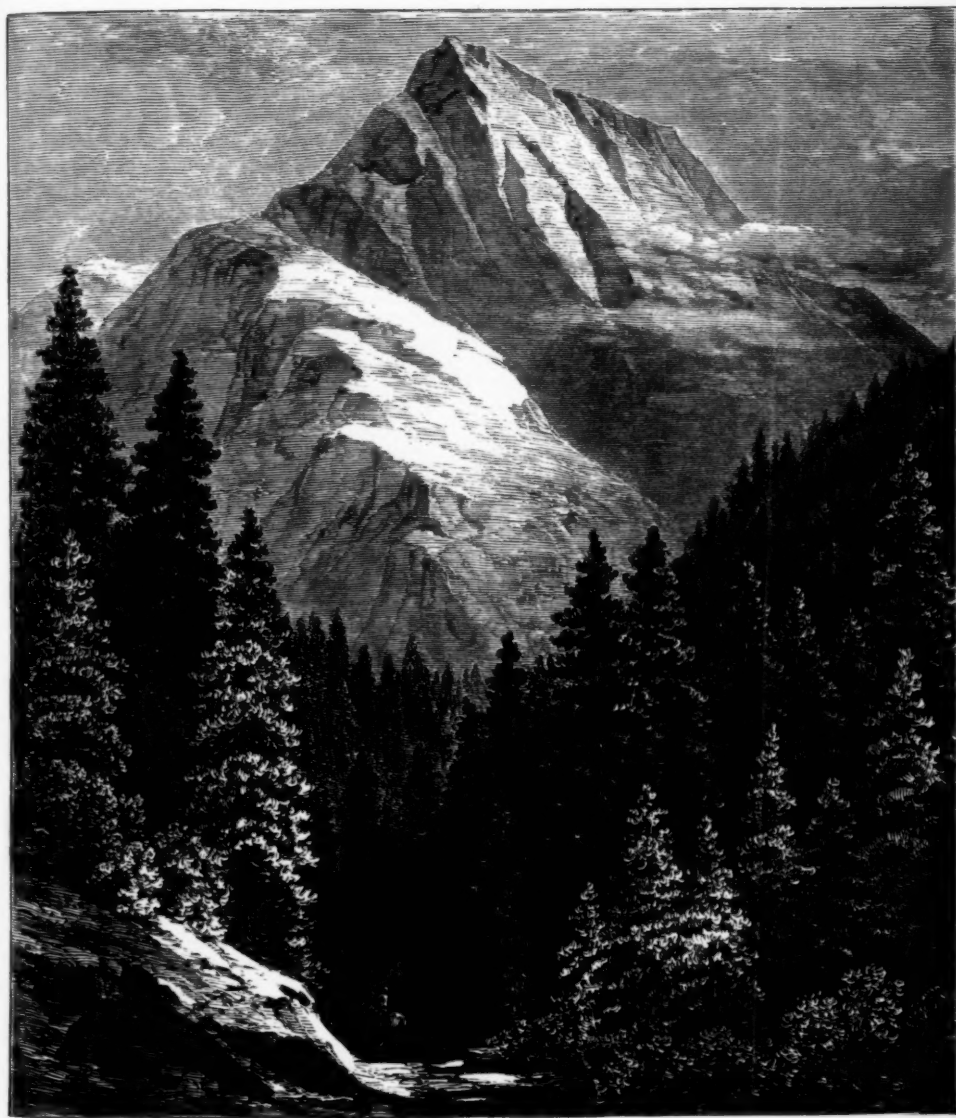
We entered the field from Pueblo, the railway terminus, about ninety miles south of Denver, and thence meandered the base of the Greenhorn Mountains, camping at the end of the second day's march on Apache Creek, one of the muddy little streams which save the country from utter desolation, and are traced on the Territorial maps in lines almost as thick as their own water. The road was not, strictly speaking, a road at all. It was a series of ruts of varying depth, running across the wavy plains, and the ruts were filled with dust and crusted with cones of mud, which crumbled into more dust under the mules' hoofs. Little beds of wild-verbenas bordered it in a few places, and theirs was the grace that saved it from utter desolation. The sun beat down with tropical heat; twisted columns of yellow dust and sand were lifted up by the whirlwinds, and trees and rocks, oddly distorted, were reflected in the mirage. The two latter were the greatest annoyances.

When we were riding along, and scarcely a breath of air was stirring, a sudden roar broke upon the ear, and without warning we were drawn into an eddying current of wind, rushing upward, and taking with it clouds of sand, pebbles, and twigs. We were blinded and choked at the same moment. This was the whirlwind.

When at the close of a tiresome day's march we were looking for wood and water, a lovely pool, surrounded by some trees, appeared a little way off the road, and enticed us toward it. But we could no more reach it than we could catch a will-o'-the-wisp or a sunbeam, and we were fortunate when we found our way back to the road again. This was the mirage, which sometimes plays freaks even with the mountains, and gives them the appearance of being suspended in the air, or balanced on a needle.

Neither of these phenomena was desired, and we were content when we found a pool or brook in the evening by which to camp.

Now, the reader is picturing to himself, perhaps, a cozy little camp in the shelter of a gully; supper cooking in a portable stove, and the other things



VIEW OF GRAY'S PEAK.



that an Eastern tourist would have were he camping out in the White Mountains. That is because the reader does not know how frugal a Colorado explorer is in his outfit.

The cook unloads his mule, and hobbles it, so that it cannot stray. He then partly fills a small tin can with water, and boils some coffee; fries a few slices of bacon on a plate, and mixes some flour and yeast for bread. The kettle is used as a cup afterward, and the plate serves both as a frying-pan and an oven. When this scanty supper is ready, it is eaten with a sense of luxury, for it is really much better than we can expect to have as a rule in our wanderings. And after a pipe of tobacco we fall into the sweet sleep of contentment. What about the bed? Well, we simply wrap ourselves in a blanket and throw ourselves on the ground, and no one who has not been thoroughly tired knows how soft a mattress the stubby plains make, nor how soft a pillow a rock may be.

My life has had its share of miseries, and these miseries have been varied, but, were some sympathetic person to ask me which I thought the greatest, the remembrance of the night on Apache Creek would instantly flash upon my mind with all its concentrated horrors. In the first place, the grasshoppers had eaten the farmer out of the isolated little ranch standing by the edge of the stream near the road, and they still covered the ground, and crackled beneath our feet in myriads, and darkened the air. They pelted our faces, intruded underneath our garments, and hopped in and out of the cook's dishes in a determined spirit of predation, which caused the most exquisite torture to those members of the party whose nerves were at all finely strung. They were equally remarkable for their pertinacity, their numbers, and their variety. Some were of monstrous size, and I do not exaggerate in comparing these bloated aristocrats to distorted frogs. Others were so small and mean that a fly could almost master them. But chirruping their rasping music, bounding high into the air, and crowding together in regiments, both the large and the small united in a common cause, and that common cause was against us.

The mountains in the rear of the camp were broken into many ridges and pinnacles, and were shrouded in a deep-blue haze, which grew deeper yet as the sun fell behind them, as it always falls in Colorado, with miracles of crimson splendors. Where else in the world, I wonder, does the great luminary display itself in the same passionate intensity of color that sweeps over the sterile slopes of the Rocky Mountains? Evening after evening there came a sublime moment when all the earth in view seemed to be burning, and when the clouds became islands of gold afloat in seas of flame. The most brilliant sunsets I had ever seen before were as pale and ineffectual in comparison as my words are. And after the blaze a wonderfully pathetic light usually stole over the lonely land, and tranquilized or harmonized all the harsh and discordant features, until we seemed to be in a paradise rather than a wilderness of chaotic rocks and lifeless plains.

On this night at Apache Creek, however, the sun left the sky wan and cold, and suddenly a mist, or what appeared to be a mist, closed upon the mountains, and the wind rose with impetuous violence. Our tents creaked, flapped, and swayed to and fro, and the gray cloud rolled down the foot-hills toward us, betokening, as we thought, a heavy rain. But it was not mist nor rain that was in store for us. The wind rapidly increased, and the tents collapsed, one after another, upon their occupants. A rush was made for shelter, but before any one could reach it a dense volume of fine sand and dust burst over us—dust that blinded and choked us, and made our lives miserable for a week afterward. It was blown into our mess-chests, clothing, and bedding. It filled our ears, eyes, nostrils, and hair, and it almost buried us in its arid drift.

This episode did not add to the favorableness of my first impressions, but two or three weeks later our party was at work among the spurs of the San Juan range, and here I had a real taste of mountaineering.

At five o'clock every morning the camp was awakened by the commanding officer; breakfast was eaten, mules were packed, and by seven o'clock we were at work. The path usually lay through some cañon with precipitous walls, from eight hundred to a thousand feet high, green with cottonwoods, and offering a seemingly easy ascent in some places, but overhung at the top by a cliff of basalt or sandstone, whose brilliant red or yellow made an effective contrast with the foliage. In other places an escarpment of smooth rock presented itself, with wide cracks running transversely across its face, in which a large house might have been inserted—a possibility exemplified by the ruins of dwellings built by an extinct race that we found in some of these enormous fissures. And the rock was split here and there into detached pillars, which were as high as twelve thousand feet.

The bottom of the ravine was filled with a boisterous stream of variable depth, and of a bluish color, formed by melted snows, which was dangerous on account of the many quicksands and pools in its course. Ahead of us we could see a line of peaks as white as marble, and as lucid as glass, which appeared to be within a stone's-throw, though in reality they were miles distant.

The difficulties of travel in this region may be inferred from the fact that we often occupied ten hours in making seven or eight miles. An impassable point in the walls of the cañon through which we were toiling would sometimes compel us to retrace our path and make a circuit inland, returning to the river-bed a few miles higher up; or it would be necessary to ascend a cliff by a deer-trail, with a fall of one foot in three, and a breadth of six inches.

Riding up one of these perilous trails, the cincture of my mule broke one day, throwing me out of my saddle, and depositing me as near the brink of death as a man ever goes without tumbling over. I rolled sixty feet or more, when a providential boulder interposed itself, and caught me by the midriff. It was

painful, but, none the less, it was providential, as, if I had not found myself wedged between the boulder and the side of the mountain, I should have found myself at the bottom of the cañon, or my companions would have found me there had they looked, which, by-the-way, is not to be taken for granted, as camp-life hardens all susceptibilities.

If we ever met any one it was an Indian, or a "prospector" in search of gold. The latter is becoming a more familiar character in the Rocky Mountains than the former, and on almost any morning men of his kind are seen leaving Denver with their entire outfit, including pick-axe, spade, and gun, packed on a patient little *burro*, or donkey. All the rich people in Colorado, let me say in parenthesis, have been poor, and nearly all the poor expect to be rich, and the source of this realized and anticipated wealth is in the mountains. Tradesmen, professional men, mechanics, and laborers, are all interested in the mines, buy and sell "claims," and are quite sure that they will some day strike "a big bonanza." All the packers, cooks, and laborers, in our division of the Wheeler Expedition, owned somewhere in Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming, or New Mexico, a bit of sterile earth among the mountain-tops, and when something happened which they believed was certain, but which never came to pass in my experience, these patches would be worth millions, though at present they might not be marketable for a dollar.

Before I had been in Denver long I was introduced to an expansive talker, who made me a present of a "claim," which, he assured me, would yield fabulous amounts, and in the fullness of his generosity he then borrowed fifty cents, which, I am sure, more than repaid him for the gift.

Not a few prospectors who go into the mountains from Denver never return, and their fate remains forever a mystery. Still more numerous are they that return ragged, penniless, and disheartened, after a month's absence, without having found a trace of gold or silver.

We will suppose, however, that the search is not wholly futile. Here and there the prospector passes a deserted "claim," with a few empty, dilapidated cabins around it. The mine has been worked, shafts and money sunk in it, and it has not paid. But at last—the at last so long anticipated—he finds a yellow,

spongy vein in the rock, which is called the "blossom" or "top quartz," and over this he throws up his hat with a loud shout of exultation, for it is gold.

He labors at it for days, or weeks, or months, according to its richness. If it continues to "pan out well," he either sells his claim, or engages other miners to join him, expensive machinery being wanted to go beneath the surface.

A stamping-mill is then brought into use, and the precious ore is crushed as it comes from the mine, and is thrown out in the form of a thin, sparkling mud. The "mud" flows over gently-inclined sheets of amalgamated copper covered with quicksilver, to which the gold-dust clings, and from which it is afterward wiped off and placed in a cloth. Part of the quicksilver adhering to the gold is now pressed out, and what remains after this process is separated from it by the application of heat in a retort. Such, in brief, is the way in which the most precious of metals is obtained—the metal for which so many people risk health, life, and soul.

At the head of the cañon, we seemed to be scarcely nearer the peaks than we were two days before; but here the real ascent began, and for two days more we climbed from table-land to table-land before we eventually reached that pinnacle whence we looked down upon a vast expanse of country, two hundred miles in diameter. The successive heights above which we rose had many characteristic and beautiful features. On one plateau we discovered an Alpine lake, set like a diamond in a snow-field, and bordered with lovely wild-flowers and slender reeds. Two or three hundred feet above we attained a desolate, marshy basin; next a forest of dwarf trees, and higher yet another lake feeding a score of silvery rivulets, which poured down the gray mountain-side in a foamy cascade. But the view from the summit was disappointing, except that it gave us an opportunity to realize the true immensity of space. The distant mountains were masses of black, and the surrounding plains were a dull, dispiriting yellow.

The same is true of the views from the summits of Pike's and Gray's Peaks, the two mountains most frequented by tourists. The spectator is conscious of a certain grandeur, but this springs more from the heart than from the eye.

A CHARGE.

NOT even a flower may pass, most dear,
From my forlorn hands into yours,
Yet my whole hidden heart has sealed
For you its stores—

Like some deep spring, shut far below,
Unknown of men, unsunned and still,
On which the changes of the world
Work not their will.

If you should ever find a rose
Broken and trampled at your feet—

You whom my heart holds, over all,
Noble and sweet—

On that fair ruin, oh, set not,
Unthinkingly, a careless foot;
Remember how a heart may lie
Helpless and mute;

But raise it tenderly, and brush
The street's dust from its fading leaves,
For the sad sake of her who loves,
And, loving, grieves!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

OUT OF LONDON.¹

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER II.

IN LONDON.—(Continued.)

VII.

UNTIL late in the afternoon the Old Cock forbids us the meditative delight of tobacco. Englishmen smoke less than we and the Germans do; and they specially object to eating their chop or steak flavored with the fumes of another man's cigar. But after the daily tide of custom at the taverns has ebbed, and only a few loiterers remain to see the last of the cobwebbed bottle and mouldy Stilton, then here and there we may see blue spirals circling toward the ancient ceiling; while only the intermittent rumble of confidential speech in some neighboring box, the stealthy step and "yessir" of the sole-remaining waiter, and the thin, dry ticking of the clock above the kitchen passage-way, occur to interrupt the comfortable stillness. Sleepless, endless London still roars and rushes past the outer entrance, it is true; but to us peaceful ones her voice is hushed and the sound of her going muffled. We have eluded her even here in her very midst, and can find it in our hearts to speak tenderly of her, as of a friend whom death has recommended to our charity.

But life, unfortunately, can nowhere be one long tavern afternoon. The bottle must yield its final glass, the last green crumb of Stilton disappear, the stealthy waiter respectfully pocket his inadvertent change, and we depart to mix again with the tumbling multitude. As we reach the street, we toss the remnant of our cigar into the gutter, and pause for a few moments upon the curbstone to argue once more the ever-doubtful case of "*Hansom versus 'Bus.*" Some clumsy fellow brushes rudely against our shoulder; a flower-girl (oh, ill-fitting name!) proffers a soiled and faded nosegay with unclean persistence; an orange-vender jars our ear with his harsh refrain; the hurry and rattle of the street seem insensate; the houses opposite are undeniably ugly; Temple Bar is an antiquated absurdity. All of a sudden, London has become hateful to us. The closer we penetrate to its essence the farther shall we find ourselves from the essence of existence. This enormous, buzzing, clattering, noisy thing is but a galvanized pretense of life. These myriad people are bodies who have left their souls at home; or, if they have no home but London, then they have postponed their souls altogether. For one does not need a soul in London—it would be a superfluous and annoying appendage. What we require is mainly a motive-power—a semi-spiritual sort of steam; something that shall enable us to walk and ride about, to buy and sell, to chatter business, to think of ourselves first and of other people another time. A great deal can be done

in the world without a soul; among other things, London can be built and abided in without one. Souls stray in there sometimes, but they are unfashionable; occasionally they get lost down some dark alley or other, and then all the force of Scotland Yard cannot find them again. It is safer, wiser, and more convenient, therefore, to leave them in the country, and try to arrange matters so as to run out and visit them there at least once in the twenty-four hours. In this manner, souls can be preserved in a comparatively fresh condition for a number of years.

The man who cares not whether the coin he spends be a shilling or a threepence, will generally, I suppose, patronize hansoms rather than omnibuses. The motion and the speed of hansoms are delightful, and, what is better, they impart to the mind a flattering sense of private proprietorship. Omnibuses rumble and jolt, are difficult to get in and out of, and are always too full of feet, knees, and elbows. You can, however, ride outside with the driver, and imagine yourself a member of the Four-in-hand Club. Moreover, there are faces and characters connected with the feet and elbows, which may yield amusement enough to counteract a good deal of physical inconvenience. Or, if your fellow-passengers should not prove sufficiently interesting, there is always the conductor—an official whom our American 'bus system has condensed into a small aperture just behind the driver's seat, through which fares are passed, but who flourishes (in every sense of the word) in England. Between the pert vivacity of the conductor and the sardonic gravity of the driver, there is a breadth of contrast which the longest omnibus in the world could not account for. The driver sits immovable at one end, swinging his long whip-lash meditatively, and pondering cynically over the struggling backs of the two horses far down beneath him. The conductor at the other end clings miraculously by toe and finger to I know not what rudimentary handle or stirrup; revolves about on his invisible perch like a wind-vane in a squall; sees and reads every face on both sides of the street; beckons to nine out of ten, and solicits them by voice and eyebrow; never ceases to rehearse in encouraging but unintelligible tones the names of all places by, near, or to which his vehicle goes; and withal finds plenty of time to let people out and in, to take their fares and give short change, to write down the receipts upon a slate fastened to the door, to scramble up on the outside and collect the fares there and have a word with the driver, to remember which persons are bound to what places, to slang all other conductors and drivers, and to argue affably or injuredly with policemen. Where do such men come from and go to, and how many hours a day do they work? Strictly speaking, I might probably inform myself on these points in any number of given cases; nev-

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ertheless, I am satisfied that they will always remain a mystery to me. Conductors were born on their "buses, and never leave them.

VIII.

SINCE our object is to get out of London, perhaps the quickest way will be to waive both the hansom and the omnibus, and vanish under the earth in quest of the underground railway. There are stations not far from anywhere, differing from ordinary stations in that only the booking-offices and refreshment-rooms are on the street-level, while the more vital parts, such as the weighing-machines, the book-stands, and the trains, are down in the basement. It also becomes noticeable that the guards and porters in these subterranean caverns are more fiendishly malignant than their daylight brethren; that the passengers are more sheepish and bewildered; that the carriage-doors slam more viciously; that the trains arrive more unexpectedly and start sooner; and that it is more difficult to determine the points of the compass, the right train, and the class corresponding to your ticket, than is the case in the upper world. It has struck me, moreover, that there is a greater wealth of advertisements here than elsewhere. Is it because tradesmen suppose that the public are more susceptible to the allurements of mortal vanities when they are below-ground than at other times? If so, the salesroom of every shop should be its cellar. At all events, signs and placards, in every variety of form, color, and size, mob the walls, and often leave the modest shingle which announces the name of the station quite in the shade. You thrust your head out of window to discover where you are, and naturally seek that information from the biggest sign-board in sight, which reads, "Nabob Pickles," or "The Daily News." You have bought a ticket for neither of these, and you decide to go on; yet all the while there was the little "Baker Street" or "Sloane Square" peeping quizzically at you not five paces off. But in process of time you learn the ropes.

When you have done this, you find time to admire the uses and merits of this great underground instrument of traffic. It takes you all about and across the most crowded streets in the city at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; yet, instead of adding to the crowd, it largely subtracts from it. Its moral is, that a man who has bought an acre of ground owns a world, if he will build his tower lofty and sink his cellar deep enough. We grumble about close quarters, where we might disperse ourselves through the universe. It is absurd how we stick to the surface of our planet, with the mole and the eagle before our eyes to teach us better. Why do not we make Pluto's palace and the castle in the air realities? Or, if we insist upon leaving our houses and gardens where they are, why not at least abolish all streets and superficial railways, and enact a law that no traveling is to be done unless at a certain distance below the outer crust; or, when the science of ballooning has been perfected, at a certain height above it? It might be advisable, too, to re-

quire all business-men, merchants, artisans, and manufacturers, to pursue their avocations and build their shops and factories underground—reserving the face of the earth for their dwellings and recreations. Then London and New York would vanish from sight, taking smoke, pavements, and the labor-question, down with them; verdure would reclothe the world, as in primeval days; cleanly and cheerful persons would lounge on endless lawns; and some day, perhaps, when the entire working part of the population had "gone down to the city," the upper ten thousand would wisely and piously lock their cellar-doors, throw away the keys, and relapse into the pastoral state. The shepherds would pipe to the evening star as of yore, the young men and maidens would tread the grape, and on winter evenings grandmothers would terrify little children, sitting round the blazing logs, with grim, incredible legends of a race of gnomes and goblins who once inhabited the bowels of the earth, and were occasionally said to creep out from their caverns to the outer sunshine, and kidnap naughty boys and girls.

The atmosphere in these tunnels is rather disagreeable, though not so much so as might be expected; and there is an astonishing amount of practicable daylight in them, thanks to frequent skylights and ingenious white-tile reflectors. In fact, they are not subterranean enough to be impressive—which is, æsthetically speaking, a defect. The stations, also, occur at too short intervals to give the imagination a fair chance; and the carriages are too well filled with commonplace-looking and unmysterious people to admit of indulgence in Tartarian reveries. On the whole, therefore, we must consider the underground railway a failure, except as regards its merely practical and utilitarian phase. If the English were a poetic and romantic race, they would construct their stations in imitation of stalactite caves, their steam-engines to look like fiery dragons, and their tunnels to resemble lodes penetrating rich veins of ore. Their guards would be uniformed like devils, their porters like imps with horns and tail, and whenever a wretched passenger presumed to ask one of them a question, he should be set upon by the whole hellish crew and torn limb from limb. I would not be understood as insinuating that underground railways, as well as everything else English, are not faultless from the English point of view; but even the English might become weary of asserting themselves, were there none to criticise; and then (as the criticised are always able to perceive) criticism is criticism, and fair play and candor are quite other matters.

IX.

BE its faults what they may, the underground railway has one excellent virtue: it will—if you take the right train and change at the proper places—get you out of London. At last, after much blind burrowing and bewilderment, the overarching tunnels cease; the high brick-walls become lower and lower; the basements, the lower windows, the eaves of the houses, successively appear; and perhaps we even ascend a viaduct and rattle along through a

world of chimney-pots, dirty roofs, and attic-bedroom windows. There are no engineers or architects like the English for undertaking and carrying out apparently hopeless jobs; they seem able to achieve anything except beauty. The railway approaches to London are admirably planned and executed; but anything more hideous than these long, brick-arched viaducts, straddling across squalid suburbs, could not be conceived. They seem to trample with their innumerable brick feet on every pleasant aspiration of the human heart; and all around is a desert of railway-tracks—the barrenest and most irclaimable kind of desert in the world. It is impossible to believe, as we gaze dismally out of the carriage-window, that grass and trees ever did grow on these grisly wastes, or ever can do so after the lapse of no matter how many ages. Railways are an abomination, except where, as at Mont Cenis, they are dominated by the grandeur of the landscape; and only in a grimly and uncompromisingly utilitarian era like this of ours could a great city afford to surround itself with such an iron fringe as encompasses London. Visitors would get discouraged while yet afar off; and those of the inhabitants who were bold enough to run the gantlet of departure would scarce muster courage sufficient to bring them back again.

There exists an antique prejudice, derived from the example of the Persians, Greeks, and other ancient peoples, to the effect that the wealth, worth, beauty, and, as it were, soul of the city, should culminate in a central citadel. The temple of Jupiter Belus in Babylon, the Acropolis at Athens, and the Capitol of Rome, were expressions, nobly condensed, of the spirit and the aspirations of the citizens; and it is, therefore, undeniable that they were fittingly placed in the mid-heart of the community's habitations. At the present day, although at first sight the same general principle seems to be carried out, in reality we precisely reverse it. For, do the aims of London, New York, and Berlin, bear any likeness to those of the three historic cities I have named? Do we pursue art, poetry, and religion, with zeal, and let manufactures and things of merely practical importance take care of themselves? If so, we still do well to make our churches and our palaces occupy the most conspicuous place, and to thrust our factories, railway terminuses, and all the phases of existence thereto appertaining, away to the outskirts. But, if the contrary be the truth, we should crowd the tall, smoke-belching chimneys, the greasy machinery, and along with them the noisome courts and swarming tenements, up into the middle space of all, and name them our citadel, since such they would truly be. And not only would this be the sincerer arrangement, but the probabilities are that it would be the more sanitary one.

An ugly woman neatly attired is more attractive than her handsome sister in unsavory rags, and (though she herself might think otherwise) a great deal more respectable. So the outskirts of London are the most repulsive part of it, and, whatever interior finery and grandeur the city may afterward display, those bedraggled and unwholesome petticoats

leave their trail across our recollection. Whereas, were the centre only pernicious, and the boundaries kept fresh and fair, the inhabitants would at least be free to enter and leave their city without holding their noses and shutting their eyes; and those whose occupations did not lead them to court grime and noxious vapors would never need to come within range thereof. But how can the inner multitude hope to respire healthily within such a palisade of smoke and ill-odored atmosphere as forever ascends around their limits? The disagreeables, if they are to exist at all, must of course be put somewhere; and I submit whether it would not be more charitable as well as hygienic to collect them together where they might be avoided, than to disperse them round about where none can escape them.

X.

It is consoling to reflect, however, that London is too large to be entirely surrounded even by factories and tenement-houses; and that, consequently, the approaches on the northern and western sides are not so bad as on the southern and southwestern. In the former quarter lie St. John's Wood, Hampstead, and Highbury; in the latter, Lambeth, Camberwell, and, beyond, Sydenham, Richmond, and Twickenham—the latter places being pretty well out of reach of the city's influence. St. John's Wood is on the high ground above Regent's Park, and, considering that its distance from St. Paul's is little more than three miles, it must be considered a tolerably airy and healthy locality. It is not, nevertheless, particularly fashionable; its neat little villas, secluded behind their well-kept hedges, being to a large extent inhabited by ladies of anomalous caste. But the houses fronting on the canal which skirts the northern limits of the park are open to no such reproach; and until, in the fall of 1874, they were smashed to pieces by the gunpowder explosion, there were some charming homes there. Other more fortunate persons live within the park-gates, and have the privilege—if they are wise enough to take it—of imagining that all its refined green expanse is their private property. It is remarkable how quiet and sequestered these crescents and terraces, as they call them, are. From the bedroom-windows you can see London smoking, roaring, and hurrying within a stone's-throw; but it is no more to you than a picture. You feel that it can never reach you, and that it will be your own fault if you go to it. I do not like the idea of sprinkling cities with sickly little patches of grass and foliage; but the great parks of London in some measure justify themselves. They are a kind of compliment to your finer sensibilities; they seem to say: "We know how your unhackneyed soul craves natural scenery, and what a fine taste you have in it; we, therefore, present you with this handsome specimen, prepared under the direction of her majesty's landscape-gardener!" And we are flattered by the attention, and think more highly and aristocratically of ourselves forthwith, though aware all the time that there is a certain amount of polite humbug underneath it.

Fashionable or not, St. John's Wood is more likeable as a dwelling-place than its neighbor Kensington, where there is hardly a house that you would venture to speak of by any less respectful name than residence, and where the streets and sidewalks are so wide and fine that you are almost afraid to walk on them. St. John's Wood is not thus oppressive; it is pretty and unpretending and demure, like a grass-widow who has seen the world. What historic claim it may possess to the title of Wood I have not informed myself; it does not resemble what Americans call a wood, though trees are planted along the smooth little streets, and almost every house has its little front-yard, with bushes and grass and a bit of green laurel-hedge. It presents all the features of a complete country-town; yet no country-town could be just like it, for somehow the blood of London circulates through it, and in various unobtrusive ways the relationship declares itself. There are no provincialisms, no oddities, either human or architectural; the spirit is metropolitan though the flesh is rural. The public-houses are of London manufacture; the underground-railway stations remind you how suddenly you may be translated to Cheapside and Lombard Street; the omnibus which ever and anon rolls up the main road and pauses at the King's Arms seems to bring Cheapside and Lombard Street along with it. The affectation of St. John's Wood and of all the other suburbs in assuming anything approaching a distinctive nomenclature is, of course, absurd, as if a man's fingers and toes were to insist upon having patronymics of their own. But it is mainly upon such affectations that the modern social edifice is founded; and when the affectation is also a convenience, as in this instance, no wise man would exchange it for the most sincere and rational alternative, which had only reason and sincerity to recommend it.

* I lived in this agreeable neighborhood for some weeks while consulting with house-agents as to where a more permanent dwelling should be fixed; and such was the mild and quiet fascination of the place that by the time I was ready to depart I was almost readier to remain for good. I had been so long away from England, and the flavor of life in that acacia-grown side-street seemed so intensely English, that I was loath to leave it. In the gray, moist mornings, when the clouds were even softer than the showers which intermittently descended from them, there was first a soothing stillness; but, as the day continued to awaken, this was musically diversified by the long-drawn sing-song of the peddling vendors of fish, fruit, and vegetables, sounding far or near from adjoining ways, and occasionally invading our own secluded precincts. Still later came the baker's cart, driving brisk and business-like up to the door, the wheels trundling smoothly over the unpaved road, while the horse's hoofs produced a fourfold echo mellowly distinct. Anon followed the yet livelier butcher, and after him the milkman with his keen falsetto; and finally the green-grocer, with his fresh butter and eggs. When breakfast—so different from American or German breakfasts—was

over, and the servant-maid in her white cap and apron and lilac dress had cleared the table, it was pleasant to sit with a cigar by the open window, and look across our little square of turf and shrubbery at the passers-by. How English were all the men's faces and the women's dresses! About ten o'clock, I think, appeared that peculiarly English personage, the cats'-meat man. He drove a dirty little pony harnessed to a dirtier little cart; his progress was leisurely and broken by frequent pauses; and the cats seemed to know the sound of his voice, and appeared all along his route, stealing with waving tails along the tops of walls and fences, leaping cleverly up from basement-windows, curving their backs and rubbing fawning sides as only cats can do. He tossed to each one its scrap of unlovely meat, and so fared on. And now sounded the quick double-rap of the postman, approaching steadily up the street. Within my recollection English postmen used to wear scarlet coats; but the government, in its inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit of late years to dress them in melancholy gray. About this hour, also, dawdles up the newspaper-boy, with his bundle of morning news under his arm; and so for a time we leave St. John's Wood, and flit to and fro from one end of the world to another. Returning at length, we find the day wearing on; the sun peeps out, perhaps, and gives new life to the glistening rain-drops. The hum of London makes itself heard just enough to serve as an agreeable background to the nearer stillness; it is time to take hat and umbrella and sally forth in quest of adventures. It was my favorite practice to take a train to the city, or, if the omens favored, to walk thither, and, after steeping myself for a few hours in the thickest of the bustle and confusion, to come back with a sharpened appetite for the charms of retirement and dinner. The evenings darkened uneventfully; the servant-maid, about half-past nine o'clock, would trip innocently down to the gate to exchange a greeting with her young man; the lamplighter would already have passed, shouldering his long fire-tipped staff; occasionally some drunken loiterer would maund by, invisible, yet with the stagger perceptible in his voice; and at hourly intervals the staid and measured tread of the stiff-backed, belted policeman would sound along the street, companionless and unsocial, as it is the lot of the guardians of human law to be. The nights calmed as they deepened; only once, in the dead of the darkness, a glare as of a sudden volcano, a report and concussion as of a thousand simultaneous cannon, and then a dismayed pause in which we could hear our hearts beat, told the tale of the famous Regent's Canal explosion.

XL.

HOUSE-HUNTING gives one a curious sensation; it is astonishing to find how few shells there are in this great and thickly-settled world that will fit us. The difficulty is enhanced by the circumstance that the shell must not only fit, but must exist in a suitable locality. House-rent in England is very low compared with American or even Continental standards;

but with us one dwelling is much more nearly as good or as bad as another than seems to be the case here, and the task of selection is comparatively simplified. The ground-plans of English houses have, indeed, considerable general similarity; you always know where to look for particular rooms, and can generally foretell, by the external aspect of a given edifice, what the inward arrangement will be. Nevertheless, numberless little differences and modifications come into account—perhaps they are not really of much importance, but after becoming warmed to your work you think it worth while to believe them so; and, of course, the nearer you approach to your ideal, the more fastidious you get to be.

One question of vast moment relates to the soil on which the house stands: is it clay or gravel? A stranger might imagine that he didn't care which it was; but after a little experience he will be cautious of admitting his indifference; and by-and-by the indifference itself will cease. In a climate so consistently cool and damp as that of England, it will not do to be careless about mitigating circumstances; and, since the weather cannot be controlled, the next best thing is to take heed where we sit down to be rained upon. There is no point concerning which such searching inquiries are made, and probably none about which so many lies are told, as this. If a handsome and well-appointed house is to be had for a temptingly low rent, we may be sure that it is founded upon clay, and would be dear at any price. It might be a paying speculation to dig out the Sahara Desert and cart it over to England, and sell it at so much the cubic yard to real-estate agents. Considering how long England has been settled, and how much its people have complained, it is surprising that some such expedient has not been devised before.

If the house is to be chosen with any reference whatever to London, another question arises: how far away will be near enough? To combine the greatest amount of untrammelled country with the shortest distance by rail to the city is the problem; and to solve it involves a quantity of unedifying travel and an accumulation of petty vexations such as the most fortunate result imaginable seems not enough to recompense. It gives one a bad idea of a country to go over it with a personal end of this kind in view; our acquaintance with it becomes far too minute and critical for enjoyment; I think Adam and Eve would have found Eden not so good as it had credit for being if they had been obliged to fix upon some particular spot in it for permanent settlement. England is not Eden, though at certain times, in certain places, it breathes a loveliness that is almost Eden-like; but, even if it were, all the best nooks and corners are not for sale—at least, the ones we covet the most are not. The house-hunter grows into the conviction that he is the one superfluous person on earth, predestined to die in the wilderness or in an hotel. A story should be written about some member of the fraternity, an obstinate, energetic person, determined not to be beat, who, after spending a long and active life and a large fortune in the pur-

suit, finally found what he sought in the poorhouse graveyard. Having once stepped out of his cell in the human hive, the whole world had thenceforth conspired to keep him a wanderer, and had even grudged him a respectable tombstone. Houses are very shy game, and it needs exceedingly shrewd stalking and a marvelously sure aim to bring one down.

It by no means helps the matter that most of the obtainable houses are empty and deserted, with placards "To let" pasted on the window-panes of the void and barren rooms. A place in which people have lived, and which they have abandoned, is as forlorn and depressing a spectacle as one is apt to meet with. It is hard to bring ourselves to the belief that it can ever be comfortable and cheerful for us, because it has ceased to be so for those who were there before we came. To rehabilitate it seems as hopeless a task as to restore life to a dead body; is there not something even irreverent in the attempt? When a house or a man has once stopped living, the poor remains are deserving of at least so much respect and forbearance as would be implied in letting them alone. House-agents do not appear to view the matter in this light; but, although I have uniformly found house-agents, as individuals, to be exceptionally courteous and engaging in their manners; full, too, of enthusiasm and energy; sanguine in temperament, and in their creed optimists to a man—still, I cannot feel a very lively respect for the profession in the abstract. I would almost as lief be a purveyor of subjects to a large hospital as of defunct homes to the public.

Moreover, the best-intentioned and most honorable house-agent cannot fulfill his undertakings. He engages to provide you with a home; and at best you get a building with the home left out. Here are drawing-rooms and bedrooms, dining-room and library, all answering to the description in the bond; these may, indeed, be let and hired; but how about the memories and associations, the joys and griefs, the births, deaths, and marriages, that have hallowed them? The house-agent can tell you nothing of these, and yet it is in these that the essence of home lies. It must be admitted, however, that, were such commodities for sale, it might be difficult to fix their just price; and, again, if your lease has been for a term of seven years or upward, you will scarcely fail to find yourself grown into possession of a very fair assortment of them without paying anything—except those seven years. They cluster round every room, they festoon the windows, they embower the hearth; the ivy that clothes the outer walls in sober green is their material symbol. But they are more beautiful than the ivy, and more precious, for they are rooted in your heart. The house is homelike now, and you could hardly drive a nail into it without taking thought lest it pierce your own flesh.

The next day some strange persons make their appearance at the door and a card is handed to you, conveying a request, on the part of your old friend the house-agent, to allow Mr. Househunter and party to view the premises. Yes; your time is up,

and you must go. You exchange a scowl with poor Mr. Househunter, who is no better off than you are; and, as he enters, you pass forth. The ivy still clothes the outer wall, but what of its spiritual counterpart, which you can neither carry away with you nor yet leave behind?

I do not believe that the people of the golden age let their houses. They lived in them until the walls tumbled about their ears, or until the family died out; and then none were found so rude and hard of heart as to disturb the shadow-haunted

ruins. It seems very far off, at best—that golden age; but, if you look for it through the windows of a house-agent's office, you will scarcely escape the conclusion that it is altogether a myth. The house-agent, however, is not responsible for that; if he were, it might seem a sacred duty to kill him, and burn his office to the ground. The true way to get rid of him would be to take away his means of livelihood; and to do that would imply a revolution, in comparison with which those of America and France are the merest child's-play.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEREAVED.

WHAT change happens to those who have cast off this mortal coil, He only knows who has put it for a brief span upon us; but it can hardly be much greater than that which befalls the living whom the loved ones have left behind them.

"To know they have departed,
Their voice, their face are gone;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet know we must live on!"

is an experience that transcends all others in this world. The vacant chair in the household that has been knit together in bonds of love, has all the sacredness of the altar, and ten times its suggestiveness. For the time it seems as though the sun had vanished from the skies and all was dark. The home has lost its charm, and is more hateful, because more full of bitterest reminders, than any stranger's roof. We weep, we plead, we beat against the gates of heaven, to call the lost one back—in vain. What is wealth, or health, compared with that which yesterday we thought but a common blessing, taken as a matter of course, treated as though it would remain with us forever, and now is gone! O cruel Fate! un pitying arbiter! O worker of desolation and despair!

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,"
says one, "Than never to have loved at all."

It may be so, but that is too hard a saying for us even to understand, much more to derive comfort from it; for the love of the departed one was a portion of our very selves, the spring of our every action, the theme of our deepest thought—and he has left us forever. It is idle to tell us we shall meet again. What consolation is it to the child who weeps and clings, when sent from home for the first time to school, that there will be holidays at midsummer? And we are in worse plight than he, for we are not sure—the very best of us are not quite sure—that there *will* be holidays. And if there be, what change will not be wrought in us! We may be children, then, no more; and he, too, that has gone before may be unrecognizable. "Death is common." "All is for the best." "It is the will of God." Cold comfort all.

Think of the Nook in Sanbeck, with the snow without, and the pale corpse within; the orphan girls and Tony, wellnigh penniless, wellnigh friendless, with their helpless charge, but one day old!

There are tens of thousands in the land in worse plight than they; and tens of hundreds, rich in this world's goods, who complain that they have no object in life, and devote themselves to ritualism, Exeter Hall preachings, or old china, in default of it.

The man who had killed Mrs. Dalton was poor Mr. Marks the butler at Riverside, who had thoughtlessly wrapped around Mr. Mudie's books that fatal *Times*; but he was, after all, but the immediate cause of her decease; she would have died anyway—so Dr. Curzon said—in bringing that new life into the world. For weeks she had dragged on with a breaking heart; consumed with unutterable apprehensions upon her husband's account; uncheered by hope, and laden with anxieties for her children's future. "If she ain't gone to heaven, sir," observed old Margate, in confidence to Dr. Curzon, "there ain't no such a place." An observation worth a good many beaten-out and attenuated remarks to the same effect, which were made by others on the occasion.

They laid her in the sunniest spot of the little God's-acre, the purest embodiment of good it had ever known; and many a genuine tear was dropped for her from eyes unused to pay such tribute. Dr. Curzon was deeply affected, and Mr. Campden also. Kind Jeff, whose coming down from town for such a purpose was stigmatized by a certain lady as "a most ridiculous act of extravagance," was among the mourners, and wept almost as bitterly as little Tony himself. The two girls accompanied the body to the grave, as likewise did Mrs. Campden and her daughter.

"I would go much farther than to Sanbeck churchyard," said the former, "to show my respect for the memory of dearest Edith;" and there is no reason to doubt her word, though there would probably have been limits as to distance.

She meant to be kind after her fashion, but she was certainly not judicious in entering as she did upon the material aspect of their affairs with the poor mourners on the very day on which their mother had been laid in her grave. Her daughter and herself had returned with them to the Nook after the funeral, while her husband and the doctor, with Jeff and Tony, were taking a walk toward the mere, where the melting of the snow during the previous week—one of sunshine and comparative mildness—enabled them to do. "It is so much more easy for men to escape from disagreeable scenes than women," as Mrs. Campden justly observed; although she might have added that certain scenes disagreeable to all men are not so to all women. We do not mean to say that Mrs. Campden abso-

lately enjoyed her visit to the Nook upon the present melancholy occasion, but without doubt it had some pleasing features for her. It was an occasion that—in many senses—could be improved, and she was fond of improving an occasion. Without exactly putting herself in the place of the girls' "natural protector"—which would have involved something besides privileges—she was in an undeniable position for offering advice, if not for absolute dictation; and for playing the patroness as far as that game could be played for love. As their only kinswoman, she had really succeeded to some authority over them, and Kitty, at least, was willing to admit it.

"My dear girls," said she, impressively, "you have a right to look to me in future—for counsel; and, God willing, it shall never be denied you. Your dear mother's death has in no respect altered your position in my affections, unless it be to make you dearer to me. I am sure my Mary feels the same."

"Kitty and Jenny both know that, mamma, without my telling them," said Mary, brusquely. She had a consciousness, quickened by a certain expression in Jenny's eye, that this speech of her mother's was not quite what it should be, or, at all events, that it was not very warmly appreciated.

"My dear child, in a solemn hour like this, one should not only think but speak the words of cheer. It has pleased an inscrutable Providence to deprive your cousins of their natural guardian; indeed, there is only too much reason to fear of both their parents. They are unhappily also left but slenderly provided for. Under these circumstances, it behooves those who love them to speak with tenderness, yet with decision. It is impossible at their age that they should know the world, or what is best for them to do in the world; and it is my duty to tell them that in reality their choice is very small. Even with the experience of their good mother to aid them, they have found it hard, I fear, to make both ends meet; and they will find it still harder now."

"Do you call these 'words of cheer,' madam?" inquired Jenny, suddenly, with the air of a person who asks for information.

"They are words of truth, at all events, my poor girl," answered Mrs. Campden, pityingly, "as you will surely discover; though, indeed, I was not addressing myself so much to you as to Kate.—Well, in this your extremity, as I may truly call it, a friend has unexpectedly proffered his aid."

"Mr. Holt, I suppose?" said Jenny, coldly.

"Yes; it is Mr. Holt, Jane; though I don't know why you should suppose any such thing," answered Mrs. Campden, reprovingly. "You have no claim upon his good offices, so far as I know, in any way. Yet only consider what he has done. From the moment that that dreadful paragraph appeared in the newspaper which has already worked such woe—poor Marks is quite broken-hearted about his share in the matter, and I hope it will be a lesson to him never to act without thought as long as he lives—I say ever since these miserable tidings came to England, Mr. Holt has been moving heaven and earth to get your father's insurance-money paid—"

Kitty started to her feet.

"What! is there, then, no hope?" cried she.

Jenny trembled in every limb, but remained silent. Her courage was greater than that of her sister, but her strength was small.

"I fear that there is very little hope, Kitty," said Mrs. Campden, quietly. "We must not disguise from ourselves what has really happened. The ship is many weeks behind its time, and has been already 'written off'—I believe that is the phrase—at Lloyd's; and then there is this shattered boat picked

up belonging to it. The 'Flamborough Head' is painted on it. Nothing can be more morally conclusive. On the other hand, there is a difficulty about the payment of your father's insurance by the Palm Branch, because his death cannot be substantiated. Mr. Campden could tell you all about it, because he is a director of the company, but he naturally feels a delicacy in talking of it. From his very connection with the matter, his lips are in a manner sealed."

"Why?" inquired Jenny.

"My good girl, I wish you would not speak so brusquely. It is positively startling. You must really get out of that curt manner, which is the reverse of conciliatory. Of course I don't mind it myself—that is to say seriously—but others may take objection to it; and under present circumstances it behooves you to make no enemies, but all the friends you can. The reason is surely evident enough why my husband, being a director, and indeed the chairman of the Palm Branch, can take no steps that may prejudice its interests on behalf of a personal friend. The company has for the present refused to pay, and in the mean time money will be wanting to you for a hundred things—for what has happened to-day for one. Forgive me for alluding to matters that must needs give you pain; but this is no time for false delicacy. Well, you want money at once, and for the present the Palm Branch will not pay the sum to which you would be entitled if the fact of your father's death could be established. Under these circumstances, the kind friend of whom I speak has offered to advance you whatever may be required."

"That is very generous," said Kitty, softly.

"The advance would be made on the security of the insurance," observed Jenny.

"Well, yes; of course it would. But, if your father is alive, the loan is lost, for where is he to find the money to repay it?"

"Then in that case Mr. Holt would be giving us the money, would he not?" continued Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; and there are very few persons, let me tell you, who would make so noble, so large-hearted an offer."

"Let us hope there would be also very few persons who would accept it, Mrs. Campden."

"Jane, you must be mad!" cried Mrs. Campden, angrily.—"Kate, if you have any influence with your sister—for it seems I have none—I do trust you will exert it for her own benefit. She does not understand her position."

"You are wrong there, Mrs. Campden; thanks to your plain speaking—a duty, as you call it, in which you have never failed since our misfortunes began—it is quite impossible that any one of us could misunderstand it. Kitty, of course, will do as she thinks proper; but for myself I do not take one shilling of this man's money, either as loan or gift. I would starve first."

"My dear Jenny!" cried Mary, with a little scream; "pray don't say such dreadful things. Mamma always exaggerates, you know; things are not so bad—"

"Be quiet, Mary," interrupted Mrs. Campden, very sharply; "you are talking like a fool. If things are not so bad with your cousins, it is only in the sense that they are not so bad as they may be. It is impossible to imagine a darker future than awaits them should they decline this opportune aid, I must say, most delicately-offered aid. Fortunately, the decision does not rest with Jane, but with Kitty. She is the house-manager, and knows how matters stand; and with the debt for her mother's very funeral hanging over her head—"

"Stop! stop!" pleaded Kitty, pitifully. "Do not talk of that to-day, I entreat you. Give me time—a few days at least—to think over what you have said, and then you shall have my answer."

"You will do as you please, my dear, of course," replied Mrs. Campden, with a pitying smile; "though why you should hesitate even for a moment is inexplicable to me. However, so be it.—And now I have a proposition of my own to make, which has the merit, at all events"—here she threw a meaning glance at Jenny—"of being open to no misconception. It is my intention—for the present, at all events—to provide for the little baby. It is strong and healthy enough, Dr. Curzon says, notwithstanding its somewhat premature arrival; so that a wet-nurse is as unnecessary as it would under the circumstances be unjustifiable; and our lodge-keeper's wife, Mrs. Hardy—who, it seems, had a great affection for its poor mother—has consented to take charge of it. We have plenty of cows, you know—"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Campden, I couldn't do that," interrupted Kitty, decisively. "The baby is the greatest comfort we have left to us. It is never out of my arms or Margate's, and she understands all about it quite as well as Mrs. Hardy. The milk is as good here, too, as at Riverside—"

"My dear child, that is not the question," put in the other, emphatically. "The question is, do you get the milk for nothing? Why, of course you don't; and, therefore, to keep the baby would be an act of extravagance."

"My dear mamma, I never heard of a baby being an article *de luxe*," said Mary, smiling.

"Very likely not; but your cousins are unfortunately in a position to feel it as such," returned her mother, gravely.—"It is not as if you would be separated from the child by any distance, Kitty; and then when you come over to Riverside you could always see it. And if it was seriously ill I should take care to let you know, of course."

Poor Kitty's face had been growing longer and longer throughout this speech, for the baby was inexpressibly dear to her, as well on its own account as on that of her mother, of whom it seemed to be a portion. Jenny could find forgetfulness of her miseries in reading and writing; but for herself, the soft, snootie little form she rocked to sleep upon her bosom was her only cure for the headache. When Mrs. Campden talked so calmly of its being "seriously ill" miles away from her, Kitty shuddered.

"Indeed, I could not part from the baby, Mrs. Campden; it is almost the greatest treasure I have left in life; and I don't think," added she, with a faint smile, "it is a *very* expensive luxury."

"You know your own affairs best, my dear," answered Mrs. Campden, coldly. "I meant nothing but kindness by my offer." And she rose and pruned down her black silk and crape, in sign of flight. "We have put up our horses at Farmer Boynton's, so that no unnecessary expense should be imposed on you; and I do hope you will be as considerate for yourself, Kitty, as your friends are for you. You understand what I mean. Now I do trust to hear from you to-morrow or the next day that your foolish scruples with respect to the offer of our common friend have been overcome." She kissed Kitty as she spoke; but Jenny had already betaken herself from the room, and Mrs. Campden, perhaps, was not displeased at the circumstance. She was not so indifferent to Jenny's brusqueness as she affected to be; the plain speaking on which she piqued herself was very unwelcome to her in others; and, besides, Jenny had a habit of quietly ripping up her satin speeches, and showing the seamy side of them, which made her particularly dislike that young lady. Of

the baby, on the other hand, Mrs. Campden took a gracious leave; the woman's heart must be bad indeed that does not warm to a baby; and yet its infant charms by no means so intoxicated her as to warp her practical good sense.

"It's a dear little baby," said Mary, "is it not?" as she and her mother crossed the bridge toward the farm.

"Yes, indeed, and healthy, too; though, under the circumstances, one can hardly wish that it should live."

"Fie, mamma, how you talk!" returned Mary, not a little shocked. It was creditable to her to have retained her susceptibilities so long; her mother's honest speech and high principles still gave her rather "a turn" occasionally.

"Well, the point is, what is the poor little creature to live *upon*?" returned the elderly lady. "Even when Mr. Dalton's insurance-money is paid, there will hardly be enough for three mouths, much less for four. I suppose you don't wish your papa to be saddled with the maintenance of a *second* boy for all his life?"

"Well, that does seem hard upon us, certainly," answered Mary, her thoughts reverting to Jeff with some disfavor.

"Of course, it would be hard—in fact, it is out of the question; and yet you say (rather disrespectfully, I must needs remark), 'How you talk, mamma!' when I say it is no charity to hope the child may live.—If the carriage is ready, I shall not wait for your father; it will do him all the good in the world to walk home; and I am sure the accommodation at the farm is not at all what our horses are accustomed to."

In a few minutes the carriage drove by—close to the new-made grave—with the two ladies sitting in it alone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JENNY AT BAY.

MR. CAMPDEN was upon the whole not sorry to have been left behind by his wife in Sanbeck; the short way to Riverside over the crags was not, indeed, very nice walking in winter weather; but it was no great distance to Bleabarrow, where "the fly" could be procured to take him home; and he was really glad of being alone with Jeff, and of having a word or two in private with the two girls. Jeff had received no summons to Riverside upon this melancholy occasion—Mrs. Campden objected, as a matter of principle, to people running into expenses for mere sentiment—but had invited himself to Dr. Curzon's.

"I should like, if it would not be inconvenient to you," he wrote the doctor, "to pay the last tribute of respect to the best and dearest friend I have had in the world;" and the doctor had allowed the plea, and welcomed the lad warmly.

He looked something more than a lad now; his life in town had given him an air of independence and self-possession, though without the least touch of conceit. He looked handsomer than ever, though his dark eyes were heavy with woe, and his fair face shadowed with grief, as he walked, with little Tony, ahead of their two companions, and talked in a low voice of the departed dear one.

With the squire and the doctor, as was natural, the future of the orphaned Daltons formed the chief topic of conversation; and, in connection with it, Mr. Campden mentioned the offer that had been made by Mr. Holt.

"It was a deuced kind thing of the man, that I must say," observed he, when he had delivered this information, which he felt somehow had fallen flat.

"Very much so," said the doctor, "if it was disinterested."

"There was no promise attached to it whatsoever, my good friend; the offer was made quite free."

"Still, from what I have seen of Mr. Holt," persisted the other, "I should think he was a gentleman who looked, in some shape or another, for his *quid pro quo*. Moreover, I believe him clever enough to gauge the nature of those with whom he has to deal. If he lends our young friends money, he places them under an obligation; and there is only one way—as it seems to me—by which that obligation can be discharged."

"I think that you are not very charitable to Mr. Holt," said Mr. Campden, with a little flush.

"Perhaps not," said the doctor, dryly. "Still, I think it hard upon the girl to place her in such a position. Suppose a lovely young woman, for example (and what can be more likely?), advanced *me* money upon very doubtful security—should not I be bound, if I could not repay her, to make her Mrs. C.?"

"I believe you're right, Curzon," said Mr. Campden, suddenly; "it has struck me in the same light, myself. The money, if they want it, shall be forthcoming some other way."

He gave a great sigh as he said that, as a thrifty man might do who has made up his mind to some extravagance; but Mr. Campden was not thrifty; and, though he was counting the cost of what he had resolved to do, it was not the expense that made him sigh. If he advised the girls not to take this money, especially if his wife had already persuaded them to do so, "there would be the deuce of a row," he knew, with Julia.

"I say, Jeff, what is *your* opinion of Mr. Holt?" inquired the doctor, presently, pitching his voice so as to reach the others—"that is, so far as you can tell it consistently with loyalty to your chief?"

"Ay, we mustn't disclose the secrets of the prison-house, must we?" said Mr. Campden—"how we rig the markets, and all that."

"I am bound to say that Mr. Holt has been uniformly civil to me," replied the young fellow, frankly—"nay, not only civil, but considerate. In my ignorance and inexperience, I have no doubt made lots of blunders in business matters, and he has never said a word about them. And this is the more creditable to him, because he hates me very cordially, and he knows that I hate him."

"My dear Jeff, I am astonished at you!" exclaimed Mr. Campden.

The doctor looked astonished, too, but with a sly twinkle in his eyes that did not speak reproof.

"No, sir; we don't like one another, and we never shall," continued the young man; "but I do my duty by him, I hope, and, as I say, I have nothing to complain of in his behavior to me."

"Well, I have known many partnerships carried on on worse terms," observed the doctor, cheerfully. "But how was it that oil and vinegar were got to mix in the first instance?"

"The explanation is very simple, doctor. Mrs. Dalton—God bless her!—asked Mr. Holt to take me, and advised me to go. And—and" (here Jeff began for the first time to exhibit embarrassment) "nothing else happened to offer itself."

For the second time the color came into Mr. Campden's face: he could not but remember the circumstances under which Jeff had been driven from Riverside. It was quite a relief to him that a bend of the road here showed them the village—

they were now returning from the mere—and once more introduced, by association, the topic of the morning.

"I should like to have a few words with your sisters before I start, Tony," said the squire, "if they feel equal to seeing me."

"Oh, I am sure they would see *you*, Uncle George, because—" Here he stopped short; what he had in his mind was, "because they could see Mrs. Campden, who is not half so nice;" but, unlike that lady, he sometimes felt a hesitation in speaking his mind.

"Because he is their best friend—eh, Tony?" observed the doctor, hastening to the rescue. "That is quite right. We three will take another turn together, while the squire goes in."

Since Mrs. Campden's departure that afternoon, the two sisters had not met. Kitty had devoted herself to the baby, and Jenny had remained in her own room endeavoring, in vain, to devote herself to her books. They were both aware that it behooved them to be doing *something*: not to give themselves over to the grief that was importuning them to become its prey. They only showed their weakness by avoiding the little drawing-room when they conveniently could, since it was there that the sense of loss oppressed them most: the unfinished piece of work, the still open desk, the book half read, the empty lounging-chair, were for the present daggers, each of which stabbed them to the very heart. Perhaps, too, the consciousness of their disagreement—or, rather, of their want of accord—with respect to the proposition made by Mrs. Campden, had helped to keep them apart for that half-hour or so. A quarrel was impossible between them at any time, much more on the very day when they had laid in earth the being they had loved best upon it, and who had repaid their love with such usurious interest. There were reasons, as I have shown, why these two from the first should not have gone the way of most sisters in this respect; and, since misfortune had befallen them, the bonds of love between them had been naturally strengthened and tightened. It is a poor fancy, indeed, that has painted Love as flying out of the window when Poverty knocks at the door. With those within, if they be not utterly worthless, he remains a more cherished guest than ever. Indeed, it was only their ordinary close affection and unanimity which gave any importance to the difference of opinion between the two sisters; it seemed so strange to each that the other should take an opposite view of any matter.

Jenny on her part had no doubt whatever as to the course they were bound to follow with respect to Mr. Holt's offer. If she had thought Kitty was seriously thinking of accepting it, she would have been furious. She saw it at once in the very light in which it appeared to Dr. Curzon. "This impudent man was offering to lend his money upon the very best of security—namely, on Kitty herself. If the offer was accepted, it was in fact the offer of his hand!" What hesitation, therefore, need there be as to their reply? As to Mrs. Campden's making the proposition, that was only to be expected, after what had already happened, and was another reason, if such were wanted, for declining it. Sooner than see her Kitty sacrificed on the altar to Mammon, for the sake of herself and Tony and the baby, she *would* have "starved first."

But, besides this bitter feeling, there was a fire kindled in Jenny's breast that flamed against almost everybody, nay, which resented the blows of Fate itself. She had taken it ill in church that day that the Bleabarrow clergyman—of whose cure Sanbeck formed a portion not much visited except in the

summer months—should have spoken of her mother's future with charitable confidence. The words of *Hamlet* addressed to the officiating minister at *Ophelia's* grave would have expressed her thoughts. What priest on earth had the right to eulogize her mother, far less to hint a doubt of her perfection? As for the outside world, she scorned it; the chill touch of misfortune had withered up her soul, and shut her sympathies within very narrow limits. Her own flesh and blood: Jeff and the doctor, Nurse Haywood and Uncle George, were now all the world held that was dear to her; and even Uncle George was suffering in her opinion as the husband—or, rather, because he was the slave—of his Julia. Under these circumstances, it was perhaps creditable to poor Jenny that she had been as civil to Mrs. Campden that afternoon as she had been.

Kitty, on the other hand, was actuated by different feelings. Her mother's death had left her—until her father's return, of which, however, she at least still entertained a hope—head of the family, and her soul was filled with the sense of that responsibility. The proposition made on behalf of Mr. Holt did not strike her with that force and significance which it had for her sister; she saw in it a kindness, unexpected indeed, but explicable enough on the ground of his friendship for her father. She looked upon the money as a loan, not as a gift; and though, even so, it would be unpleasant to accept it, she did not think it consistent with her duty to those left in her charge to refuse such an offer point-blank. She had not yet made herself aware how their slender finances actually stood, and therefore could not measure the necessity of the case; and she was solicitous not to lose a friend for her dear ones, and, still more, not to make an enemy. That she could be resolute against dictation when her heart counseled resistance, has been proved by her refusal of Mrs. Campden's generous proposal to take the baby off her hands; but Jenny had left the room before she had displayed this fortitude.

It was, therefore, under some sort of misunderstanding, rather than disagreement, that the two sisters now met in the little sitting-room, having been summoned thither by the squire's arrival.

"My darlings," said he, gently, "this is a sad day for you; but I thought you would not mind seeing Uncle George."

The sight of these delicate girls, so pale and mournful in their simple black dresses, affected him deeply. He noticed that Kitty wept, while Jenny was quite dry-eyed, and yet that the latter looked the more pained and hopeless of the two; that was probably, thought he, because of her physical ailment, poor thing. He tenderly embraced them both, and then spoke some hopeful words about their father.

"Jeff says that it is by no means thought to be a desperate case with regard to the Flamborough Head even now; and that persons are still found to insure her, though, of course, at a great premium.—Come, come, girls, cheer up; I hope and trust that my old friend may come home to see his darlings yet."

"Not all his darlings—not the best of them," moaned Kitty, wringing her little hands.

"I have no hope, Uncle George," said Jenny, quietly.

"Well, well, time will show, lass. My prayer is, that your poor father may be restored to be your guide and protector. But, if it please God to deny this, material matters will, on the other hand, be less untoward with you. His life is insured—though, singularly enough, I never knew it—in a company of which I am a director, for five thousand pounds.

The worst is, that some time may elapse before the proof arrives—that is—"

"We understand," interrupted Jenny, quietly. "Mrs. Campden explained it."

"Yes, yes; and about Holt's offer, and so on. Well, I have been thinking since that you might have some hesitation in accepting that. Now, suppose a little arrangement should be entered into between you two and me, no one else knowing anything about it; there would not be the same objection, would there? Here are two hundred pounds—that would be enough, eh?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle George; but—"

"Now, my dear Kitty, it's a loan; you need have no false pride in the matter."

"But I am not sure that we shall want it, Uncle George, at least not just at present. We shall live very, very quietly now—shall we not, Jenny, you and I? and as for Tony, he will soon be off our hands. It is such an indescribable pleasure to us to think that the poor boy will for the next year or two, at all events, feel no disadvantage from his change of fortune, since you have so kindly offered to send him to Eton."

"To Eton?" said Mr. Campden, reddening. "Yes; to be sure, there was some talk of that. But Mrs. Campden was thinking perhaps some other school—I mean in the boy's own interest—might, under the circumstances, be more suitable."

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" said Kitty. "Papa went away so pleased that Tony was to go to Eton; and mamma—I think, somehow, dear mamma had set her heart upon it. Moreover, Uncle George, you promised it," observed Kitty, gravely.

"Well, my dear, I believe I did, and I should like to do it still; but the fact is, Mrs. Campden thinks—However, no matter about that; I promise you the boy shall go to as good a school as Eton."

"Subject to what Mrs. Campden thinks."

"O Jenny, Jenny!" cried Kitty, reprovingly.

Mr. Campden's face turned from red to white. It was the first time either of the girls had seen Uncle George "put out," except by his wife.

"You should not speak to your father's friend like that, Jenny," said he, severely. "It is not becoming in a young girl."

"It is becoming in no one to break his word, and least of all because—"

"Be quiet, Jenny!" cried her sister, with passionate pleading. "How can you, *can* you talk so, when Uncle George has just been so kind?"

"What Jenny says will make no difference as to that," said the squire, coldly. "The two hundred pounds are quite at your service."

"But I am not sure that we shall want them, Uncle George," said Kitty, timidly, and flushing very much at the sight of Mr. Campden's pocket-book. It held the very same notes which had been offered to John Dalton on the eve of his luckless departure from Riverside, and been declined.

"You will certainly want them, my dear," said he; "if not to-day, to-morrow. It is ridiculous to suppose that you can keep house—and pay unlooked-for expenses also—on your little income, without any hope of its being increased."

"We *have* hope, Mr. Campden," said Jenny, slowly. "And I, for my part, at least, would rather not take—"

"You talk very foolishly, girl," interrupted Mr. Campden, with irritation: "if you suppose you can earn your own living, you must be mad. I know you are thinking of your lace-work; but Lady Skipton was writing about it only the other day to Mrs. Campden, and assured her that, commercially speaking, it was valueless."

It was a cruel thing to say, even in anger, but the squire little knew what pain he was inflicting. The thought that her little private note to Lady Skip-ton with its offer of the lace had been made the sub-ject of correspondence between her ladyship and Mrs. Campden, was gall and wormwood to her. "That woman" must have known, then, that she had tried to sell her wares in town, and failed.

"It is not the lace at all, Mr. Campden, which I have in my mind," said Jenny, speaking very firmly.

"What is it, then?"

"It is a secret. I cannot tell *you* what it is, even if you promised not to tell."

"Jenny, you are insulting me."

"No; I am but telling the truth; though, if I did insult you, it would be only what your wife did to us to-day, and has been doing every day since we were poor."

"This is very sad," said Mr. Campden, looking at Kitty.

"Yes, it is," continued Jenny, passionately; "it is very sad to think that one's friends should be so base. I say these things because I am angry; but Kitty thinks the same, though she does not say them."

"There is some frightful mistake," murmured Mr. Campden, helplessly. The alteration in his wife's manner toward her late guests since their misfortune had by no means escaped him; but he had flattered himself that he alone had seen it.

"A mistake!" cried Jenny, scornfully. "Yes, it is a mistake, and very frightful, too, to insult people because they are poor; to patronize them, to endeavor to humiliate them by gifts at the expense of others. That, however, is what one must needs expect of some natures—women's natures. But that a man—a *man*—should promise something to an old friend, and then, when that friend has been lost at sea, and his wife is dead, and his children desolate, should break his word, at the instigation of another—that, I say, is base!"

In her indignation and bitterness, Jenny had risen to her feet. If she had been a strong, big woman, red of face and loud of tongue, one might

have set her down as a virago; but, being pale and wan, and speaking most musically all the while, although her words flowed like a torrent, it was im-possible for a man to despise her wrath.

"I cannot stay here to listen to these things," said Mr. Campden, also rising from his seat. "I came here, Heaven knows, without expecting any such scene—I wished to do you nothing but kind-ness, and I wish it still—Kitty."

"I know it, Uncle George, and Jenny knows it," sobbed poor Kitty; "only, she was put out by the disappointment about Eton; not on her own ac-count, of course, nor even on Tony's, but because it was mamma's wish that—that—and because to-day of all days—"

"Yes, yes; I see," said Mr. Campden, his kindly nature reasserting itself; "it has been very unfor-tunate. But don't let us part ill friends."

Kitty's answer was to throw her arms about his neck and cover him with tears and kisses.

"Come, Jenny," said he, "you will shake hands with Uncle George?"

"Oh, yes; I will shake hands with you, Mr. Campden; and I thank you for all your kindnesses in old times."

"Well, the old times will come again, my girl, some day; and you will be sorry to have been so bit-ter with us at Riverside, and I should be sorry, too—only I shall have forgotten it."

"No, Mr. Campden; you will not have forgotten it, though it is kind of you to say you will; and the old times will *never* come back; they are dead and gone." The tears came into her large eyes, her voice trembled, her frail limbs gave way beneath her, and she would have fallen but for Kitty's protecting arm, which in a moment encircled her waist.

"Don't speak, darling; don't worry yourself," whispered Kitty; "Uncle George has not gone away angry; there is no mischief done—at least I hope not. And I don't blame you for what you said—no, not one bit."

Whosoever had deserted them, whomsoever they had lost, these two loving hearts were one, and the stronger for their intertwining.

ANNALS OF THE ROAD.

THE stage-coach may be said to have attracted a more general interest than any other vehicle in history, not excepting the famous Juggernaut of In-dia, nor the sword-bristling chariots in which the early Britons hurled themselves at their Roman an-tagonists. It belongs to a period not so distant as to have lost interest to the living, and not so near as to have none of the romance of the past—a period in which travel was by no means the prosaic matter it is in these degenerate days of Pullman cars and three-day trips to San Francisco, but an undertaking sometimes involving danger, and always eliciting the anxiety and kind wishes of the friends of the passen-gers.

Nowadays, if an inquiry about an absentee from the breakfast-table is answered with the statement that he has gone to St. Louis or Chicago for a few weeks, the fact no more disturbs his relatives than would the announcement that he had gone to the post-office for his letters.

But contrast this lamentable condition of affairs

with the time when the old stage-coach rolled lightly out of the tavern-yard to the music of the guard's horn! Then each passenger was bound upon an im-portant mission—seldom one of pleasure—and many in the little crowd that waved adieus at the final crack of the coachman's whip burst into tears, for the departing ones were not destined soon to re-turn.

This interest that we have noticed is essentially sentimental, of course. And what sybarite of the nineteenth century, reading "Tom Brown" in a pal-ace railway-car, does not envy that honest boy in the ride he makes from London to Rugby, and would not exchange the luxury of his own surroundings for the rough-and-ready incidents of the schoolboy's stage-coach journey, the exhilaration of the brisk morning air, and the appetite for breakfast that the first twenty or thirty miles create? Or, if he is reading one of the stirring descriptions of stage-coaching which abound in the prose of Dickens, does he not still prefer the old mode of travel to the new

—the perfume of the hawthorn-hedges, pink and white with blossom—the quiet of the yellow hay-fields and red-tiled cottages, to the throbbing succession of telegraph-poles, the thunderbolt roar and rush of locomotives? There might be highwaymen on the road, it is true. But who, living to-day, with any tenderness or romance about him, would not regard it a pleasure to sacrifice his purse to such importunate gallants as Captain Macheath, Dick Turpin, Paul Clifford, or Claude Duval?

And, though the road was rough and dark, it was illuminated at well-known and much-loved points by such cozy taverns as the Maypole, where the travelers found such hosts as old Joe Willett to entertain them; where the fires blazed half-way up the chimney; where the flip, the venison, the roasts, the broils, and the jugged hares tickled the appetite—which needed no tickling—as the elaborate arts of the *Trois Frères Provençaux* could never do.

So it seems to us that the stage-coach is the mirror of many good old customs, and is in itself a custom well worth reviving. Several years ago some English gentlemen, taking this view of it, put coaches driven by themselves on the most beautiful routes in the south of England; and now the same spirit has broken out in the United States, and each morning a four-in-hand leaves the Brunswick Hotel, in Fifth Avenue, with passengers and baggage for Pelham Bridge.

Nearly every phase of life has its own literature, and this revival of stage-coaching has, we imagine, inspired a book by one Captain Malet, of the Eighteenth Hussars, recently issued in London.¹ The theme is a rich one, prolific in anecdote, and highly spiced with adventure. It recalls from oblivion many a good story and many oddities of character. It required no great literary skill in its treatment, and we may therefore congratulate Captain Malet on having satisfactorily performed his task. The grain was to be had for the reaping, and how abundant the harvest was this book plainly shows.

Stage-coaching became general in Great Britain between 1662 and 1703, and met with the same opposition, Captain Malet tells us, that nearly every innovation on the established order of things is doomed to. One pamphleteer went so far as to say that "it is the greatest evil that has happened of late years in these kingdoms," and another more sweepingly denounced it as being "mischievous to the public, prejudicial to trade, and destructive to lands." "Those who travel in these coaches," continued this Spartan, "contract an idle habit of body, become weary and listless when they have rode a few miles, and are then unable to travel on horseback, to endure frost, snow, or rain, or to lodge in the fields." Yet the earliest stage-coaches were crude and inconvenient compared with the farmers' wagons of our Western Plains. They were not coaches at all, in fact, but wagons, and they moved so slowly that it was jocularly said that the publicans on the

road had time to brew a lot of beer between the time when they were sighted in the distance and the hour when they arrived.

It was not until the government gave the mails to the stage-coaches that the latter became really important and expeditious conveyances. After this they traveled as fast as ten miles an hour, or even twelve, and the guards were armed with blunderbusses and pistols. In 1825 was established the celebrated Shrewsbury "Wonder," which kept up its character for punctuality, safety, and speed, for thirteen years. Starting at 5 A. M. from Shrewsbury, it arrived in London at 9.45 P. M. on the same day, thus running one hundred and fifty-four miles in sixteen hours, including two stoppages. In 1836 the fastest coaches ever known were running between London and Brighton, fifty-one and a half miles in five and a quarter hours; London and Exeter, one hundred and seventy-one miles, in seventeen hours; London and Manchester, one hundred and eighty-seven miles, in nineteen hours; London and Holyhead, two hundred and sixty-one miles, in twenty-six hours and fifty-five minutes; and London and Liverpool, two hundred and three miles, in twenty hours and fifty minutes. On one occasion the "Quicksilver" Devonport mail made two hundred and sixteen miles in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes, including stoppages.

But all coaches did not sustain the reputation of the Shrewsbury "Wonder" for safety. Between Hounslow and Staines there was a place known as the "hospital-ground," from the number of accidents that happened near it.

"I heard a shout ahead," writes a passenger, of an adventure here, "which came from the guard of the Bristol mail just in front of us. One moment more and we came to a sudden stop by our leaders falling and the main bar unhooking itself. The wheelers passed over the leaders as they lay, and when I picked myself up—for I was half thrown off the box of our coach—I found the leaders under the splinter-bar. A flock of sheep had been frightened by the mail in front of us, and had stood stock-still in the middle of the road, and we had run into them, killing several and smashing ourselves."

Sometimes a coach running down-hill would find a market-wagon at a stand-still in the middle of the road with the driver asleep, and the collision would inevitably overturn both vehicles.

The great day of the year for the mail-coaches was the king's birthday, when a goodly procession of four-in-hands passed through the London streets to the general post-office. They were all freshly and splendidly painted for the occasion, and were driven by men who, as well as the guards behind, were arrayed in new scarlet and gold, with nosegays the size of cabbages on their breasts. The interiors of the coaches were filled with buxom dames and blooming lasses in canary-colored or scarlet silks—the wives, daughters, or sweethearts, of the drivers and guards. But the greatest features were the music of the key-bugles, played by the guards with much brilliancy, and the review by the king and queen, who stood in

¹ *Annals of the Road; or, Notes on Mail and Stage Coaching in Great Britain.* London: Longmans, Green & Co.

the windows of St. James's Palace to see the procession past.

The departure of the mails was another sight, which both antiquarians and sportsmen love to recall. At 8 P. M. the coaches, in all the "pride and panoply" of authority, gathered at the post-

with the juiciest cuts of the round of beef. He was a storehouse of reminiscences, and had a story to tell of every point on the road—how Farmer Darby's pretty daughter eloped from the big white house yonder with the squire's son; how by the milestone a highwayman stopped the coach one night and rifled



IN THE INN-YARD.

office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, waiting to receive the bags. It might have been one of the occasions on which all ordinary circumstances are surpassed. The tidings of a military victory had been received, and the mail was about to convey the intelligence to a thousand homes. Horses, men, and carriages, were dressed in laurels and ribbons. Coachmen and guards displayed themselves to best advantage with the royal livery around their rotund forms. Passengers merged the reserve of their individuality in a stronger feeling of natural exultation, and, as the coaches drove with the music of the bugles, the whole neighborhood rang with cheers.

The coachman was a very important functionary with the passengers, who listened to him with the most respectful attention if he was graciously disposed to talk, and never ventured on conversation if he was silent. It was especially wise, with a view to winning his good graces, to be quiet during the first few miles of the journey, when he was busy reckoning his fares and critically examining his team. After this he would eye the passenger sitting next to him, and, if satisfied with his appearance, would open the conversation. It then remained for the passenger to show a knowledge and appreciation of the "art," two things which at once placed him in coachee's affections, and by-and-by the reins would be handed to him with a polite "Now, sir, have you a pair of driving-gloves on?"—the greatest honor that could be bestowed on a traveler of the olden time.

There were many reasons for ingratiating one's self with the coachman: he occupied the head of the tavern-table at meals, and favored his friends

the passengers of their money and jewelry; how a dingy old gentleman was riding to town with him once who proved to be the Earl of Harrowgate; and how the old mill across the brook was in Cromwell's time a refuge of the great protector. He was known by all the villagers and children on the road, and had a smile and salute for all. His mind was of a contemplative turn, and never exercised itself upon things that did not belong to his business, but upon that he was an enthusiast, calling it an art, and regarding it as next in dignity to the peerage.

Sir Henry Peyton once remarked to a coachman of small stature with whom he was riding that it was surprising how well he managed the four-in-hand.

"Well, sir," answered the driver, "what the big ones does by strength, I does by *hartsifs*!"

Another anecdote reminds us of Tony Weller: A few years ago a certain baronet, very fond of the road, gave a wedding-dinner to a coachman, one of whose brother-whips afterward described it as follows: "I walks in as free as air; hangs up my hat on a peg behind the door; sits myself down by the side of a young woman, as they calls a lady's-maid, and gets as well acquainted with her in five minutes as if I'd known her for seven years. When we goes to dinner we has a little soup to start with and a dish of fish, as they calls trout, spotted for all the world like a coach-dog, and a loin of veal as white as halley-blaster, the kidney-fat as big as the crown of my hat; a couple of ducks, stuffed with sage and onions, fit for any lord, and a pudding you might have drove a coach around; sherry-white and red-port more than did us good; and at last we goes to tea. I turns my head short around and sees Bill making rather too

free. 'Stop,' says I. 'Bill, that won't do. Nothing won't do here but what's quite genteel.' "

"Were I to get my bread by the sweat of my brow," says a well-known authority on sporting matters, "I would certainly be a coachman." Generally speaking, the occupation is a pleasant one. The competent driver is well paid; he knows his hours of work, and when he is through them he can enjoy himself in comfort. Moreover, there is a charm that belongs peculiarly to the road, which cheers all who are on it. They have their favorite houses of call, the smiles and good wishes of the people whose habitations they pass, and besides these they have many snug things known only to themselves.

Washington Irving has described the English coachman of former times to perfection: "He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some light color, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees to meet a pair of jockey-boots, which reach about half-way up his legs. All this costume is maintained with much precision—he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance,

lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded with an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands and do all kinds of odd jobs for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases, echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey-lore, and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pocket, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachee."

The coachman of the present day is a much less picturesque sort of person, however. He drinks nothing on the road, and often adopts the dress of a common citizen.

Sharpness of wit, despite obesity of person, was a characteristic of the old-time coachman. It is related that on one occasion a passenger alighted from his own coach at a tavern for dinner, and, instead of re-entering it, took a seat in another coach bound in an opposite direction. When he discovered his error he expressed the hope to the driver that his baggage, which had been labeled, would go on to its destination.

"Yes, sir," answered the whip, "and if you had been labeled you would have gone on too."



THE STAGE-COACH IN A DRIFT OF SNOW.

there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country

Another passenger, who occupied the sixth seat in a coach built for four, complained of his discomfort.

"You'll all dovetail and settle by-and-by," responded the driver, "and then you'll be quite happy"—a joke which people whose misfortune it is to ride in crowded city street-cars will appreciate.

An old coachman tells the following anecdote of

his experience with a new guard: "I remember driving over the downs one winter-day, when the conductor came to me from time to time and asked me if I did not think it very cold. I always answered, 'Oh, dear, no!' But he continued to bother me, and at last said, 'Now, Mr. Barton, it is real cold; and I know that you are cold, too, for your eyes are watering.' 'Watering!' I repeated; 'why, that's perspiration;' after which I heard no more talk from him about the weather."

Coachmen, guards, and postilions suffered much from the cold, and the last were sometimes lifted from their saddles at the end of a stage completely frozen. The Bath coach entered Chippenham one March morning in 1812 with three of its passengers frozen to death; and on another occasion a

coach traveling in Scotland was blockaded with snow, when the guard, mounting one of the horses, carried the mails nine miles farther. The next day he was found dead on the road. In December, 1836, there was a snow-storm whose severity has never been equaled in England, and for ten days or more traveling was nearly at a standstill. Dozens of coaches were buried in the snow, and many of the passengers were severely injured.

The last of the regular coaches was taken off the road in 1862, and in 1869 the amateur coachmen, who include dukes, earls, and other people of nobility, began to appear in force with their four-in-hand drags, by which the tourist in England may see the garden-spots of that garden-country without the prosaic hurry of the railroad.

"GOING TO SCHOOL."

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

WE engrave from the Paris Salon picture of last year by Mademoiselle Bôle, entitled "Going to School," this pleasing portrait of a young village maiden of France or Belgium on the way to the seminary, with an atlas or a large *cahier* of copied manuscript under one arm, and a basketful of lesson-books hanging on the other. It is an exceedingly pleasing picture, although we more commonly in this country think of a bevy of school-girls hurrying gayly along through the streets, chattering and laughing, and manifesting in many ways their sisterly fondness for one another. The school-girl is peculiarly a gregarious animal; of all members of the human family, she ought to be painted in groups. But, whether alone or in beves, school-girls always possess a pe-

culiar charm. The freshness of their young faces, the brightness of their sparkling eyes, the neatness of their attire, the gay innocence of their merry laughter, all make up a picture that warms the hearts of old and young alike. The man who has never fallen in love with school-girls must have something hard in his heart. It is perhaps no more than a paternal or a fleeting affection that seizes upon every one when witnessing these happy young faces, but the bright and sometimes saucy innocence of girls just within the shadow of young womanhood has a peculiar and irresistible charm; and, if maidens of more advanced years would learn how to captivate hearts, let them retain the simple, fresh toilets and unaffected manners of their school-days.

IN A SWING.

HE.

EACH daisy underneath your feet
Should count itself thrice happy, sweet;
Each purple trodden clover-head
Should thank you, even when 'tis dead.
How blest is every twisted strand
Of rope, encircled by your hand!
Now up a little; faster! so!
While through the soft June air you go,
I wish that I might always stray
Below you, as I am to-day,
Keeping you far above all care
That other women have to bear;
And high in air though you might be,
You always must come back to me.

SHE.

Dear heart, if June staid all year long,
If twisted ropes were always strong,
If daisy-bloom and clover-head
Were never brown and withered;
If every robin on the tree
Did not look down and wink at me,
And say, "That creature tries to fly,
But knows not how to soar on high;"
If I could bring these things to pass,
Then you should stand upon the grass,
And I above your head would swing.
But life is quite another thing:
Since one of us on earth must bide,
The other should not leave his side.

C. M. HEWINS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE report goes from newspaper to newspaper, of a zealous citizen, in one of our Northern States, who has commemorated the Centennial year of our independence by the extensive planting of trees.

We wish the newspapers that chronicle this act of patriotic forethought could inspire their readers with a hearty emulation thereof, so that, ere the year ends its course, every household shall have planted its share of trees—shall have given to the future its contribution toward highways tempered by refreshing shade, and have added to the number of cottages that shall nestle under the fretted network of green leaves.

Could we devise a better way for signally commemorating this epoch in our national life? Each tree thus planted would be a monument of our reverence of the past, and a blessing for the future; and by this generous forethought the next Centennial would be celebrated in a land of orchards, of wooded hills, of green lanes, of groves that would be fit temples for the Dryads, of towns hid among arching boughs, of urban and suburban places crowned with sylvan beauty.

In a zealous devotion to the cultivation of trees we should strengthen and perpetuate one of the best characteristics of our national towns. Could we have sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition the street of an American village—one of those elm-lined avenues, with embowered cottages standing back from the highway, which are so abundant in our land—we should have shown our foreign visitors a feature captivating in its beauty, and yet one peculiarly our own. The traveling American may feel fresh interest in the narrow streets and quaint old houses of European towns; but this is pure novelty of sensation, for the American village is constructed upon a principle that gives it preëminently the palm of beauty and healthfulness.

Unfortunately, these tree-lined avenues too often stop at the borders of the town; the traveler emerges from umbrageous shade into long stretches of sandy roadway, upon which the summer sun pours down with uninterrupted fierceness. How easy it might have been in the years past for the people of the towns to have come together and stretched their avenues of arching boughs from village to village! Had this been done, we could now show our Centennial visitors the most truly beautiful land in the world. For neither mountains, nor lakes, nor broad rivers, nor green valleys, have the highest charm of landscape beauty. A mountain without trees at its base, or upon its sides, is commonly a lumpish mass; a lake whose shores are not bordered with towering monarchs of the forest is deprived of the setting which gives to expanses of water their greatest charm; and a valley that is not broken with orchards, and dotted in its meadows with wide-spreading trees, has no sylvan grace whatsoever. In a rural picture trees have the first, the last, and the intermediate place in the scale of beauty; other objects set off or vary the picture, but

trees have the essential place. A swiftly-running stream, for instance, broken into cascades, is very beautiful when shadowed by trees; but it is nothing if the light does not fall upon its surface broken by interlacing boughs, or if green vistas do not hold it in mysterious depths of shadow.

The tree is almost as desirable in cities as it is upon country by-ways or in rustic villages. It screens the promenade at high noon from the downward rays of the sun; it confers wholesomeness upon the atmosphere; it gives seclusion and pleasant coolness to the house before which it stands; its masses of green foliage are grateful to the eye inflamed by the glare of reflected sunlight from the brick walls; it lets into the apartment whose windows it screens a charming, graduated light; it takes, without our aid, life from the air and from the soil, and builds up silently forms of beauty that art cannot equal; it charms, indeed, all the senses with a generous dower of gifts which we cannot too highly praise.

Too often we are heedless in planting trees, and then complain of our want of success. We should begin by selecting those that are adapted to local climatic conditions, and we should choose only those that are hardy and have long life; and if, after making a careful selection, we simply see to it that the roots are planted in a deep and nourishing soil, we need give ourselves no further concern; the tree makes its own life, and, expanding with the seasons, will cast grateful shadows for many generations of men that follow us.

It is not too late for earnest action in furtherance of our suggestion. Let a few zealous men in every town organize, during the summer, an association pledged to plant, when autumn comes, a hundred trees in symbolic commemoration of the Centennial. We doubt if the patriotic enthusiasm of our people could manifest itself in a better way than this.

AMONG the reforms promptly promised by the new Sultan Murad is "the abolition of the seraglio." Should he really have the nerve to do this, what a sigh of relief will escape from the moral English, who have been forced so long to wink at the sultanic polygamy, and give aid and comfort to a pasha with many wives! The English have been very free to sneer at Americans for tolerating Brigham Young; but we do not hear that, in all the advice which has been conveyed from St. James's to Stamboul, it was ever hinted that the English found it difficult to support a sovereign who entertained wives by the ship-load.

Will the seraglio really be done away with? Visions arise of lightly-attired ladies, with smooth, dark skins and long, shadowy eyelashes, whom we have been wont to imagine as reclining on silken-pillowed lounges, playing on lutes, eating pomegranates, and puffing languidly on gilded *chibouques*, sipping black coffee, and served by swarthy serfs with candies and pastry, filing sadly out of

their wonted splendor, and betaking themselves no one can tell whither. We fancy the new sultan turning a deaf ear to seductive Circassian merchants, and resolutely passing galaxies of newly-imported beauties with sternly-averted head; living, indeed, like a Christian gentleman, with one fair partner to share the cares of his crown and the comforts of his wealth.

Much of the poetry of the seraglio, it is true, has been dissipated by the prying eyes and unfeeling descriptions of later travelers, and Byron's description of it turns out to have been to a great degree evolved out of his own sensuous imagination. Miss Pardoe gives us the idea that the seraglio is a very stupid place, full of gaud and glitter, but sleepy and uninteresting; while Thackeray thought he discovered that "the houris spend the best part of their time in trying on new dresses, eating sweet stuff, talking to parrots, and winding up French clocks." Yet there is something picturesquely Oriental in the idea of the seraglio; and even the tales of the faithless wives who used to be sewed up in bags, carried into boats, and let drop in the swift current of the Bosphorus, rather roused the interest of the sentimental than shocked the merciful feelings of humanity.

Society in Constantinople must greatly change if the seraglio is abolished in earnest; for lesser pashas must follow the example of the Grand Turk himself. What, then, will become of those processions of carriages, with oxen to draw them, and veiled beauties peeping through their shutters, which now wend their way on pleasant afternoons to the Valley of Sweet Waters? Where will be those gay feasts in the suburbs, in which the pashas with their wives now so lavishly indulge? Whither will vanish the army of ebony attendants who now guard the harems with so fierce a fidelity? Yet even the sentimentalist, who may regret the extinction of the sort of romance with which polygamy now surrounds the pin-nacled city of the Eastern Caesars, may be in a degree consoled by the fact that the seraglio has had much to do with the decay of Turkish rule, and bids fair to run it very soon into utter ruin. The extravagance, caprices, and tyranny of the houris, have brought more than one Grand Turk to grief; and the seraglio has always been the centre of the very worst and most corrupt sort of political intrigue. So it is that even in Turkey, where women are apparently held in such light respect that it takes a shipful of them to match the dignity of one man, they have been the cause of many wars, revolutions, and assassinations. A languishing Circassian beauty has more than once upset a ministry and decided the fate of a prince of the blood; and has cried for the head of a hated statesman as a child for a toy, and only dried her eyes when her wish was granted. With the seraglio would disappear one of the remaining relics of Oriental custom in Europe; and, should Murad abolish it, he would give a very striking proof of his sincere desire that his realm shall be regenerated. But perhaps even this would come too late.

WITH all the disposition among people to talk in praise of pictures, it must be confessed that we rarely

see a painting that completely touches the heart or captivates the imagination.

It is true that some men experience delight in the technical triumphs of the painter. They find great pleasure in colors, textures, and drawing; the exhibition of skill and knowledge in handling the pigments is of itself sufficient to win their hearty approbation; but people generally haunt the galleries in search of the beautiful. They are yearning for stories upon the canvas that shall thrill them with exalted pleasure; and art is scarcely entitled to the high place which it claims to fill unless it can do just this thing for them. There is a quiet beauty in many productions of the pencil that has its subtle and refining charm; but we all of us need sometimes the loftier purpose, the profounder passion, the thrill of intense sympathy. This great mission painting too rarely fulfills. "The instances," says George Eliot, in "Daniel Deronda," "are scattered but thinly over the galleries of Europe, in which the fortune or selection even of the chief masters has given to art a face at once young, grand, and beautiful."

In the Centennial loan-collection at the Academy of Design, in this city, there is one picture that seems to us to meet the demands of the eager imagination. It hangs amid many paintings of great artistic worth—for the collection is one of the best ever exhibited in New York. There are near it a hundred illustrations of great mastership in the art—charming landscapes, pleasing compositions of *genre* subjects, exquisite examples of still-life painting; there is no lack of artistic device, of magnificent color, of triumphant execution; indeed, we doubt if the painting we have mentioned is the equal of many others in pure artistic knowledge; but it has a story to tell that thrills the heart of the spectator through and through.

The title of the picture is "The Last Token," the painter being Gabriel Max, of Munich. The scene is in Rome, in the days of the Christian martyrs. A young woman of rare comeliness has been cast into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts. A portion of the wall of the arena alone is shown; the spectators are not revealed. A leopard and a hyena are there, but, being already gorged with flesh, take no heed of this new victim. But through an aperture in the wall there protrude the head and shoulders of a huge leopard just entering from his den upon the scene. The young woman is heedless of the horror of her impending fate, for some one among the spectators above—a lover, doubtless, or some devoted friend—has cast a rose down at her feet. Enraptured at this signal of love, she has cast aside her veil, and stands with uplifted face beaming with love, and lingering desire for a parting look at the dear one who has remembered her in this time of terrible trial. The composition of the painting is very simple. As few accessories as possible are introduced. There is only the young woman with her eager and beautiful face, the leopards, and the rose. But the painting is, nevertheless, crowded with imaginative thought: the cruelty of those early times; the faithfulness of young converts to their new-found spiritual hope; the devotion of human affection—

these are told with an eloquence that subdues the heart of every observer.

The beauty of the composition is certainly not deflected by bad workmanship, although it is quite probable the technical skill of the painter might be excelled. In one particular he has sacrificed physical truth to a higher artistic truth. The leopard entering upon the scene exhibits little ferocity; on the contrary, he is slothful and indifferent. Ordinarily kept hungry in their dens for these occasions, the wild beasts would burst out upon their victims with furious eagerness for their horrible banquet. But such a delineation would have heightened too much the horrors of the scene; would have given it, indeed, too theatrical a character. The fate of the young woman is inevitable; this every one feels; and it is better that, while the coming horrors should be suggested, they should be subordinated to the affecting story of the rose.

There is too much of a disposition to underrate American art. In another private collection now open at the Metropolitan Museum, in Fourteenth Street, it seems to us that among many examples of European art an American landscape by Church takes a leading place. Nevertheless, our painters seem to lack imagination. They paint with great success our lake, coast, and mountain scenery, but they do not people these scenes with imaginative persons; they have no human story to tell; they ignore the aspirations, the emotions, and the passions of their race. It will always be found that the hold of an art upon people will depend upon the measure of human passion there is in it: this is true in literature; and painting must comply with a law that applies to all productions of the imagination. If painters would more frequently tell upon canvas a story so dramatic and heart-touching as this of the doomed martyr and the rose, art would enlarge its domain, and, instead of merely pleasing the dilettant taste of a few, would awaken the appreciation of the multitude, and carry to the hearts of millions lessons of heroism, of fortitude, of faith, of affection, of divine beauty—would fulfill, in truth, that mission of æsthetic elevation which it perpetually claims as its own, but commonly most inadequately accomplishes.

OF Blücher, the tough old Prussian trooper who helped Wellington win Waterloo; who hated Napoleon with such bitter hate that he did his best to catch him simply that he might have him shot; who gave the name to a kind of boot which he does not appear ever to have worn; who, when he first saw London, raised his hands and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! what a city to sack!" who traveled all the way from Paris to Caen to get crabs and oysters fresh for dinner; who gloated over his finding Napoleon's carriage and spy-glass on the field of Waterloo—of Blücher the world has hitherto known little, excepting such hints and stray anecdotes as these. Yet Blücher was certainly one of those historical characters that we should know well; for he was the military ancestor of the sturdy Prussian-stuff which we have seen work such valorous wonders in our own day. Of almost all the other prominent characters who figured in the

wars early in this century, we have very ample, and of some redundant, details. Think of the volumes on volumes of memoirs, notes, correspondence, recollections, dictated memoranda, and works embracing biography on every side, which exist about Napoleon! True, we scarcely ever get very far into the true character of the very man himself in any of them; but yet there is very little mystery left about Napoleon. Then Wellington, and Alexander, and the Duke of Brunswick, and Ney, and Soult, and Bernadotte, are people perfectly well known to us, thanks to the ample military biography of their time. The fiery little Prussian field-marshal, who won the nickname of "Vorwärts," still remained obscure; but the other day a Prussian journal began publishing a series of his private letters, written through the Waterloo campaign, which shed a sudden and very interesting light upon him.

The picture which these letters give us is not, it must be confessed, wholly fascinating. It was very much as the world has suspected: there was something very coarse and brutal, and almost savage, in the hot-blooded little man who came tumbling upon the field of Waterloo just in time to decide Napoleon's fate. His exultation at that despot's fall was not mingled with the slightest compassion for prostrate greatness, the slightest respect or restraint in view of Napoleon's utter humiliation. "He fled," writes Blücher, with ferocious joy, "in the night, without hat or sword. His hat and sword I send to-day to the king. His very rich state cloak and carriage are in my hands. I also possess his eye-glass. The carriage I will send to you." Blücher really seems to have been more delighted at getting his clutch on this booty than at the triumph of Prussia and the glories of victory. He lost no time in trying to trap Napoleon, and did not despair of getting the opportunity to shoot him "in the very ditch where D'Enghein fell," until the English had him safely and mercifully stowed away on board the *Bellerophon*.

Blücher's eagerness to pillage Paris, as soon as he reached it, and, when Wellington would not permit this, to blow up bridges and otherwise mutilate the city, appears again and again in these letters. He gave little thought to political accommodations or treaties of peace. His hands itched first for booty, then for vengeance. He glared first on the riches, then on the monuments of Paris, and was like a bloodhound, chafing under the collar and chain which Wellington insisted on attaching to him. Wellington he liked, evidently, and somewhat feared. He had some little pride, it would appear; for, on one occasion, when he was invited to visit the Iron Duke, he jotted down, "I must be on my guard as to drinking." Perhaps, however, this was less on account of his respect for Wellington than of the remembrance that, on previous occasions, certain humane concessions had been wrung from him when he was under the too gracious influence of Clos Vougeot and Veuve Cliquot. Blücher, though he might like Wellington, took a fierce prejudice against the English, who he declared bored him; and another object of his aversion was the sea. There is a gleam of a quality to like in this sentence

from one of his letters: "I leave France poor as Job. I have made it a rule to take nothing, and the money I have saved I have expended in Paris." So, if he craved booty, it was at least for the benefit of his soldiers and the king, and not that he himself might be enriched.

A GOOD deal is said about the indisposition of Americans for pedestrian journeys. It is not asserted that Americans in Europe are less fond of jaunts on foot than other travelers there; the criticism and the censure appear to be confined to our countrymen at home.

Assuredly, if our people show no special fondness for pedestrian excursions, it is hardly a matter for wonder. The most confirmed pedestrian demands certain conditions for a journey on foot: there must be good roads, attractive scenery, comfortable inns, ere he will put on his walking-gaiters and take up his staff. Two of these requirements America does not possess. Our wayside inns are commonly whited sepulchres, which all men enter with misgivings, and our roads are constructed as if pedestrianism were an unknown art. One who undertakes a long journey on foot with us knows in advance that much of his jaunt must extend over roads cut up with deep ruts, without footpaths at the side, for the most part unprotected from the sun by shade-trees, covered with loose sand, that with every passing vehicle or every puff of wind rises in clouds of dust, and with miserable taverns for resting-places at long and uncertain intervals.

We imagine that pedestrianism is not likely to become a very general passion so long as these disabilities remain. At best, distances in this country are excessive for foot-journeys; but there are some portions of the country that have many attractions, despite the bad roads and the worse inns. The Clove-road in the Catskills is very inviting to the pedestrian; the valley of the Connecticut has great charms; the open, breezy downs in Eastern Long Island are peculiarly pleasing; the road along the Hudson ought to be thronged with people fond of exhilarating landscape; but the attractions of Nature which these sections possess are not sufficient. There must be comfort for the foot, and frequent agreeable resting-places, if we are ever to see pedestrianism take an acknowledged social place.

The public indifference to the condition of our highways is something quite remarkable. Visiting recently a flourishing village near New York, we found everywhere evidences of prosperity and wealth, except in the highways. The roads that led out of the town were lined with extensive parks and costly villas, but the owners of these summer places permitted the highway that swept by them to remain in a state of most rude disorder. "We have everything here," said one of the citizens to us, "churches, schools, libraries, gas, water, everything but roads." It is puzzling to understand how it is that a public spirit so active in many directions should stop at the highway. Remembering not only our country roads but our city streets, it would seem as if Americans were born into an indifference upon the matter. The necessity of poor roads in the early settle-

ment of the country seems to have passed into an inherited idea of their inevitableness; we appear to accept bad roads as a dispensation of Providence which it would be wrong to resist.

We most certainly shall never render pedestrian excursions at all tolerable until the evil is remedied. And this is matter for serious regret. Imagine our roads thronged, as the mountain-passes of Switzerland are, with groups of young men fresh with elastic vigor, their cheeks browned by the sun, their cheerful laughter ringing upon the air, with knapsack on back and alpenstock in hand, giving picturesque animation to the highway, and laying for themselves foundations of health and practical knowledge! Few things could be better for our young men than this, or better for the country at large. Under a dispensation of good roads we might come to see the fixed national habit grow up, as in Germany, whereby every youth would be understood not to have completed his education until he had explored on foot the by-ways and rural places of the land.

We have suggested in another column a labor of love for the young men of our villages. When the organizations formed under the idea there set forth have planted each its Centennial trees, they need not disband; their energies may then be directed to the highways, creating public opinion in favor of reform, and perhaps practically supplementing the labors of the road-masters. In this country it behooves the people to show an energetic zeal in all matters of progress, to unite in forming a public opinion that will have its coercive force upon State officials, and to combine so as to further by private enterprise all those things that conduce to the weal of the community.

AMPLE credit for ingenuity, as well as a kind of immortality, will be achieved by a certain French chemist, if he proves that he can do what he boasts that he can. He claims that he has discovered certain chemical preparations by which the human body can be petrified to the solidity and durability of granite. Whether or not he has ever really accomplished this feat, we do not very explicitly learn; but there is something temptingly glossy and ornamental in the word "ivory," which is the name he gives to the human form when thus brought by science into the plight of Lot's wife.

It need scarcely be said that, should success crown the efforts of this worthy chemist, quite a revolution in many respects would take place. What need, then, of cemeteries, or of long and learned discussions about cremation, ending mostly in verbal if not pyral smoke? Every family might then have its gallery of statues, ancestors picturesquely posed in the front garden, lares and penates startlingly visible in the corners, and mayhap supporting ornamental chimney-pieces. What the world will have missed that this discovery was not made before! We might have seen Caesar, not "dead and turned to clay," nor "stopping a hole to keep the wind away," but stately and statuesque, standing with heavy brow in the Roman capital; we might behold Shakespeare, and never more be perplexed whether the

Chandos or Stratford likeness was the best; Washington's own self might have been one of the sensations of the Centennial. The art of the sculptor would be confined to the purely imaginary, and cities would only have to mount their illustrious dead on "ivory" horses, which they bestrode in life, wherever a monument to departed greatness was needed. The world, indeed, would soon be peopled with its dead, illustrious and obscure.

What a matter-of-fact affair death would seem if we could see familiar faces still around us, only deprived of expression and speech! But we suspect the boast is too good—or, perhaps, too bad—to be true. St. Francis Xavier is said still to preserve a miraculous perfection of body, due to the saint-like virtues of his earthly career;

and at Strasburg they show you a semi-petrified old fellow who is said to have been one of the Dukes of Burgundy. But the world has grown old believing in the natural as well as the divine law of "dust to dust," and will be incredulous until the Paris chemist sets up a few "ivory" statues to be gazed at and recognized. Indeed, the more we think of it, the less we like the idea of meeting "ivory" ghosts at every corner, however deftly they might be finished off to resemble the elephant's tusk. It is to be feared that mediums might find in them too apt instruments to scare the timid. The only people we can think of who might rejoice at such a discovery are the husbands of scolding wives, who, it is to be apprehended, would in some cases be happy to live gazing at their Xantippes reduced to dumbness.

New Books.

THE fatality of fame has fallen heavily upon Hawthorne during the past month. Nothing was more repugnant to him during his life than the idea that some one would write a biography of him after his death, and he did all in his power to prevent it; but a biographer has now appeared who was not content to relate the short and simple story of Hawthorne's life, but endeavors by the most minute scrutiny and comparison of what he did, and wrote, and recorded of himself, to penetrate the inmost sanctuary of his genius, and lay bare the very pulse of the machine. Doubtless, too, Hawthorne thought he had secured for "Fanshawe" the oblivion to which he consigned all his immature productions, but the tireless industry of his admirers has not only secured for it a posthumous lease of life, but has disinterred from the pages of sundry old magazines and newspapers enough of the random and miscellaneous "pot-boilers" of his younger days to fill two volumes.

It is true that in the opening chapter of his "Study of Hawthorne" Mr. Lathrop disclaims any intention of writing a biography, and asks us to regard him rather as painting a portrait; but while his aim is primarily critical and interpretive, it soon becomes evident that it falls quite within the scope of his scheme to use all the biographical material that he was able to bring together, and this in fact gives the book its chief value. For, while it cannot be denied that Mr. Lathrop's expository criticism is often excellent and always suggestive, as an effort at psychological portraiture the "Study" is far from satisfactory. We will do Mr. Lathrop the justice to suppose that some definite ideas underlie the mystic cloudiness of his earlier chapters, but to our mind he seems in his too elaborate attempt to reproduce Hawthorne's *milieu*, as Taine would call it, to have blurred a character the main outlines of which are not difficult to gather from his published works, and especially from the wonderful series of his "Note-Books." Furthermore, there is something in the tone and method of the book which grates upon our artistic conscience. We seem to be assisting at the dissection of a "subject" which is the victim of body-snatching, and where the skill of the operator is at least as conspicuous a part of the exhibition as the anatomical results supposed to be arrived at. For Mr. Lathrop does not always avoid the

offense which his method renders it peculiarly easy for him to perpetrate—of assuming a tone of patronizing superiority toward the personality whose length and breadth, and height and depth, he has taken it upon himself to gauge. Suggestive and helpful as some portions of the "Study" unquestionably are, we doubt if any sincere and appreciative lover of Hawthorne will read it without pain; and, having read it, the wisest thing he can do will be to follow Mr. Lathrop's advice, "throw the volume away, and contemplate the man himself," as revealed in his own inimitable works.

PERHAPS not the least enjoyable and instructive of these works of Hawthorne's will be found in the two volumes of miscellaneous pieces which the fastidious author had suppressed and forgotten, and for the resurrection of which we are indebted, it is said, to the indefatigable researches of the late Mr. J. E. Babson.¹ "Fanshawe," Hawthorne's earliest attempt at novel-writing, fills the greater portion of one of the volumes, and the fragments of "The Dolliver Romance" occupy a considerable part of the other. Of neither of these is it necessary to say much here, though we may remark, in passing, that Mr. Lathrop's abstract and analysis of "Fanshawe" is almost the best part of a book in which the purely interpretive criticism is nearly always strikingly good. The remaining contents of the volumes consist of shorter pieces, mostly essays and biographical sketches, contributed by Hawthorne to the *Salem Gazette*, the *New England Magazine*, and the *American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, during the ten years of seclusion which followed upon his leaving college. Some of these are almost as perfect as anything of the kind he ever wrote, but others are peculiarly interesting as exhibiting Hawthorne's method and style in their formative stage. Crude Hawthorne never was, even his boyish compositions showing something of the precision and grace of his maturer works; but somehow it is encouraging to find that such consummate and exquisite literary art was not wholly an endowment of Nature. As an acquirement it does not seem so far removed and unattainable as when it had the exclusive semblance of a "gift."

¹ Fanshawe, and Other Pieces. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Dolliver Romance, and Other Pieces. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

¹ A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

IF Mr. Horace E. Scudder possessed half the skill in the construction of a plot or the invention of incidents that he displays in the conception and delineation of character, he would have respectable pretensions to be regarded as the coming American novelist; but "The Dwellers in Five Sisters Court,"¹ his first serious attempt at fiction, is rather a series of character-studies than a novel. Whatever of story there is, appears to be a fortuitous concourse of events, and not a deliberately planned and orderly evolution of circumstances; while of incident, movement, or the sustained and continuous interest which we look for in a story, there is absolutely none. At one point of the narrative we seem to get the promise of one of those romantic, complex, and vaguely-mysterious situations in which Hawthorne used to delight, and further on all the machinery is introduced for an orthodox and soul-harrowing love-story; but neither of these scents leads to anything, and in the very middle of the book, just when its various threads seem finally placed in our grasp, the plot suddenly collapses, and throughout the remaining chapters we are left to struggle with all the difficulties of an anti-climax. True, a sort of love-story is carried on to its legitimate and usual conclusion, but its later phases are tame to insipidity, and, moreover, violate all the indications of the earlier ones. We imagine that Mr. Scudder tired of his *dramatis personæ* before they had worked out the destiny originally assigned them, and took the shortest cut he could find to the natural and necessary end of his story; or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to conjecture that, when the time came for action rather than analysis or description, his labor became irksome, and he abandoned an effort which is evidently not congenial to his powers.

As we have already said, the strength of the book lies in its character-studies. These are wonderfully clever and spirited, and show the force of a genuine creative artist as well as the deftness of a practised literary workman; but even here we cannot fail to perceive the author's inability to fuse his materials. Nicholas Judge, and Dr. Chocker, and Paul Le Clear, and Miss Pix, and Mr. Soprian Manlius, and the rest, are inserted into the story not like actors in a drama, but like portraits in a gallery, each occupying an independent and slightly isolated position. To the last, in spite of the humane and hospitable efforts of Miss Pix and the personal magnetism of Miss Lovering, the dwellers in Five Sisters Court remain as separate and distinct as on the evening when Nicholas Judge blundered into Dr. Chocker's study; and they certainly at no time furnish any reason for their association other than that their creator found it convenient to exhibit them together.

MR. SCUDDER again confronts us among the books of the month in the second volume of the "Sans-Souci Series," a compilation entitled "Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago."² This belongs, of course, to the Centennial literature, and, by reason of its peculiar field, challenges comparison with Mr. Edward Abbott's "Revolutionary Times," already noticed in the JOURNAL. Diminutive as the latter is, it must be conceded that it is a much more satisfactory book to those who would learn the precise points in which the Revolutionary period contrasted with our own; but Mr. Scud-

der has succeeded in bringing together from all sorts of out-of-the-way sources a highly-entertaining collection of anecdotes, reminiscences, gossip, personal sketches, and society pictures of a hundred years ago, in the New England, Middle, and Southern States. A considerable portion of the volume is primarily amusing rather than characteristic, and here and there the art of the book-maker is a little too conspicuous; but, on the whole, none of the Centennial books so far published deserves a wider audience or will be read with more interest. The manners and customs of the period, and even its fashions, are very fully depicted, and these, of course, afford an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to us degenerate sons and daughters of the Revolutionary forefathers, just as we, doubtless, shall afford an amusing spectacle to our posterity of a hundred years hence. The Crucible of Time produces many strange transmutations, but it is difficult to imagine that any of our present culinary customs can appear to a future generation so curiously perverted as the manner of serving tea and chocolate in the olden time: "The height of the fashion was to put into the kettle of chocolate several links of sausages, and, after boiling all together, to serve the guests with a bowl of chocolate and a sausage, which was cut up, and then the mess eaten with a spoon. When tea was first introduced into Salem, the usual mode of serving it was to boil the tea in an iron kettle, and, after straining the liquor off, the boiled herb was put into a dish and buttered. This was eaten, while the liquid decoction was drunk without sugar or milk, to wash down the greens." Surely, as the author quoted remarks, "the modern mode of taking tea in French porcelain gilt cups, with patent loaf-sugar and cream, stirred with a silver spoon, is more delicate, refined, and elegant!" The volume is embellished with several pictures, one of them an excellent engraving of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, after Colonel Trumbull's well-known painting; and another, taken from the *Westminster Magazine* (London), being a cumbrous but effective satire on the inactivity of the British forces during their occupation of Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-78.

IT is in no slight degree suggestive of the difference between the two eras to turn from Mr. Scudder's pictures of the men and manners of the Revolutionary period to Dr. Hammond's treatise on "Spiritualism."³ Whatever the penetrative and wholesome common-sense of the olden time might have made of the spirit-rappings, table-turnings, mediumistic trances, and "materialized spirits" of our modern witchcraft, it is certain that the robust and unquestioning faith of that period would have stood aghast at the aggressive rationalism of Dr. Hammond's method. The men of a hundred years ago would probably have found a speedy way of putting down the "heresy" of spiritualism, but it is eminently characteristic of our own time that Dr. Hammond feels sure of his audience when he seeks purely material origins for all imaginative faiths, and resolves miracles and visions, clairvoyance and revelation, into phenomena of nervous disease.

Dr. Hammond's theory of "spiritualism" is that such portions of its phenomena as are not the result of conscious imposture and legerdemain are referable to diseased or abnormal conditions of the nervous system, or to delusions of the senses, in accordance with well-known psychological laws. The Davenport, the Homes,

¹ The Dwellers in Five Sisters Court. By H. E. Scudder. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

² Sans-Souci Series. Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by H. E. Scudder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

³ Spiritualism, and Allied Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement. By William A. Hammond, M. D. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and the Fays, he regards as mere tricksters, whose performances are more than matched by those of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, the English conjurers, and "sorry and insignificant," indeed, in comparison with those recorded of Oriental jugglers, ancient and modern. The few phenomena which are not referable to either imposture or delusion originate, as he maintains, in epilepsy, chorea, catalepsy, ecstasy, hysteria, or insanity; and he cites many cases from his own practice and observation which parallel in every particular some of the most noteworthy "proofs" brought forward by the spiritualists.

Dr. Hammond's book is an inexhaustible repository of the marvelous, scarcely less entertaining in parts than the "Arabian Nights," and will prove invaluable to all scientific students of psychology; but, while it exposes many of the pretensions of spiritualism, it is far from being either a conclusive or a satisfactory treatise. The difficulty is, that it proves too much. The entire structure of human knowledge is based upon the assumption that the testimony of the senses is substantially accurate; but in his anxiety to overthrow the so-called evidence brought forward by spiritualists in support of their faith he makes use of a line of argument which would invalidate the evidence of Science itself, and by which, indeed, Berkeley found it easy to prove the unreality of the external world, and of everything except certain ideal conceptions of the mind. Moreover, it is hardly fair to such men as Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Crookes, and Professor Huggins, to class the observations and experiments to which they certify with the miracle-delusions of the middle ages. The fact that hundreds of credulous devotees believe themselves to have witnessed the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has no relation to conclusions reached by scientific men after applying the most rigid and ingenious scientific tests. It must be confessed, indeed, that if "expectant attention" can so frequently and effectually deceive a trained observer like Mr. Wallace, there is no reason why the same agency should not reduce to the same level of illusion Mr. Darwin's testimony that he has seen plants eat animals.

It is always refreshing to read Miss Alcott's stories, if for nothing else, for the inexhaustible relish of youthfulness which pervades them. Whether she labels them as fathers and mothers, uncles or aunts, guardians, teachers, or lovers, her characters are all boys and girls, whose shoulders have never felt the burden of the time which presses so heavily on the rest of us, and whose minds are guiltless of that introspective self-contemplation which it is the delight of modern novelists to depict. They live, moreover, in a delightfully simple and easy world, untroubled by any of the complexities and difficulties which beset our own, and where the fabled achievements of the Arabian genii are dwarfed into commonplace by the every-day performances of its inhabitants. In our own world the vice of intemperance has perplexed the law-makers, shamed religion, and repeatedly defeated the best endeavors of the philanthropists; but in Miss Alcott's world two or three village-belles have only to make up their minds that it mars the beauty of their rustic paradise, and, *presto!* it disappears before the magic of their influence. The virtues, indeed, fairly clamor for recognition; vice slinks instantly away before the glance of a disapproving eye; good resolutions not

only always triumph, but make the difficulties which they encounter ridiculous by their insignificance; and the entire population has only to be "jolly" in order to have the time fleet as merrily as it did in the golden age. One would suppose that these youthful, not to say juvenile, qualities would naturally be abated by the progress of time and the lessons of experience, but Miss Alcott's latest volume¹ is as fresh, lively, entertaining, and optimistic, as the first she wrote. It contains nine short stories, bristling with morals and reeking with fun, and addressed apparently to that numerous and interesting class of young ladies who are experiencing the delicious transition from short skirts to "trains." One of the best of them is called "A Centennial Love-Story," and it will place a new obstacle in the way of satisfactorily seeing the great show at Philadelphia by compelling its readers to conjecture that they see "Dolly" in every especially pretty waiter-girl, and "John" in every young man with a sketch-book under his arm.

MISS LUCY LARCOM states on her title-page that her collection of "Roadside Poems"² is designed for summer travelers; and in her preface assigns as a reason why it should form an agreeable companion to them that "it lingers by brook and river, among mossy rocks and wayside blossoms, and under overhanging trees, and climbs and descends the hills of our own land and the countries across the sea." Our own definition of it would be "poetry for the pious and the pensive," and we should recommend it to those who would discover what lessons in theology and morals the poets have derived from the contemplation of Nature. In the entire collection there are scarcely half a dozen of the purely descriptive poems in which English literature is so surpassingly rich; and on the other hand one may go to it with confidence for any one of the devotional or meditative pieces of the better known poets who have drawn their inspiration from natural phenomena. From this point of view, perhaps, the book has a "function;" for there are doubtless many cultivated and serious-minded persons who see nothing in the aspects of Nature but "food for reflection," and who take no genuine interest in a mountain or a brook unless it be associated in thought with some phase or experience of human life. Even for summer travelers of this character, however, Miss Larcom's collection possesses few advantages over the better known anthologies, while it decidedly lacks their variety of interest. In point of fact, there is to our mind no product of the current passion for book-making for which it is more difficult to find a *raison d'être* than for these ephemeral collections of poetry which are too meagre to be representative, too commonplace to be fresh, and whose only element of original interest is that they reflect the individual taste of the compiler. If there be really a demand for such books, there is no reason why there should be any limit whatever to the supply, for it cannot be doubted that the work of making them would be found easier even than translating from the French, which has now become the favorite exercise of literary aspirants.

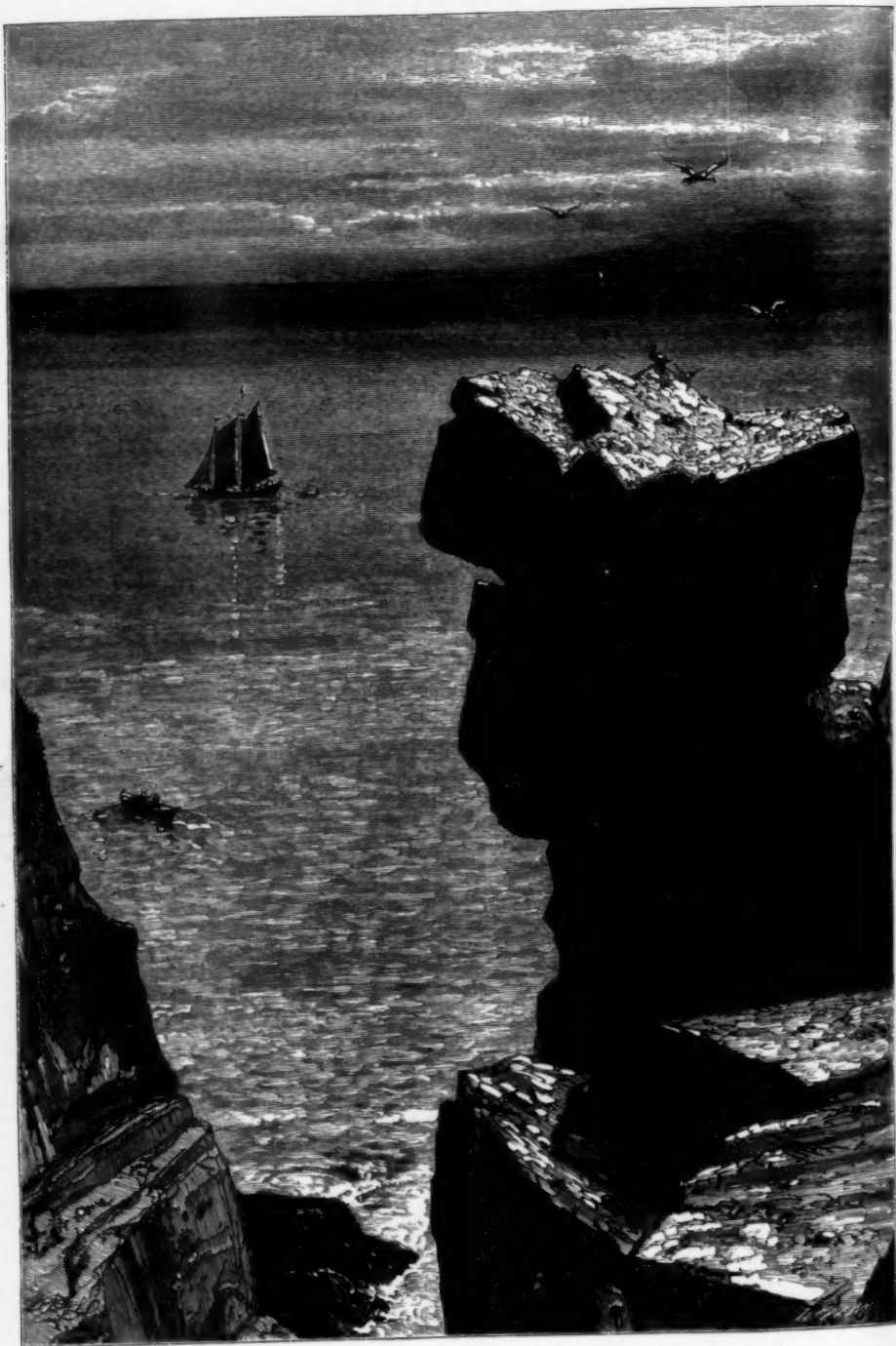
¹ Silver Fitchers: and Independence, a Centennial Love-Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

² Roadside Poems for Summer Travelers. Edited by Lucy Larcom. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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"OUR SUMMER PLEASURE-PLACES."

Cliffs of Grand Manan, Coast of Maine.